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REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

THE Report of the Secretary of the Treasury is a document which confirms the judgment of President Taylor in the reelection of that officer. Mr. Meredith has done equal honor to himself and the Administration by the use which he has made of the power entrusted to him. The document which he has prepared is not only a statement of the financial condition of the country, but embraces also a thorough refutation of the dogmas of free-trade put forth by his predecessor, Mr. Walker. We here present our readers with a re-statement or summary of its most important facts and positions, attended by such a commentary upon each and upon the whole as may arise on the suggestion of the moment.

The receipts for the fiscal year ending July, 1849, were \$59,663,097 50, which, estimating the population of the country at 21,000,000, gives somewhat less than \$2 37 a head, of expenses, for the support of the most powerful, stable, and efficient government in existence.

Of this sum, nearly one-half, or more than \$28,000,000, was collected by duties on foreign goods; so that each individual in the country would have been taxed about \$1 33 for the use of foreign commodities, had the use of those commodities been equally distributed.

An equal distribution of this tax over the entire property of the country, would be equivalent to a bonus of 28 millions to those persons who use foreign commodities.

It is only those who insist upon using a foreign commodity, or luxury, who contribute thereby to the public treasury. Thus it comes to pass, that taxation for the general government is thrown in a great measure upon those who live expensively, who are obliged to contribute a larger proportion of taxes than those who use homespun.

The *estimated* receipts and expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1850, are from customs \$31,500,000. Adding those from various other sources, including public lands, balance in treasury, &c., and the total available means for the year, as estimated, will be rather more than \$37,800,000.

The expenditure, on the other hand, is estimated at more than \$43,600,000, leaving a deficit of about \$5,800,000. We refrain from giving the exact numbers, as they are unimportant in a general view.

Besides the cheapness of collecting a revenue at a few points, by customs, the system has this great advantage, that it limits the patronage of the general government to a few places. The post-office patronage, employed as a political engine, by reason of its extension into every village of the continent, would prove incomparably more powerful than that of a few custom-houses in a few cities on the coast. What use, then, might not be made of a system of collectorships distributed through the interior, and made personally operative and efficient in every village. From this point of view we can easily penetrate

a part of the design of those democratic politicians who advocate the abolition of the customs and the collection of revenue by direct taxation.

The civil and foreign-intercourse list, is brought within \$10,000,000 for the three last quarters of the year. That is to say, the salaries of the government functionaries, and foreign agents and ambassadors, of a nation of 21,000,000, is somewhere about 5 1-4 cents per month, for each individual. A nation which pays so little for its government officers, may justly boast of the economy of its government.

It will be seen, by consulting the tables given in the report, and which are sub-joined, that the estimates for the present fiscal year are less in sum, and different in character, from those for the year following. Our limits forbid the review of particulars.

A people who pay so little for the support of their government, cannot, with propriety or decency, allow it to run in debt. That a public debt should exist at all, is a slur upon our institutions. We find, however, that in its extreme solicitude to avoid the imposition of specific duties, and notwithstanding its affected preference of direct taxation, the party lately in office suffered the national liabilities to mount up to the enormous sum of \$64,704,693; twice the entire annual expenditure of the government on a peace establishment.

Let us, for a moment, hold up to contemplation this system of public debts, and observe its workings. The private adventurer in trade who borrows money on interest, does so with the expectation of realizing much more than that interest. He borrows at 10 per cent., expecting to realize 20 or 30 per cent., besides sinking nothing of the original capital.

When government, on the other hand, becomes a debtor, it does so without any certainty of turning what it has borrowed to a profitable account. The money borrowed, is converted into cannon, soldiers' clothing, or ships of war, or it is consumed in the general expenses of the nation. These expenses are indeed necessary, and must be provided for; what we have now to consider is the method and economy of the provision.

The government, we will say, has borrowed \$1,000, to be repaid in 20 years.

The interest is 5 per cent. The tax-payers must pay each year \$50 of interest, and at the end of twenty years, they must refund the money borrowed. They have then paid *two* thousand for *one* thousand. Whereas, if the necessary funds had been got directly through customs, or by any method of taxation, at the time when they were wanted, they would have had to pay only \$1,000. If a war is to cost 50 millions, it will be made, by borrowing the funds, to cost 100 millions.

The money borrowed by government is not put into a manufactory, or a farm, or a canal, there to re-produce and continually multiply itself; it is cast into the sea, shot away out of the mouths of cannon, and eaten up and worn out, the very year in which it is borrowed. Had it been borrowed for some project of improvement, there would have been less objection; for in that case it continues to be a productive capital, and is not withdrawn from the business of the country. The tax-payers will freely pay double for that which has doubled in value. But it is a severe trial of patience to be obliged to pay double for a vicious expenditure of war, twenty years after it had become thoroughly odious to the world. Twenty years ago a piece of ordnance was taken from New York to Vera Cruz, and cost, in all, a thousand dollars. We have already paid the full price of the vile thing in taxes for the support of the five per cent. stocks, and now, we have the entire price to pay over again to refund the principal. We should with much greater cheerfulness, have paid the full taxes when the money was wanted, and now it is not only intrinsically a more odious imposition, but it has doubled in amount. Giving up, however, all invidious distinctions between one public enterprise and another, it is evident that the system of raising money as it is needed, is far better; and at least one-half as expensive, as the system of loans.

It will be offered, as an objection to the above, that when government borrows a sum of money, it suffers an equal sum to lie, in the shape of uncollected taxes, in the hands of the tax-payers, and that these tax-payers will readily pay the five per cent, to be allowed to retain their money: that the capitalist, in effect, loans it to the

tax-payers, through the agency of government: that if the Rothschilds, for instance, lend the government a million at 5 per cent. they have lent it to the tax-payers, who ought to consider it a very advantageous loan. But if the tax-payers are the borrowers, they are, by the same rule, the expenders of the money. Whether the transaction is a good one, or not, depends upon the manner in which the money is expended. If it is well employed by the government, in such enterprises as will yield a fair return to the public; it cannot be set down as a loss. The capitalists, in that case, have invested their money in a national enterprise, for which the people pay them interest, and neither party are the losers.

If the national wealth is increasing at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, or more, by the general and distributed industry of all the tax-payers, other things being equal, they will not find it a disadvantage to borrow money at 5 per cent. If, on the contrary, the body of the nation is not increasing its substance at that rate, it will be a loser by such a bargain.

The most serious objection to a national debt is, however, that it facilitates the employment of capital, by government, in unjust and unprofitable projects. Capitalists are eager to lend. Ambitious and unjust governments are eager to borrow. The tax-payers are unthinking and ignorant. The consequences are, a dreadful waste of the substance of the nation. When governments refuse to borrow, capital is thrown into manufactures, commerce, agriculture, and other forms of industry. In these it increases rapidly, and with it increases the ability of the nation to pay such taxes as may be necessary at the time when they are needed.

It matters not what may have been the nature of the enterprise, the lender must have back his money. Had he invested it himself, he would have been responsible for his own losses; but, for public loans, the tax-payers are responsible. One party manages the enterprise, (a war, for example,) and another is responsible for the cost. The great secret of economical government will then be, *to bring the opinion of the tax-payer to bear directly upon the project itself; and by making the payment follow instantly upon the adoption of the project,*

(as in the case of a war,) *to load the tax-payer (i. e. voter) himself, with the responsibility of the thing, as in a private speculation.* This policy would not only prevent all engagements in unnecessary and unjust wars, by keeping the conscience of the people in harmony with their pecuniary interests, (a sure means of making men honest and considerate,) but it would lead them to invest the public money in such projects as would reimburse the nation for its expenses. The democratic party maintain a speculative opposition to funded national debts. Were they to maintain, what they dare not do, a direct opposition, they would probably not have been able to force duty-payers into a support of the Mexican war.

Another and highly important objection to a system of public debt, even when we suppose the money to have been justly and profitably employed, and to the advantage of the nation, is that it converts the government itself into a monied corporation, employing a prodigious capital for such purposes as it may see fit. The accumulated earnings of thousands of individuals are thrown into its hands, to be employed at its discretion. The Government of England is a monied corporation, which has sunk its capital, and taxes the people to pay interest on the money it has lost, and which yields it nothing. Thus, instead of being the agent and representative of the popular will, and the national industry, it has become an irresponsible corporation, with the right of raising funds by force. This is the effect of keeping the tax-payer separated from the government by the intervention of an unlimited credit system.

A principal objection to the of late very democratic system of contracting public debts is, that the loaning of great masses of property, to government, deprives the tax-payers of a double advantage; first, that of having a capital, created out of small and scattered sums, employed for the general good; and, second, the use, to a great extent, of the concentrated means of capitalists.

A million of *poor* tax-payers pay a dollar each into the public treasury. Let us suppose that the money is justly applied for their defence, and for the assistance of their industry, by the government. A good government is almost the creator of

national industry. The dollar they have each paid in, well employed by their representative agents, will enable them all to increase their little wealth, some once, some twice, and some an hundred fold. At the same time, the capitalist, unable to make the government his debtor, is compelled to employ the million he would have lent, in industrial projects for his own and their advantage, realizing for them and for himself a much larger return, than if he had lent it; though, indeed, with greater labor. It is better, therefore, to pay a dollar to-day, than two dollars twenty years hence, inasmuch as we thereby enjoy in addition to the benefits of a good and wealthy government, devoted to the protection of industry, the employment offered by the capitalist whose money must now be directed upon private enterprises.

We do not mean, by these arguments, to impress the idea, that we have already incurred a great and immediate danger, by the increase of the national liabilities. The commerce of the nation is, doubtless, fully equal, under an equitable system of specific duties, to cancel, by degrees, all our obligations. We would not even propose a sudden and violent change of policy, in regard to the contraction of debt. We desire only the gradual payment, not by any delusive system of a sinking fund, which, like a spend-thrift's reservation, puts conscience asleep; but by a method, first, of economical administration, and, second, of direct appropriations, of which the people will see the merit, and feel the force.

On the 1st of July, 1850, by the estimate of Mr Meredith, there will be a deficit of nearly six millions, for which no provision has been made. On the 1st of July, 1851, there will be a deficit of more than ten and a half millions—the total deficit exceeding sixteen millions, which, if provided for by loans, temporary or funded, will be merely an addition to the national debt. The actual public debt already exceeds \$64,700,000, the greater portion of which is redeemable before the year 1868. Under the system that has been pursued for the last three or four years, of contracting debt upon debt, and putting the day of payment as far as possible into the future, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the public debt will, within twenty years, have risen to \$100,000,000. Mean-

while the expenses of the government have been greatly increased by additions to the national territory. The great increase of the business of the country, requiring an additional number of inspectors, gaugers, weighers, will add considerably to the cost of collecting the revenue. The act of March 3d, 1845, limiting the number of these officers, will need to be revised for the more effectual prevention of breaches or evasions of the revenue laws. The warehousing system, introduced by Mr. Walker, has greatly increased the number of officials required by that service. The necessity of creating new collection districts in Texas and California, in addition to those already established, is also a necessity for new expense. In the judgment of the Secretary, no reduction is practicable in these branches of service; on the contrary, the force will have to be increased.

Nor are the expenses of the army, on a peace establishment, likely to be at all diminished. The necessity of protecting the frontier of Texas and New Mexico, and of maintaining military posts in the new territories, will draw largely upon the public purse, and there is every reason to believe that public opinion will soon demand a large addition to the navy for the protection of a commerce which attracts the attention and excites the jealousy of our commercial rivals. These latter suggestions are not, however, made by the Secretary of the Treasury.

In a word, every thing points to a necessity for the adoption of the most efficient and economical means of increasing the revenue.

We have our choice among three methods, the imposition of direct taxes, or of specific duties, or the augmentation of the national debt. Concerning the first method, the imposition of direct taxes, it is unnecessary to say much at present. If democratic economists think it a popular measure, they will not fail to propose it to the people. To all the influence and popularity which can be gained by saddling the country with excises, corn taxes, land taxes, taxes on legal proceedings, on churches, school houses, live stock, and the various necessities of life, they are welcome; we shall not grudge it them; but we confess we are ambitious of the honor, the credit, and the praise which will belong to us if we suc-

ceed in paying the expenses of the government by the direct and economical method of specific duties. While at the same time we deprecate, nay, earnestly seek to avoid, the odium which must follow, if not in the present, then in the succeeding generation, of that slack, faithless and timid policy which shall content itself with pushing forward the national liabilities into the future, and fix upon us, as a nation, the habit of paying in promises to be kept by our posterity. Not only, therefore, to meet our present necessities and provide for the increased expenses of our government, but to nip this great evil in the bud, to keep our national liabilities within manageable limits, we cannot but give a warm support to the proposition of the honorable Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Meredith has given us a statement of the excess of army and navy expenditure, occasioned by the war with Mexico. The excess of army expenditure for that purpose has been more than \$58,800,000, and to this, added the excess of naval expenditure, makes a total exceeding \$63,600,000. The increase of debt by the use of the public credit, to meet the additional expense, was only \$49,009,000; leaving \$14,600,000 to be paid out of the revenue.

Land warrants to the amount of \$18,000,000 have also been issued; thereby diminishing the sales of public lands, and the revenues therefrom accruing, in the sum of, perhaps, 2,000,000. To this, however, no reasonable objection can be raised, as the issue of a land-warrant is a cheaper process than the sale of as much land at auction.

Mr. Meredith estimates that had there been no unusual expenditure, there would have been a balance in the Treasury, on the 1st of July, of more than \$12,600,000.

The Secretary attributes the deficit declared for the coming years to the extraordinary expenses of the war and treaty with Mexico; and that the justly high public credit of the United States is not endangered by the fact, that a new loan will be required. He proposes, therefore, that a loan not to exceed \$16,500,000, be authorized on such terms of interest and repayment as the President, in his discretion, shall, previous to their being issued, see fit to order.

Mr. Meredith adds:

"To provide for the payment out of the revenue of the instalment which will be due to Mexico in the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1852, to secure the raising of a fund for the gradual extinguishment of our heavy public debt, and to place the revenue on a sure basis of sufficiency for all the expenditures of the Government, it will be necessary to adopt measures for increasing the revenue; and the most available means to that end are to be found in raising the duty on imports. That an economy as rigid as may be found compatible with the necessities of the country will regulate the appropriations, under existing circumstances cannot be doubted."

"In proposing some alterations in the existing tariff, with a view, as well to the necessary augmentation of the revenue as the encouragement of industry, I think it right to present distinctly the views entertained on the latter subject, in the hope that a course may be adopted by the wisdom and patriotism of Congress which may tend to harmonize discordant feelings and promote the general prosperity."

Under this head, he says he entertains no doubt of the rightful power of Congress to regulate commerce and impose duties in such a manner as shall favor the industry of the country. It will no doubt, at some future time be matter of wonder that it should ever have been necessary for any government, performing its natural duties, to defend such a position. The revenue, in whatever shape, or by whatever means, or under whatever theory it is collected, has to be expended, *after*, its collection for the protection of the national industry and property. To this end forts are built, an army and navy is maintained, commerce is defended, territories are purchased from foreign nations, post-offices are established, light-houses are erected, and the rights of each and all are defended. By what species of argumentation are we then to be convinced, that these ends are to be thought solely during the expenditure, and never during the collection, of the public revenue. Light-houses are established in order that those who engage in commercial enterprises may not wreck their property on rocks and shoals. Light-houses are there for the protection of persons engaged in navigation. They could, if they chose, stay at home and live upon the products of the soil; but it is

not deemed expedient by Government that men should be solely farmers, or that the profits of the farmer should be limited to an exchange with his immediate neighbors; it is deemed expedient that a new branch of industry should be created and fostered by that beneficent agency which wields the sovereign power of the people; and for this reason light-houses are built and navies are maintained, and as yet our democratic theorists have raised no argument against this wide stretch of sovereignty; they rather seem to glory in it. They have even been at the pains to fabricate a theory for its particular defence; the theory of Free Trade.

"I find no obligation written in the Constitution," says Mr. Meredith, "to lay taxes, duties or imposts, at the lowest rate that will yield the largest revenue." Can it be doubted for a moment that an injunction of the kind would directly contravene the intention of the constitution itself, which has provided for the regulation of all things necessary for the public good; or that the power to regulate commerce and enforce duties given by the constitution, was given for the public good? And would not that be, in spirit, an unconstitutional regulation which destroyed a branch of the national industry? Let us suppose that one third of the population were already engaged in manufacture; would not that be in spirit an unconstitutional regulation which impoverished that third in order that the remaining third might be enabled to live, for a time, more economically? And was not the tariff of forty-six opposed to the general spirit of the constitution when it broke down the national industry and threw out of employment the workers in cloth and iron in order that the cultivators of the earth might procure foreign luxuries at a little lower rate? Is it not protection with a vengeance, to make regulations for the little finger of industry which paralyze the right arm? to make regulations for commerce, tending to a lessening of the material of commerce, and to a depression of that power and intelligence through which it chiefly thrives—the power and intelligence of the artisan?

"If it were true, that a duty laid on a given article with a view to encourage our own productions is unlawful, because it may operate, by discouraging importation,

as a partial prohibition, the proposition would be equally true of every duty laid with that intent, whether it were above or below the maximum revenue rate. But, as under the power to regulate commerce, it is competent for Congress to enact a direct and total prohibition of the importation of any article, it can be no objection to an act levying duties, that it may operate in partially preventing importation. Whether it be wise or just so to levy duties, is another question. What I mean to say now is, that there is no prohibition of it in the constitution. The proposition is maintained, as universally true, that the express grant of a power to Congress gives to that body the right of exercising that power in such manner as in its opinion may be most conducive to the advantage of the country.

"As instances of the exercise of the power of regulating commerce, may be mentioned the prohibition of importations, except at designated ports; the prohibition of the coasting trade to all foreign vessels, and to all American vessels, not licensed and enrolled; the prohibition of certain trade to foreign vessels under the Navigation act of 1817; the prohibition of certain trade to American vessels by the Non-intercourse act, and of all trade by the Embargo act; the drawback on the re-exportation of foreign goods; finally, the prohibition of the introduction of adulterated drugs into the country by the act of 26th June, 1848.

"Under the power to levy taxes, duties, and imposts, I refer to the discriminating tonnage duties on foreign vessels, the discriminating duties on their cargoes, the preamble to the first law imposing duties passed under the constitution, and the enactments of most of the subsequent ones.

"These enactments show that at most or all periods of our history the views which I have expressed appear to have been sustained and acted on."

Any provision of the constitution, conferring a certain power, or range of power, upon Congress, is given with the understanding that that power shall be exercised with discretion, and in no instance to the detriment of the national health, liberty, or prosperity. The maxim of Free Trade, that government shall collect its revenues with regard only to its own financial neces-

sities, taken as it is commonly understood, has not only an aspect of inhumanity, but contravenes its own intention; for it might be contended that a system of policy tending to increase the internal resources of the country, that is to say, that a policy established for the protection of agriculture and manufactures, would be of necessity advantageous to commerce. It is hardly necessary to urge, that as the commerce of the country is measured by its internal wealth, its material being the exchangeable surplus of that wealth, *regulations for the protection of agriculture and manufactures are effectually regulations for the augmentation of commerce itself.* Moreover, as the Secretary shows, the most valuable commerce, in other words, that which yields the largest return to the country which engages in it, is a commerce in manufactured articles.

"Great Britain exports chiefly what she has first brought to the form in which it is ready for ultimate consumption; it is at the stage of its highest value, and her market is almost co-extensive with the civilized world.

"All history shows that where are the workshops of the world, there must be the marts of the world, and the heart of wealth, commerce, and power. It is as vain to hope to make these marts by providing warehouses, as it would be to make a crop by building a barn."

And again: "Commerce is the machinery of exchange. It is the handmaid of agriculture and manufactures. It will not be affirmed that it is ever positively injurious—but it will be more or less useful as it co-operates more or less with the productive industry of the country. The mere carriage of commodities by sea or land is necessarily profitable only to the carrier, who is paid for it. It may be useful or not to others, according to circumstances. The farmer finds a railroad a great convenience, but he understands that it is better employed in carrying his crop, than in carrying away his seed-wheat and manure.

"The commerce which should consist in carrying cotton-seed abroad, to be there grown, would not be so useful as that which is now occupied in exporting the raw cotton grown at home. We should easily understand, also, that the commerce thus

employed would be much more limited in amount and much less profitable to the carriers than what we now have. Yet our commerce is, in fact, of the same nature with that above described. The seed bears to the cotton the same relation which cotton bears to the cloth. If we now export cotton of the value of about sixty-six millions, the same cotton, when converted into cloth, would make an export of some two hundred and sixty-four millions, or some two hundred and forty-five millions after deducting the fifteen or twenty millions which would be required for our own consumption (in addition to the portion of our present manufactures, consumed at home), and our imports would be thereby in like manner increased. England, at this moment, derives a large portion of her power from spinning and weaving our cotton. When we shall spin and weave it ourselves, make our own iron, and manufacture our other staples, we shall have transferred to this country the great centres of wealth, commerce, civilization, and political, as well as moral and intellectual power."

Political economy seems to be, with most men, an affair of the imagination; in fact, a department of poetry. We hear much of the white wings of commerce whitening the shores of continents.

A ship is indeed a very beautiful object, but so also is a well-cultivated farm, diversified with grass fields, copses, and slopes of golden grain. Viewed in the purple light of morning, while the misty hollows are yet fresh with dew, it is a sight that sends the spirit upward in thankful prayer to the great Economist, the good Father under whose inspiration Man has accomplished so beautiful and so good a work.

Nor is our wonder less excited and our admiration awakened by that other evidence of the Divine skill guiding the human hand, the workshop of the artisan. Winding by some rugged pathway along the declivity of a mountain, we hear far below a subterranean thunder. The rigid leaves of the pine tremble above us. The forest quivers with the din. We descend, and here, fixed upon rocks, under the spray of a cataract, we discover the shop of the iron forger. A mighty hammer, in shape and bulk like a fragment of rock, leaps frantic at its task, moulding the glowing metal with a terrible

facility and precision. The blind forces of nature are controlled and tempered by a little cord in the hand of a child.

Here, too, there is room for the mysterious pleasure of contemplation. In all those works wherein reason appears, Divinity also is made evident; and hence our wonder and respect for human labor. But it is a weak and ill-cultivated intellect that suffers its admiration for a particular result of human skill to draw it from the true aim of statemanship, the common good. There is a sublimity in the contemplation of the public good, of the moral and physical well-being of a people, far more exalting and satisfactory to the intellect than in these contemplations of art and nature. In the recesses of his heart the sincere and liberal statesman must carry the weight of an awful responsibility, and the latent strength of the man, or if we may be allowed the expression, his nearness to God, appears then most when he is called to guide the opinion and advance the interest of a nation.

Of the moral effects of intercourse with foreign nations, much may be said; but the moral effects of intercourse are not measured by the extent of trade. The moral and intellectual power exercised by Germany over America, during the last twenty years, has been so great, it can be compared only with a revolution, and has been in fact, a revolution of ideas, manners and opinions, silent but irresistible: and yet the trade with Germany, measured by imports and exports, is so small, its loss would be hardly felt a year or two after its cessation. Were a prohibition laid upon ships from Germany, the mighty industry of America would, in twelve months, supply the void: but Germany would not cease therefore to be the intellectual master and teacher of the American people. Were our commercial intercourse with England, even, suspended for a term of years, who doubts that the capital and the energy afloat in that vast and profitable trade, would seek and find new fields of enterprise. Great as such a calamity would indeed be, it would be by no means a permanent or an irretrievable one: not as injurious as the destruction of a single branch of industry: a period of ten years would perhaps be sufficient to heal the wound laid open, to fill up the breach made, to give a new course to power and capital.

Imagine, for comparison, the sudden destruction of the cotton plantations, or of the manufactories of Massachusetts. Imagine a blight of corn, devastating one-half the country,—what would be the extinction of an English commerce compared with that? We over-estimate the pecuniary advantages of commerce. The Hon. Secretary says that he will not admit that commerce can be ever injurious; but, with all deference, we think it may become so, when its protection becomes a mania with politicians, who, at the same time, are too perversely blind, or too ignorant to see what its true interests are; and who would convert its favor in the minds of the people into an argument for the destruction of that by which it best thrives—for the destruction of manufactures.

The industry of the carrier cannot be set up in rivalry against the industry of the producer. The horse who carries flour to market is not more valuable than the horse who carries it to mill. The carrier himself is not a more estimable man, by vocation, than the farmer or the miller.

In the whole course of this argument the friends of free trade have either neglected to observe, or have kept out of view, the fact that a commerce is more or less valuable as that which it carries has received more or less value from the industry of those who have sent it forth. A trade in gold may indeed prove a very unprofitable trade, even when it is a monopoly. A varied commerce sustained by manufactures, the ship of the exporter conveying the goods which the capital or the industry of his friend or his brother has created out of a coarse and worthless material, other things being equal, must lead to wealth.

Mr. Meredith assumes that all legislation designed to favor a particular class to the prejudice of others, or, worse still, to injure a particular class for the benefit of others, is manifestly unwise and unjust. What then more unjust and injurious than the tariff of 1846, which was enacted, first, to favor the commercial interests to the prejudice of the manufacturers, and, secondly, to injure and depress the manufacturers for the benefit of the agriculturalists and the commercial classes? for though it seem a hard judgment, it is impossible to deny that the advocates of free-trade have discovered a spirit positively and openly

inimical to the artizan. By every argument in their power they have endeavored to diminish our respect for him; they have represented him as lower in the moral scale than his brother the agriculturalist, and they have discovered no remorse for the injury which their measures have inflicted upon him. By inviting a foreign rival to compete with him, they have cut down his wages, and when he came to them with bitter complaints of the injustice, their reply has been, change your business,—seek a new employment,—learn a new trade. Nay, they have so far insulted his misfortune and his natural rights as a man, as to say to him:—you have mistaken your business; you should have been a tiller of the earth; American citizens have no business with manufactures; nature intended them for producers of raw material; it is only Englishmen and Frenchmen who shall be permitted to work it up and confer value upon it by an intelligent industry.

The fallacies of public economy are perhaps the most subtle that confuse and agitate the human mind; for this department of knowledge is not, as many have imagined, a science reducible to propositions, and capable of syllogistic forms. The deduction of its first principles is from a wide and general experience in the business and intercourse of life. It is perhaps impossible for one wholly unacquainted with affairs to understand it. To feel the value of its rules and maxims we must be, or we must have been, in a double contact with the world,—a social and an economical contact. Every step in the reasonings of public economy must be taken upon a firm ground; there must be no leaping or striding with the lifts of imagination. The wings of anticipation must be pinioned to the side, and every nerve of sense suffered to come rudely in contact with reality. What is the experience of a nation with its affairs, if not the enlarged and generalized experience of an individual with his own? and that, too, not of a one sided or partial activity, narrowed by following too intently a single line of occupation, but by a general observation and understanding of all businesses, and an appreciation of their value compared with others. A complete and accomplished farmer, banker, or negotiator might very easily be a wretched economist in public affairs; but the know-

ledge of banking, in reference to the general business of the community, and of the arts of agriculture and general negotiation, as they are integral parts of the national industry, may be well conceived to be indispensable to the statesman.

“As every producer,” says Mr. Meredith, “in one branch of useful industry, is also a consumer of the products of others, and as his ability to consume depends upon the profits of his production, it follows, that to give prosperity to one branch of industry, is to increase the rest.” A proposition, which, most evidently, proceeds from an experience, by no means limited to a single, narrow line of occupation, but either versed in, or by thorough observation well informed of the positive and relative value of many.

We find, in this report, a principle developed, which has already been alluded to, but which, from its importance, requires continual enforcement and reiteration.

“No country can attain a due strength of prosperity that does not by its own labor carry its own productions as nearly as possible to the point necessary to fit them for ultimate consumption. To export its raw material and re-import the articles manufactured from it, or to neglect its own raw materials and import the articles manufactured from that of another country, is to pretermitt the means which nature has provided for its advancement.

“For instance, we exported, during the fiscal year, ending 30th June, 1848, raw cotton to the value of about sixty-six millions of dollars. If that cotton had been spun and woven at home, (supposing its value to be increased fourfold by manufacture), it would have produced a value of about one-hundred and ninety-eight millions in addition. What would have been the effect of this increased production on the prosperity of the country.”

“The manufacture of cotton cloth is begun with the planting of the cotton—is carried to a certain point by the planter, and then taken up and perfected by the spinner and weaver. The planter and manufacturer are not engaged in different branches of industry, but in the same—the one commences the process which the other completes. Cotton seed of insignificant value being by regular stages of labor deve-

loped and brought to the form of cotton cloth, has acquired a value of about two hundred and sixty-four millions.

"The planting States have added many millions to the annual production of the country by the culture of cotton. By continuing the process they could quadruple that addition.

"The planter would then have a market at his door for all his produce, and the farmer would in like manner have a home market for his. The power of consumption of not only breadstuffs, but of every article useful or necessary in the feeding, clothing, and housing of man, would be vastly increased—the consumer and producer would be brought nearer to each other—and in fact a stimulus would be applied to every branch of productive industry.

"It is gratifying to know that the manufacture of cotton has already been introduced into several of the planting States, and it ought not to be doubted will rapidly be extended."

The manufacture of iron, wool, and our other staples would lead to similar results. The effect would be a vast augmentation of our wealth and power.

Upon commerce the effects might be expected to be still more marked. It is not enough to say that no country ever diminished its commerce by increasing its productions—and that no injury would therefore result to that interest. There would probably be not only a great increase in the amount, but an improvement not less important in the nature of our commerce.

The single article of cotton is taken here for illustration merely, and not because it is more important than some others; for it is perhaps the greatest misfortune that can befall a manufacturing people to have its attention directed upon a single material of industry to the neglect of all others.

* * * * *

We must refuse to admit, even for the sake of argument, that the rules of economy differ either in their economical or moral foundation, from those which ought to regulate private affairs. The people never *can* know anything of "reasons of state;"—if they are to be sovereigns, as it is claimed they are, then the

government must be managed in their manner; that is to say, by the rules of common honesty, and common prudence. Let kings and subtle ministers go on refining; of their subtleties the people have no knowledge; and if they or their representatives depart from those simple rules of construction, by which the massive framework of the state is held together, the fabric must fall about their ears. The equitable working of this system commends it to our entire favor.

We observe; *first*, that were foreign goods admitted duty free, the revenue would have to be collected by direct taxation.

This taxation would have to bear equally upon every species of property. The taxes for the general government would probably be collected by the same agents who collect for the State governments, and upon the same species of property. No other system would be esteemed equitable. If extraordinary expenses were to be met, excises on liquors and other luxuries would probably be tried.

By the system of direct taxation the expenses of the general government would be severely felt by every tax-payer. Poll taxes are always inequitable, as they bear more heavily upon the poor; the revenues would consequently be collected upon real and personal property.

A sudden addition of forty millions to the general taxes would be severely felt by a population of twenty-one millions, of whom only a third or thereabouts would be the real tax-payers.

The annual importation of foreign luxuries would become cheaper, other things being equal, to the amount of taxation transferred to land, &c., *i. e.*, thirty millions cheaper.

Were the duty-payers the same with the tax-payers, it would make but little difference to them, whether they paid a land tax or paid a duty, the one would not be more burdensome than the other. It might, however, be more agreeable to pay a voluntary tax for luxuries which they were not obliged to use, than to pay a forced and inevitable one on real estate, &c., collected by a government officer.

But the tax-payers would not be the same as the duty-payers. The tax-payers would be every holder of property in

the nation, under an equitable and democratic system. The rich man who used only a few foreign luxuries would have an enormous tax to pay, and the poor man who used none would have still a tax to pay: while those who owned no land might live luxuriously, paying no taxes at all. Foreign cloths, foreign wines, foreign fruits, foreign jewelry, in short every minute article of personal luxury that eludes taxation, freed from duties, would be indulged in by those who owned no land but were, nevertheless, spenders of money.

Republics are governments for the poor, and it is agreeable to their institutions to discourage luxury. The doctrines of free trade are for the benefit of the idle and luxurious, removing the burthens of wealth to the back of poverty and industry.

We have said, that if general tax-payers were, to the same amount, under a tariff system, duty-payers, it would make but little difference to them, except as they might prefer a voluntary to an involuntary payment. This, however, is not strictly true.

The constant effort of ownership is to escape taxation. Taxed property is more troublesome than untaxed. If the entire taxation of the country rested upon land alone, the selling price of land would be depressed not only to the entire amount of the taxation, but much more than that; because of a general aversion among property holders to taxation as a system. In cities, houses would be built up many stories higher; the population would crowd together over small spaces of ground. Provisions would be dear, and farm wages low. Ground rents would be high, and the profits of the owners small. Capital would generally avoid investment in land. The number of those who live by ingenuity only, and by trade, would increase beyond the natural limit, while the number of agriculturalists would diminish, and the small farmers in general be broken up or crushed with mortgages. Can any one doubt the injuriousness of such a system?

The general theory of democracy favors the land owner, and the cultivators of the soil. It ought, therefore, to demand the removal of taxation from land and its imposition upon every other species of property. The endeavor of the opposition leaders is at present, however, the reverse of this. The people are invited to remove

every restriction from trade, and to give that branch of industry a privilege of exemption, throwing the entire burden of taxation upon agriculture and manufacture.

The fact that their system of measures is identical with that which has been adopted by England, is a sufficient proof of its absurdity. Every important act of legislation in England has been with a view to sustain her manufactures against our own. If she admits the raw material of industry duty free, it is for the benefit of the manufacturing capitalists. If she admits corn at a low duty, it is that her operators may be content with low wages. Her manufactures are her wealth. She has the world for a market, and must retain it or yield her place as the wealthiest and most powerful nation.

England stood ready to admit corn and cotton almost duty free from America, and only desired America to admit her manufactures in exchange—a state of things precisely the most favorable to her and the most disadvantageous to ourselves. We had but one market for our corn and cotton; she had a thousand for her manufactures. Bread stuffs and cotton are difficult and costly of carriage; manufactures cheaply and easily transported. By abolishing the navigation act, she reduced freights to the very lowest rates, with the view, still, of enlarging the profits of the manufacturer, who could thus procure more cheaply his raw material, and transport his commodities at less cost to himself. At the same time, every argument was employed by England to urge America into a larger production of corn and cotton, that the prices of their commodities might be as far as possible reduced. A theory of free-trade constructed by closet politicians, and seized upon by the shrewder sort as a valuable tool for their purposes, was sent over and formally presented to the democracy here as a testimony of esteem from the capitalists of England. Mr. Walker and his friends received the mischievous keep-sake with transport, never observing the grin of malign satisfaction with which the gift was accompanied.

During all this great controversy, which has now agitated England and America for an entire age, has any person, either in the closet or out of it, taken the pains to inquire into the causes of the controversy it-

self? Has any person asked his neighbor why England was so busy in circulating free-trade doctrines in America and at home? Come, then, let us see whether any light will spring out upon such a question.

England was once the workshop of all nations. She had no rival. She protected her agriculture by corn laws, her commerce and manufactures by tariffs and navigation laws. All at once a rival appears, and, as usual, she picks a quarrel and begins a war. An embargo, forbidding the use of English manufactures, creates a new spirit of enterprise among the people of America, who begin instantly to manufacture for themselves the conveniences for which they had before depended upon England. The war is ended. England has gained nothing by it. On the contrary, she has only added a new element of power to the strength of her rival, who has now learned the secret of self-protection, and by keeping up her embargo in the form of tariffs, not only protects her own industry but begins to compete with England in the market of the world.

In vain the English manufacturer lowers his prices; in vain he depresses the wages of his laborers to the starving point at home. Ruin impends. A new thought seizes him. He invents, in the retirement of his closet, a theory of free-trade, a specious bait for philanthropists, a rare morsel for the discontented in America. It is the habit of the English mind to examine the facts before concocting the theory. The facts were, that a greater freedom of trade was necessary in the commercial and manufacturing pre-eminence of England; the theory followed of course. Its application to America was a happy stroke, a piece of excellent wisdom.

The tariffs of the United States have been, and are the causes of the present freedom of trade in England. Had England never had a rival, free-trade would have been unnecessary for her, and, therefore, unthought of. Shall we dare to say that the destruction of the protective system in America, would soon be followed by its re-establishment in England? Such is at east our own opinion.

The constant and sole argument of the free-trade party against tariffs for protection is, that they favor one class of the

community at the expense of another. Nothing could be more absurd. Where does the tax fall? On the consumer? Let it be admitted that it does so, and exclusively too. A tariff of 40 cents a yard is laid on a particular kind of cloth. It is optional with consumers of that cloth to use it or not. A large revenue is raised thereby. So far all is right, the object of the tariff is to raise a revenue, the higher the tariff under a certain limit, the larger the revenue, and its specific imposition keeps it free from fluctuation and fraudulent valuation. The choice will be among articles of expense and luxury, chiefly cloths, cutlery, &c., of a description not absolutely necessary to life, and too costly to be made at home. So far, there is no injustice done; the democratic principle of equality and freedom has been adhered to: the object was to raise revenue, and the largest possible revenue, and it is done.

Every tariff, however great, however small, is protective. The 30 per cent. *ad valorem* on English cotton cloths is protective, and powerfully so. It protects a certain grade of manufacturers. A higher tariff would protect still higher grades. The fact of its protective operation has not yet been cited against it.

The largest revenue will be raised by tariffs upon articles which are used but not manufactured in this country, and these at the same time will be the most protective in their operation.

Let us suppose, for example, that a certain kind of expensive broad cloth is largely used in America but not manufactured there, because of the outlay required for its manufacture. The price will be kept by the English manufacturer as high as possible, as long as he fears no competition. The American capitalist knows that the price demanded by the importer is factitious, and can be lowered in an instant. He, therefore, wisely abstains from engaging in the manufacture of the article, and the importer goes on demanding higher and higher prices; there is no limit to this species of extortion except the competition of rival houses in England, (a danger which they can obviate by a compact among themselves) or the inability of buyers in America to pay what is asked. The importer will therefore fix the price at the point of largest profit; a point very disad-

vantageous to the purchasers. Importers and foreign manufacturers operating together, with this absolute control over prices, can easily crush all attempts at a home manufacture of the article in question. And they systematically do so, acting on the natural instincts of acquisition.

Let the government now ascertain the difference between the highest and lowest values of this species of goods. Let it be 50 cents the yard. If a specific duty is then laid at perhaps 40 cents the yard, it will yield a large revenue. At the lowest values the importers will make a profit—at the highest he will injure his market by putting the goods beyond the reach of most buyers.

The imposition of the duty has the effect to raise the price permanently, so that now the range of fluctuation in its value is limited to 20 cents the yard. Still, however, the market is not injured; a fair profit is made by the importer; but he is unable to raise his prices higher than is necessary for a fair profit, since by doing so he injures his market. He has a hearty good will to keep the price at the highest, and would have done so at any rate. He is now compelled to do so for other reasons. It is, therefore, in this particular instance, not the consumer, not the public, but the manufacturer and the importer who pay the duty. It comes out of their pockets. England and her supporters were already taking the money out of the purses of American consumers, but by a judicious tariff the government transferred these exorbitant profits to the national treasury.

Could anything more just or expedient have been imagined? The deep river of wealth that was flowing toward England is turned, at the custom-house, into an American reservoir.

But here is not the end. American capitalists begin soon to discover that the article, thus taxed, can now be manufactured at home; the foreign manufacturer having it no longer in his power to lower the price beyond a certain point. Then begins protection, as a natural consequence of a system calculated for the time to raise the largest revenue. The goods begin soon to be made at home. They are at first of an inferior character, and are forced with difficulty into the market. Two years is a short term for the establishment of any

manufacture. Another year will be consumed in forcing the home fabric into equal competition with the foreign. At first, every manufacture is expensive; but as machinery improves, the article improves and the price goes down. A term of five years is perhaps necessary for this effect. Meanwhile, the revenue is gradually diminished by the disuse of the foreign article. After five or six years, the tariff begins to operate as a prohibition, and the home manufacturers are continually lowering their prices, competition compelling them to cheapen every process and improve their manufacture to the utmost. The specific duty has to be lowered. Again the foreign commodity comes in. The process is continued to that point where a fair and equal competition has brought the foreign and home manufacturers so near to an equality that a very moderate revenue can be realized by a tariff equal to their difference, and this solely by the adjustment of a duty calculated for the time to raise the largest revenue. The tariff in that particular article of commerce has ceased, indeed, to yield a revenue, but a vast increase of wealth to the country at large has been the consequence. Such is the operation of a truly protective tariff.

Knowing, as we do, that had prices been left to English manufacturers to regulate, they would have kept them at the highest possible level, and that a competition among foreigners themselves, with the markets of the world at their control, is not sufficient to bring prices down to their just limits, the charge that a protective tariff robs the consumer, by raising prices, is absurd. It may do so in particular instances; but when prices are high, it is a necessary consequence, that the loss by duty falls upon the foreign manufacturer.

The duty is simply a diversion into the public treasury of a stream of wealth that would otherwise flow into the pockets of the foreign manufacturers.

That the profits to the treasury are gradually lessened by the substitution of the home article, is not an injury to the people. In that case, the stream which was diverted from the purse of the foreigner into the national treasury, is now diverted, in stead, into the purses of the farmers and artisans who supply food and labor for the manufacture of the article; and is it not better

so, than as at first? In a word, it is impossible to conceive a more certain, safe, and just method of enriching and swelling the strength and numbers of a people, than the method of Protection.

In the instance taken for the illustration of the effects of a high tariff, diverting the profits of importation first into the national treasury and finally into the purses of the people, prices were assumed to have been raised to the highest point by the eagerness of importers and foreign manufacturers; but if the prices of foreign imported commodities have been reduced by the competition of foreigners among themselves, if a duty is affixed, the consumers will have either to pay the duty or do without the commodity: if it is one of the necessities of life, they will purchase, notwithstanding the injury inflicted by the excessive price. A tariff, in this case, is equivalent to a direct tax laid upon the consumer by government in the exact ratio of his consumption. If the duty so far elevates the price of the commodity as to tempt home industry to try its strength with the foreigner, the duty raised for revenue merely will have a protective influence upon home industry. If it be an *ad valorem** duty, varying directly with the price of the commodity, this protection will be greatest when the price of the article is highest. Say it be thirty per cent.—then, if the price of the article be one dollar, it would be equivalent to a bonus of thirty cents for every dollar of capital expended by the home manufacturer: as soon, however, as the home manufacturer

engages in producing the article, the price of the foreign commodity is lowered to under-sell him; but as the price falls, the revenue accruing is diminished. If the price fall fifty per cent., the revenue will be diminished one-half, &c. Thus we see that the natural effect of an *ad valorem* duty is at first protective, and in the second stage of its operation tends to diminish the revenue.

The commerce of the United States will not yield a sufficient revenue to the government with a system of duties generally low. Thirty per cent. on every valuable species of importation, excepting tea and coffee, barely yields a sufficient revenue. If the costs of production in England are in general a third less than in America, thirty per cent. specific or *ad valorem* is a protective duty, and has a certain protective effect. It is well understood that the removal of the present duty, small as it is, would have disastrous effects.

Let us now consider whether any injustice can be charged upon the system considered as one of protection, (as, to a certain extent, it truly is,) under the supposition that the duty is paid by the consumer, the profits of the importer remaining the same. And first, it is necessary that a revenue should be raised; it is necessary, also that it should be raised by the most economical process. A tariff is believed to be the most economical process; but under all circumstances it is a transient method, serving its purpose only for a certain number of years, because of its pro-

“I will proceed to state the nature of the modifications which it appears expedient to make in the existing tariff, and, if required, will hereafter present a plan in detail.

“1. The rates of duty are, in my opinion, too low, especially on articles similar to our own staples. I conceive that the revenue has suffered materially from this circumstance. Indeed, I am compelled to believe that it would have been greatly diminished but for the extraordinary demand for our bread-stuffs and provisions, produced by the famine in Europe in 1847, and to a great extent continued by the short crop abroad in 1848. (See statement marked M, hereto annexed.) Even under these favorable circumstances the average revenue from woollens, cottons, hempen goods, iron, sugar, hemp manufactured, salt and coal, has fallen under the act of 1846 from \$14,162,107 to \$13,392,624 50, taking the average from the receipts of 1845-1846, and those of 1848-1849; being an average diminution of \$769,982 60, as

will be seen by table marked (N), hereto annexed; the loss of annual revenue being as follows:

On cottons,	\$918,894 00
On hempen goods,	81,794 50
On sugar,	181,741 50
On salt,	348,438 50
On coal,	70,030 00
	<hr/>
	\$1,580,898 00

The gain as follows:

On woollens,	\$355,592 50
On iron,	415,240 00
On hemp unmanufactured,	40,083 00
	<hr/>
	\$810,915 50

“The very small increase on the staples of woollens, iron, and unmanufactured hemp, compared

protective influence creating home manufactures which continually diminish the amount and value of foreign importation. The consumer learns gradually to prefer the home manufacture and to dispense with the foreign, and the character of commerce is in consequence continually changing: the raw material and luxuries of other climates being substituted by the importers for those foreign manufactured articles which, in consequence of a home competition, they find no longer profitable. While this change of imports is going on, an analogous change of exports is going on at the same rate. An exportation of manufactured articles takes the place of an exportation of raw materials. And this is the present condition of England: that country derives a considerable revenue from the importation of materials used in the arts. The same series of events is now happening in America, and the time is perhaps not far distant when a sufficient revenue can no longer be realized by duties laid chiefly upon foreign manufactured articles.

Has an injury been inflicted upon the country by a course of legislation which changes its commerce from an importation of manufactures and an exportation of raw materials to the reverse? Is that an injurious system of policy which causes the raw material of industry to be consumed at home and provides a supply of manufactures for exportation? which, in fine, is fast giving to America the advantages for which England is contending with

the entire force of her population? "But the instance! the instance! you elude the instance!" exclaims our free-trader. "You cannot deny that a tariff working a sufficient protection of iron, for example, is an injustice to the community, who are thereby compelled to pay a higher price for it!"

By no means. It is not an injustice to the community to raise a sufficient revenue upon iron, an article of general use. On the contrary, it is a very equal mode of taxation. The tariff is laid for revenue; its direction only, and specific application is for protection. The largest revenue is raised where the largest protection is given, when an article of general use is made dutiable. Home competition does indeed very soon diminish that revenue; but with what effects? Plainly, the transfer of the profits of iron-making from English to American industry. The profits which passed over to England, now remain with the American farmer who supplies food to the iron-worker, and the American artisan who converts the ore into articles of use. And does a legislation which does all this, work an injustice to the community? "But the community must now pay a higher price for iron, and by this system they are taxed for the support of a particular manufacture." Granted that they are so, temporarily; does it follow that thereby a greater injustice is worked than must be by every system of tariffs, be they for protection or not? Every duty laid upon an imported commodity, benefits a particular

with the vast injury occasioned to our production, and the diminution thereby of our power of consumption, cannot fail to attract attention—while on the other articles named, the revenue and production have both suffered materially. It is believed that the revenue could be greatly increased by increasing the duties on these and other articles.

"2. I propose a return of the system of specific duties on articles on which they can be conveniently laid. The effects of the present ad valorem system are two-fold, viz.: on the revenue and on our own productions. Experience has I think demonstrated, that looking exclusively to the revenue, a specific duty is more easily assessed, more favorable to commerce, more equal and less exposed to frauds, than any other system. Of course such a duty is not laid without reference to the average cost of the commodity. This system obviates the difficulties and controversies which attend an appraisement of the foreign market value of each

invoice, and it imposes an equal duty on equal quantities of the same commodity. Under the ad valorem system, goods of the same kind and quality, and between which there cannot be a difference in value, in the same market at any given time, nevertheless may often pay different amounts of duty. Thus the hazards of trade are unnecessarily increased.

"To levy an ad valorem duty on a foreign valuation equably, at the different ports, is believed to be impossible. That the standard of value at any two ports is precisely the same at any given time, is wholly improbable. The facilities afforded to fraud upon the revenue are very great, and it is apprehended that such frauds have been and are habitually and extensively practised. The statements annexed, marked (O), to which I invite especial attention, exhibit in a strong light the dangers to which this system is necessarily exposed.

"As the standard of value at every port must

class of producers. This effect is inherent in the system.

The farmers who supply the workmen of the coal mines with food, are directly benefited by a tariff upon British coal. They, however, in their turn are consumers. The more they have, the more they will buy. The benefits which they reap, they also distribute. As they increase in numbers and in wealth, they buy more and better clothes, and thus they confer a direct benefit upon the cotton and wool-grower. All that the cotton-grower asks, is a liberal market. By creating a population of iron-workers and miners in the country, he provides a steadier and larger market for his cotton. He will have to pay a few shillings more for horse-shoes and plow-shares, for the first five or six years; but he has created a home market for his cot-

ton, wrought into cloth, which yields him a profit ten or a dozen, or even an hundred times beyond his increased expenses. "All men," says Mr. Meredith, "are by turns producers and consumers," and in this view we are ready to give an unequivocal denial to the dogma of free-trade, "that protection extended to any branch of industry, is an injustice to all other branches." It is not an injustice, unless it is awkwardly and injudiciously applied. There is indeed no good, that may not be converted, by misapplication, into an evil. The tariff for which we argue is a judicious and reasonable one, calculated first for the immediate raising of a sufficient revenue, and secondly, to work protection to the food-growers and artisans of the United States.

at last depend upon the average of the invoices that are passed there, every successful attempt at under-valuation renders more easy all that follow it. The consequences are, not only that the revenue suffers, that a certain sum is in effect annually given by the public among dishonest importers, as a premium for their dishonesty, but that fair American importers may be gradually driven out of the business, and their places supplied by unknown and unscrupulous foreign adventurers. As long ago as 1801, Mr. Gallatin urged the extension of specific duties on the ground now repeated—of the prevention of under-valuation. In his report of that year he used the following language: "Without any view to an increase of revenue, but in order to guard, as far as possible, against the value of goods being under-rated in the invoices, it would be eligible to lay specific duties on all such articles now paying duties ad valorem as may be susceptible of that alteration." At that time specific duties were already laid on spirits and wines, sugar, molasses, tea, coffee, salt, pepper, steel, nails and spikes, hemp, coal, cordage, and several other articles.

"In England it is believed to have long been a

settled point that specific or rated duties (which are ad valorem on an assumed value,) are in every respect better for revenue and trade than any other system.

"The effect of the existing system on production is also striking. See document marked () annexed. It tends to aggravate the great fluctuations in price which are so injurious to trade as well as industry.

"When prices abroad are very high the duty is high also; and when they fall to a very low point the duty is low in proportion. It is a sliding scale of the worst kind. If the duty forms a part of the price, it renders the extremes of fluctuation more remote from each other by a per centage on the range equal to the rate of the duty. If the fluctuation abroad be from \$50 to \$20, the range is of course \$30. A specific duty of \$15 would leave the range still \$30. But at an ad valorem of 30 per cent., the highest point would be \$65, and the lowest \$26, making a range of \$39. On every account I strongly recommend a return to the system of specific duties on all articles to which they can be conveniently applied."—*Report of the Sec. of the Treasury.*

M'LE DE LA SEIGLIÈRE.

(Continued from page 31.)

XII.

WHY did Mlle de La Seiglière escape so suddenly from the arms of her father? Why, a few moments before, had the paleness of death passed over her countenance? Why had her blood, as it were, rushed violently back to her heart? How, while the Marquis was endeavoring to point out the necessity of an alliance with Bernard, came she to fly, trembling, agitated, almost frightened, yet sprightly, buoyant and happy. She herself could not have told. Arrived at the depths of the park, she let herself fall upon a mound, and the silent tears rolled spontaneously down her cheeks, — honied pearls, dew-drops in the embalm- ed petals of the lily. Thus happiness and love have tears with their first smile, as if, at their birth, they had the instinct of their fragility, and were conscious that they are born to suffer.

It was near the end of April. The park was not large enough to contain the intoxication of her soul. She rose and gained the open fields; the blue heavens were smiling above her head, and life chanted in her young bosom. She had forgotten Raoul, and scarcely thought of Bernard. She walked at hazard, absorbed by a vague thought, mysterious and charming, stopping occasionally to inhale the perfume, and referring to God the bliss which inundated the warmest recesses of her heart; for she was, as we have already said, by nature, serious as well as affectionate, and profoundly religious. It was not till she saw the sun passing below the horizon that Helen thought to return to the chateau. On her return, from the height of a hill which she had just reached, and from which she was upon the point of descending, she discovered Bernard, who was riding on horseback along the valley. A strange but delirious thrill went through her heart, and her eye, intensely gazing, followed him

a long distance into the plain. She returned thinking upon the lot of that young man, whom she believed to be poor and disinherited, and, for the first time, Mlle de La Seiglière fell to contemplating, with a feeling of joy and pride, the chateau of her father, illuminated with the mellow light of the setting sun, and the sea of verdure which undulated in the breeze around it. At the same time, beholding upon the other bank of the river, the little castle de Vaubert, sombre, and frowning, behind a cluster of oaks, whose naked boughs had not yet felt the influence of spring, she could not help feeling an emotion of sadness and dread, as if she was conscious that thence was to come the blow which would destroy the happiness of her life. The blow was, in truth, not long in coming. Helen had already arrived at the gate of the park, and was just stepping over the sill, when she was approached by a servant of the baroness, who placed in her hand a packet in an envelope, sealed with a triple seal, and stamped with the baronial arms. She recognized, at once, in the superscription, the hand-writing of the young baron, who had arrived at home the evening before, but of whose return she did not know till now. She turned pale, broke the envelope with a trembling hand, and found, together with her own letters to Raoul, which he thus returned, a letter from the young man. Helen tore open the letter, the seal of which was yet moist, read it hastily, and stood fixed as if she had been struck with lightning.

Very like those automata which, at the touch of a spring appear and disappear at your pleasure, M. de Vaubert had returned as he had disappeared, at the word of his mother, with the same smile upon his lips and the same knot in his cravat. Though by no means remarkable in point of pene-

tration, he was, on the whole, a fair minded, honest, good natured young man. Not only had he never joined in the intrigues of his mother, but, thanks to the somewhat limited powers of perception, which heaven had vouchsafed to impart to him, it may be even affirmed that he had not suspected them. Up to the present time he had innocently thought, like Helen, that old Stamply, in divesting himself of his property, had only restored to the La Seiglières the possessions which, of right, belonged to them, and that, in this, the good man had followed only the suggestions of his conscience. To say the truth, Raoul had never troubled himself much about the affair, and looked only at the result which, of course, could not be expected to be particularly displeasing to him. He was poor, and had always felt a desire for riches. A million, he thought, would make an appropriate frame for a pretty portrait. Still, he loved Helen less for her fortune than her beauty; he loved her after his manner, coldly, but honorably—without passion, but also without calculation. He knew, moreover, the worth of his plighted faith, and never, for a moment, had sordid interest stained the flower of his youthful honor. As he learned what had passed during his absence,—the miraculous resurrection of young Stamply, his return, his installation at the chateau, his incontestible rights, whence inevitably resulted the ruin of the Marquis and his family, M. de Vaubert, as will readily be believed, did not discover any very timely transports of joy; his countenance was visibly elongated, and its general expression indicated only a very moderate satisfaction. But when, after having entered into a detailed explanation of these strange events, his mother inquired what course he would adopt in this conjuncture, the young man raised his head, and did not hesitate for an instant. He declared simply, without effort and without feeling, that the ruin of the Marquis did not in any respect release him from his obligations to his daughter, and he was ready now as he had ever been, to fulfil his engagement.

"I expected nothing less of you," replied Madame de Vaubert, with affected pride, "you are my noble son. But, unfortunately, this is not all. The Marquis, to save his possessions, has determined to marry his daughter to Bernard."

"Well, mother," returned Raoul, without discovering any emotion, "if Mlle de La Seiglière believes that she can withdraw her hand from mine, without forfeiting her honor, she is free; but I shall not cease to believe myself engaged to her until she first indicates her pleasure to the contrary."

"You are a noble heart," exclaimed the baroness, with an expression of well feigned joy, who perceived that her desire was about to be accomplished. "Write, then, to Mlle de La Seiglière, to that effect. Be manly, but still affectionate, that they may not suspect that you have, in writing, any other purpose than to acquit your conscience. This done, whatever may be the consequence, you will have honorably fulfilled the duty of a faithful lover and a gallant knight."

Without more delay, Raoul sat down to his desk, and on a sheet of elegant paper, which he had purchased at Paris, scented with musk, and stamped with the arms of his house, wrote the following lines, to which the baroness, after inspection, gave her maternal approbation, although she would have desired to see more passion and tenderness. Thus hostilities were about to commence. In the hands of the crafty baroness, that sheet of paper, emblazoned and perfumed, with its first page covered with a beautiful hand writing, after the English style, was nothing else than a bomb, which, thrown into the fort, must, almost certainly, produce the result which she had foreseen and upon which she had long calculated:—

"**MADemoisELLE:**

I have just arrived, and learn, at the same time, the revolution which has taken place in your circumstances and prospects, and the new dispositions which M. your father, has thought proper to make to restore to you the heritage of his ancestors, of which the unexpected return of the son of his former farmer has deprived him. Whether, to these ends, M. the Marquis, has properly taken it upon himself to absolve two hands and two hearts long since, before God, united, God shall judge; I will not venture to pronounce my opinion. It does not become poverty to be presuming, or to weigh itself with wealth. I feel bound, however, by my honor, and still more by my love, to

declare to you, Mademoiselle, that, if, in this arrangement, you do not share the sentiments of M. your father, and do not think, like him, that plighted faith is an empty word, it will give me as much happiness to share with you my modest competence, as you yourself would have found in sharing with me your luxury and opulence. After this avowal, of which I trust you will not do me the injustice to suspect the sincerity, I will not add a word; in your hands alone, for the future, rests the decision of your lot and mine. If you repulse my humble offering, receive these letters which no longer belong to me; I will suffer without complaint or murmur. But if, on the contrary, you shall consent to come and bless my life and my fireside, return to me these precious pledges; I will press them with joy and gratitude to a faithful and devoted heart, which awaits only your response to learn whether it shall live or die.

“*RAOUL.*”

Brought back thus violently to a sense of the reality, Helen hesitated no more than Raoul had done. After recovering from the kind of stupor into which the perusal of these few lines had thrown her, she hastened to her chamber, and resolutely suppressing her dream of an hour,—a ray of happiness extinguished as soon as it broke, a flower cut down at the very moment of blossoming—took her pen to write and sign herself with her own hand, the death warrant of her future happiness; but wanting courage for this, she contented herself with putting her letters into an envelope and sending them immediately to Raoul. When she had done this, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears, very different, alas, from those she had shed in the morning. Meanwhile, under the melancholy of a vague and ill-defined regret, she very soon began to feel in her bosom the waking of a deep and boding inquietude. In reading the billet of M. de Vaubert she had distinctly comprehended but one thing; it was, that the young man recalled her to her solemnly plighted faith. Her conscience was touched, and she neglected the rest. Once appeased by the sacrifice, by which also her mind had recovered its calmness and wonted clearness, she recalled to mind, one by one, the expressions of the letter of her betrothed upon which her thoughts had not at first

rested, but which had nevertheless left an unpleasant and somewhat confused impression. Suddenly, her recollections becoming more and more distinct, she drew Raoul's letter from her belt, where she had placed it as if to defend and protect her heart, and after having re-read it attentively, after having weighed each word and sounded each phrase to discover all its meaning, *Mlle de La Seiglière* read it still again; then, passing imperceptibly from surprise to reflection, she ended by falling into a profound reverie.

Hers was a pure spirit, a pious heart, a spotless soul, which had never touched, even with the tips of its wings, the pollution of the world. She believed in good, naturally, spontaneously, and had no suspicion of evil. In a word, such was her ingenuous innocence that she had not even suspected the truth, good faith and disinterestedness of Madame de Vaubert herself. Nevertheless, since the installation of Bernard, she had felt that there was passing around her something equivocal and mysterious. Although, by nature, neither curious nor distrustful, she felt a strange foreboding, especially as she perceived the changed and forbidding humor of her father, who had ever been, even during his exile, cheerful, smiling, and free from anxiety. She was astonished at the sudden disappearance of Raoul and his prolonged absence, which had never been satisfactorily explained; she had not failed to remark the sudden change which, dating from the departure of Raoul and the arrival of Bernard, had been operated in the every-day habits and appearance of the Marquis and the baroness; in fine, she had sometimes asked herself, in her moments of doubt and perplexity, how it could be that the young soldier, in the vigor of life, should consent, for so long a time, to occupy a humiliating and precarious position, without an effort to ensure his independence, as would naturally be expected of a character apparently so proud and energetic. What had passed? Helen did not know, but certainly something strange had taken place which they had studied to conceal. The letter of the young baron was a ray of light in the darkness of the night. By dint of reflection, if she did not divine the whole truth in all its extent, there appeared to her a luminous point as it were which, though scarcely perceptible, dire etc

her in her investigations. Once upon her way, Helen recollected some unfinished sentences which escaped old Stamply during his last hours, and which she had at the time vainly endeavored to interpret; she recalled, in all its details, the warmth of the reception with which the return of Bernard had been welcomed, after the coldness with which the old age of his father had been visited. In short, she held up the letter of Raoul as a light, before which were promenade all the incidents which had signalized the sojourn of Bernard, and upon which she had, up to the present time, exhausted all her efforts in vain, in endeavoring to lift the veil and pierce through the dark obscurity. From episode to episode she proceeded, till she finally asked herself why, for a week or more, the baroness had not visited the chateau, and why Raoul had sent her the letter instead of presenting himself in person? and finally, coming down to the conversation which she had a few hours since held with her father, her blood mounted to her cheek, she rose proudly from her seat, and with a firm step went in quest of the Marquis.

At the same time, seated by the side of a small table, our Marquis, while waiting for his dinner, was occupied with soaking some biscuit in a glass of good old Spanish wine which sat before him, and although his pride had been cruelly wounded, he nevertheless felt a good appetite, and was in that state of comfortable satisfaction which one experiences after having undergone a painful operation which has been for a long time a subject of dread. He had finished with the baroness, was nearly assured as to the disposition of his daughter, and as to the assent of Bernard, about that he did not allow himself any trouble. Although, as the Marquis himself has said, his experience in matters of sentiment was rather limited, yet he understood himself well enough to have perceived for some time that the hussar was by no means insensible to the charms of his daughter; besides, where was the son of a peasant who would not deem himself especially fortunate in being allowed to mingle his blood with that of his ancient lords. Upon this point, therefore, the Marquis was tranquil; he was only troubled to find that his daughter should yield with so little resistance. The idea that a La Seiglière could have a

Stamply, afflicted him beyond measure; this was the dregs of his bitter cup. 'Let the hand join in such an alliance, but God forbid that the heart should follow!' muttered he indignantly to himself. To balance this, he derived the greatest satisfaction at the thought of the figure which Madame de Vaubert and her great booby of a son would play in their little manor. He rubbed his hands, tipped over his chair, frisked and gamboled like a cat at play, and on calling to mind the remark which the baroness had so often repeated, that Paris was worth many a mass, he seemed ready to burst with delight at the prospect that all this was about to wind up by nothing else than a mass—a marriage mass. He was in one of his transports of good humor when the door opened, and Made-moiselle de La Seiglière entered, so grave, so stately, so truly royal, that the Marquis, after rising to salute her, stood silent in her presence.

"My father," said the beautiful and noble girl, in a tone somewhat musical but calm, "like a good gentleman, answer me frankly; and whatever you may have to reveal to me, be assured in advance, that you will never find me untrue to the duties and obligations which the care of your own good name may impose upon me. Answer me without evasion, I beg of you in the name of the living God, in the name of my dear departed mother, who now beholds and hears us."

"Ventre-saint-gris!" thought the Marquis; "this is no very promising beginning."

"Father," pursued Helen, with confidence, "by what title does M. Bernard live in our midst?"

"What a question!" cried the Marquis, more and more alarmed, but still contriving to keep his countenance. "By the title of host and friend, I imagine. We owe too much to the memory of his good old father that any one should be surprised at seeing the young man at my table. By the way," added he, drawing from his pocket a gold watch, to which was suspended a chain loaded with rings, seals, and divers other trinkets, "why can't the rascal of a Jasmin ring the bell for dinner; it is past the time already. Do you see that little jewel? Look at it. It does not appear of much value, and in fact it only

cost six livres; but I would not exchange it for the crown diamonds. It has a history connected with it which I must tell you. It was in seventeen hundred and——"

"Father you have another history to relate to me," said Helen, interrupting him with a tone of authority, "a history more secret, and in which is concerned a jewel much more precious,—your honor. M. Bernard is here by the title of host you say, father; it remains now to inform me whether we are the recipients of his hospitality or he of ours."

At these words, pronounced with such emphasis, and followed by a most searching look, the Marquis turned pale, and sunk back in his chair.

"All is lost," thought he with a look of despair; "the enraged baroness has told her the whole."

"In short, father," answered the unfinching daughter, crossing her arms upon the back of the chair in which her father was about fainting, "I ask you whether we are in the house of M. Bernard or he in ours?"

Tired of deception, and convinced, besides, that his daughter had been made acquainted with the whole history of his manœuvres, the Marquis now thought only of setting forth the truth in such a manner as would give least offence to her pride and self-respect.

"Well! faith!" cried the exasperated Marquis, "if I must tell you, I don't know myself. They have profited by my absence to make a code of infamous laws; M. de Bonaparte, who always hated me, has contrived to have inserted in it a clause on purpose to get me into trouble; and he has succeeded—the vile Corsican! Some maintain that this is Bernard's property, and others affirm that it is mine; some that old Stamply gave it to me outright, others that he only restored it conditionally. It is all at loose ends, you see; all in doubt. Des Tournelles knows not what to think, and Satan himself would waste his time in trying to solve the difficulty. For the rest, it is right that you should know that it is that infernal baroness who is responsible for all this. You remember how happily we lived together in our little nook in Germany. But one day Madame de Vaubert—mark the jade—took it into her head to endeavor to restore me to my es-

tates, knowing very well all the while that if she succeeded they would sooner or later fall to her son. She wrote me that my old farmer was tortured with remorse, that he begged of her to persuade me to return, and protested that he could not die in peace without restoring to me all my property. I believed her, and took pity on the troubled conscience of the honest old man. I could not bear the thought that I should be the cause of his ending his days in misery. I came back with all haste, and what did I discover? Why, that the worthy man had restored me nothing, but merely made me a present. At least, so said my enemies; I have enemies, for as Des Tournelles says, what superior person has not? Meanwhile, Bernard, whom every body supposed to be dead, comes down upon us like a Siberian storm. What then is to done? M. de Bonaparte has so skillfully managed matters that it is impossible to tell. Is the property Bernard's, or is it mine? I do not know, neither does he, nor even Des Tournelles himself. Such is the history, and so stands the question."

Helen had been brought up, as we have before said, in utter ignorance of out door affairs. She had never suspected that interest plays so important a part in human existence, which it almost entirely absorbs. Having received, touching these matters, no other instruction than that of her father—whose ignorance was only equalled by his complacency—the knowledge which Helen had of French laws was about equal to that which she had upon the legislation of the Japanese; but this child, so ignorant here, possessed nevertheless, a higher science, a science more certain and infallible than that of the ablest jurisconsults or the most consummate legists. In her heart and incorruptible soul she had preserved, as pure and luminous as she had received it, that sense of right and wrong which God implants as a ray of supreme intelligence in the bosom of all his creatures. She knew nothing of the laws of men; but the natural and divine law was written on her heart as upon tablets of gold, and no pestilential wind, no evil passion, had blunted its keenness, or tarnished its sacred characters. She disengaged the truth without difficulty from the clouds with which her father had sought to obscure it. She detected the

net beneath the embroidery. While the Marquis was speaking, Helen remained standing, calm, pale, and unimpassioned. When he had finished she went and leaned upon the mantlepiece, and remained for some time silent, her fingers, meanwhile, playing with the tresses of her luxuriant hair, and she herself contemplating with speechless fear the abyss into which she was about to be precipitated, as a dove mortally wounded, as she leisurely sails through the azure sky, falls bloody, and still palpitating, among the reeds of some stagnant marsh.

"So, father," said she finally, without changing her attitude or turning her eyes towards the unfortunate old man, who knowing no longer what saint to invoke, strode up and down the room like a soul in torment, "so that old man, when life ended so sadly in abandonment and solitude, had impoverished himself to enrich us! Ah! I thank God that he inspired me with love for that generous old man; for but for me our benefactor would have died with no friendly hand to close his eyes."

"Well, am I to blame for that?" cried the impatient and confused Marquis. "The baroness has shown throughout the basest ingratitude. Me, I loved him, the old man; I delighted in him; I always found him pleasant and agreeable. But the baroness could not endure him. I often remonstrated—'Madame la baronne, this old Stampy is a worthy man; he has done a great deal for us; we ought to treat him with kindness and attention.'—If I had listened to her I should have driven him from the house. I would not have consented to do such a thing, even at the request of the king himself."

"So," continued Helen, after a new silence, "when this young man presented himself armed with his rights, instead of promptly restoring him his property, and withdrawing as we ought to have done, we have persuaded him by humiliating importunities, to permit us to live under his roof! Of your daughter, who knew nothing of all this, you made an accomplice!"

"I should have gone," cried the Marquis; "Bernard himself will testify that I was about to leave. It was the baroness who prevented me; she has deceived us all; she has ruined us."

Here, Mademoiselle de La Seiglière

turned proudly round, about to demand of her father an explanation of the conversation which they had held together in that same chamber a few hours before; but her words died upon her lips, her bosom heaved, her countenance was suffused with a deep blush, and falling into a chair, she burst into tears. Was it only her revolted pride which troubled her? and did not her secret but hopeless love mingle its sighs with those of her offended dignity? The most pure and virgin heart is still an abyss whose depths cannot be sounded. The despair of his daughter completely unmanned the Marquis. He fell at her feet, seized her by the hand, which he covered with kisses, and wept like a child, as he was.

"My daughter! my child!" he exclaimed, pressing her in his arms; "be calm, indulge your old father; do not let me die of grief at your feet. We will depart if you wish it. We will go and live like savages in the depths of the forest; if you prefer it, we will return to our old Germany. What difference can it make with me? What do I care for fortune if you are happy. I will sell my watch and jewels to purchase flowers for my Helen. Go wherever you please; I will be content wherever you are. I told you this morning that I had only a breath of life remaining; I told you what was not true. I am as hale and hearty as ever. See what a leg! hard and plump as at twenty-five. I have killed seven wolves this winter; Bernard can't keep up with me in a hunt; and I hope to live to attend the funeral of the baroness, who is some fifteen or twenty years younger than I—as she pretends; for I know her too well now to believe half she says. Quick then, dry up these tears; a smile, a kiss, your arm in mine, and, gay Bohemians, hurrah for poverty!"

"Ah! dear father, I have found you again!" exclaimed Helen with a thrill of joy. As you say, we will leave; we will remain here no longer; we have already been here too long."

"Leave!" cried the astonished old man, who now began to wish he could recal the imprudent word which he had just now suffered to escape him; "leave!" he repeated with amazement. "Why, my poor child, where under heaven shall we go. Don't you know that I am in open war

with the baroness? and we have not now even the poor privilege of starving at her table and shivering by her fireside."

"If Madame de Vaubert repulses us, we will go where God shall lead us," replied Helen. "We shall then at all events, feel a consciousness that we are in the path of honor."

"Yes, yes," said M. de La Seiglière, sitting down carelessly by the side of Helen, "it is very well to go where God leads us; we couldn't have a better guide. But, unfortunately, he who provides food and clothing to the birds is not so liberal towards Marquises. Let us go where God sends us,—very fine sentiment, and pleasing no doubt to young imaginations; but when one has travelled all day, and at night has to go to sleep on the ground without any supper, he begins to think the route rather a rough one. If there was no body but me to suffer I would long ago have put on the sandals of the pilgrim, and taken the staff of exile. But my dear Helen, you are the one who would suffer. Have done with these childish notions. Let us talk reasonably and calmly, as two friends ought to. Let us see if there is no way of arranging this little affair to the satisfaction of all parties. For example, the proposition which I made this morning—"

"Would be your disgrace and mine," coldly interrupted Helen. "What would the world say? It would say that you had sold your daughter. Poverty is no excuse for dishonor. What would Madame de Vaubert think? And what would he think—that young man upon whom I have delighted to bestow my attentions in the belief that he was poor and disinherited? While one would accuse me of treachery, the other would suspect me of having designs upon his fortune, and both would despise me. Marquis de La Seiglière, be resolute and cheerful; your rank and poverty demand it. What is there so fearful in the lot which has fallen to us? Are we without an asylum. I will answer for Madame de Vaubert."

"But, *ventre-saint-gris*!" cried the Marquis, "I tell you that between me and the baroness there is a deadly feud."

"The king will aid us," said Helen. "He must be good, just, and great, for he is king."

"Ah, yes, the king, to be sure," mut-

tered the Marquis. "But he doubts whether he is under any obligations to me. The era of great ingratitude dates from the establishment of the monarchy."

"I will go and throw myself at his feet; I will say to him—Sire——"

"He will refuse to hear you."

"Well, father," returned Helen, resolutely, "your daughter will still be left to you. I am young, and do not fear; I love you, and will take care of you."

"Poor child!" said the Marquis; kissing one after the other, her delicate hands. "What can these pretty fingers do? They couldn't support a canary bird. But to return to my proposition of this morning; you say that that would involve our disgrace. I pretend to a sense of honor as delicate as any one; but I do not look upon this as you do, Helen. Let the world go; it is always carping. He is a fool who cares for that. You fear that M. de Vaubert will charge you with infidelity. Upon that point, give yourself no uneasiness. The baroness is a cunning gipsy, and will never suffer her son to be involved in our ruin, you may depend upon that; and though I do not doubt the sincerity of Raoul, between you and me, he is a great noodle who suffers his mother to lead him by the nose. As for Bernard, why should he despise you? I admit that he could not reasonably pretend to the hand of a La Seiglière; but passion abjures reason, and he loves you, my daughter!"

"Does he love me?" said Helen, with a tremulous voice.

"By heavens!" exclaimed the Marquis, "he adores you."

"How do you know that, father?" murmured Helen faintly, with a feeble effort at a smile.

"No doubt of it," thought the Marquis, suppressing a sigh of resignation, "my daughter loves the hussar."

"How do I know," cried he; "I am not so old yet as to have forgotten how these matters used to go. When he told over his battles, last winter, by the fire-side, do you think the eyes of the baroness moved him to such eloquence? And from the day when you ceased to appear in the salon, he was as still as a mouse, not three words could you get from him at a time. Do you suppose that I did not then understand the cause of his silence and melan-

choly? Have not I seen his countenance light up whenever you made your appearance? And when he mounted Roland at the risk of his life, think you love was not at the bottom of his bravery? I tell you he adores you; and, moreover, were he a son of France, however high in station, he could not conceal his passion."

The Marquis paused, but kept his eye on his daughter, who had listened attentively. That mysterious impulse which she had before felt, but endeavored to suppress, again stirred in her heart, and there she stood, silent and pensive, forgetful that she had just riveted the chain which bound her forever to Raoul, and unconsciously abandoning herself to that insensible current which was bearing her towards the shore where chanted youth and love.

"The thing is done; she loves him," said the Marquis to himself, and in the excess of his delight began to rub his hands, when the door of the salon suddenly opened with a slam and Madame de Vaubert precipitated herself like a rocket, into the apartment, followed by Raoul, stiff and reserved.

"Come, my dear noble child," cried the baroness, stretching out both her arms towards Helen. "Come, let me press you to my heart. Ah! how well did I know," added she with the most melting tenderness, covering her forehead and cheeks at the same time with kisses, "how well did I know that between wealth and poverty your dear soul would never hesitate! My son, embrace your wife; my daughter, embrace your husband; you are worthy of each other."

Suiting the action to the word, she gently drew Helen towards Raoul, who respectfully kissed her hand.

"Do you see, Marquis," continued the baroness with increased tenderness; "do you see their transports? Tell me now, had you a heart of brass, had you been nursed in your infancy by a bear, could you have had a heart so unfeeling as to break such charming bonds? It is not your good name alone, which, you see, is at stake, but the happiness of these two noble creatures."

"Faith!" muttered the Marquis to himself, whose stupefaction we will not attempt to depict; "here is a pretty fix. Plague take the baroness."

"Monsieur le Marquis," said Raoul advancing, and freely tendering his hand, "revolutions have left me but a limited fortune, but the little I have is at your service."

"Monsieur de Vaubert," said Helen, "you are very generous."

"Magnanimous children!" exclaimed the baroness. "Marquis you are affected, you are about weeping; why do you try to suppress such noble affections? Your knees tremble; your heart is almost bursting. Let nature speak out. Pray do not torture yourself in this way. Your arms are voluntarily opening to receive—Raoul, embrace your father," added she, quickly turning to the young baron, and pushing him into the reluctant arms of the Marquis, while she looked with intoxication upon the awkward ceremony. "And we too, my old friend, we will be reconciled," cried she, rushing into the Marquis' arms.

"We will," said the Marquis mechanically.

"Baroness," said the Marquis, in an under tone, "I don't exactly see where you are coming to, but I fear you are getting us again into some of your infamous plans!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the baroness; "always ready with a joke."

"Bernard, Helen, and you too, my old friend," continued the baroness, who had not yet fully executed her plan of operations, "in receiving you, all of you, again into the same affectionate regard, and the same constant solicitude—if I may believe my own heart—the manor of Vaubert will become the abode of peace, happiness, and mutual affection; we shall realize there the sweetest and most enchanting dream which ever ascended from earth to heaven. We shall be poor in this world's goods, it is true; but we shall be rich in the treasure of united hearts, and the spectacle of our humble, but blissful fortune, will become the envy of luxury and opulence. What can ever harm you, Marquis? Love and affection will watch over your declining years, and make you forget your misfortunes. Loved, cherished, honored, caressed, you will not feel the loss of your property, and will be astonished that you should have ever thought of regaining it at the price of your honor."

After hazarding a few objections, which Raoul, the baroness, and Helen, all united in removing, and cast about, in vain,

for some loop-hole by which to escape, feeling himself fairly caught—

"Well! *ventre-saint-gris*! so let it be," cried the Marquis, with the gesture of a man who knows the game is lost, but means to make out a good cause. "My daughter will be a baroness, and that old rogue of a Des Tournelles, will never have the satisfaction of seeing a La Seiglière espouse the son of a clown."

It was furthermore decided at this sit-

ting, (the baroness would not suffer any delay,) that the Marquis should immediately sign the deed of release to Bernard, and that the old gentleman and his daughter should, at once, retire to the castle de Vauvert, where the young couple were to be married without delay. Whereupon the baroness took the arm of the Marquis, Raoul offered his to Helen, and all four went to dine at the manor.

XIII.

BUT what has become of Bernard, while the events which we have just described were going on at the chateau? With head and heart occupied with a single image, he has been riding leisurely along the paths which border on the Clain. He is in love; and in his free and noble nature, which had not suffered in its tone, by contact with the world, love did not long remain in the form of a vague longing, a floating dream, a mysterious suffering, but it soon became a passion, ardent, energetic, vital and profound. Bernard constituted a part of that active and turbulent generation, whose youth rolled away in the camp, and had not had time to dream and love. At the age of seven-and-twenty, that yet morning hour when the young of our listless generation have foolishly wasted their energies in idleness and dissipation, he had known only the absorbing passion for glory. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that if the germ of a serious love should fall into his heart, the seed would quickly swell and unfold itself, and then would spring up a vigorous shoot in a fecund and virgin soil. He saw Helen and loved her. And how could he have done otherwise. She was endowed with grace and beauty, was intelligent though artless, was marked with every stamp of nobility, and was free from its narrow ideas and superannuated prejudices. With all the stately royalty of the lily, she exhaled its sweet and delicate perfume; to the poetry of the past, she joined the serious instincts of the present. And this noble and chaste creature, had met him with open hand and smiling lips! She had told him of his old father, that she had stood by the side of the old man's pillow, instead of his absent son; that she had re-

ceived his last adieus, and closed his dying eyes. During his life-time she had been accustomed to sit by his side at the table, and by the fire-side. At the story of his own sufferings and hardships, her beautiful eyes had been moistened with tears, and he had seen them kindle at the recital of his battles. How then could he not love her? He had loved her at first, as with a passion which he did not know, restlessly but delightfully; but when she came to absent herself from his presence, as with a passion which was without hope, silently and wildly. It was at this period, that becoming conscious of the true nature of his feelings towards Helen, while at the same time he was fully aware of his duty to himself, as a man of honor and a child of the revolution, he was struck with fear. He saw that, influenced by the charms which surrounded him, he had been beguiled into the acceptance of an equivocal position, that the public might censure him, that his honor might be compromised in the estimation of his brothers-in-arms, and, that to extricate himself from his embarrassment, he must proceed to dispossess and ruin the Marquis and the daughter, whom he devoutly loved. How could he resign himself to such a course:—he, who had trembled at the thought that they might some day leave of their own accord, and who of all things the most dreaded to be left alone deserted in his castle? If he loved Helen above all things, it was not her alone that he loved. Notwithstanding the old gentleman's petulance and obstinacy, he felt himself secretly attracted towards the Marquis. He had also contracted a kind of affection for that happy and quiet domestic life, the ease, elegance and comfort of which he had

never before imagined. The idea of espousing Helen,—an idea which reconciled every thing, and to which the old gentleman himself did not object, Bernard had not even conceived. Beneath an unpolished exterior, an energetic character, and an ardent love, were hidden all the delicacy and reserve of a timid and confiding soul. The consciousness, which he had, of his rights rather humbled than emboldened him; he had no confidence in, and placed no reliance upon wealth merely as such. Meanwhile, within a week, every thing within as well as around him, had undergone a change. While around him the trees were clothing themselves in their richest verdure, Spring, with its flowers, was opening in his heart. Helen had re-appeared, and her re-appearance was to him what the return of Spring is to the earth. The presence of Helen recovered, the recent conversations which he had had with the Marquis, the cordial and almost excessive attention which the old gentleman had of late shown him; a few words which had escaped him on the morning of that very day, all these, with the soft breezes of Spring, the odor of the blooming hedges, and the joyous rays of the sun, filled Bernard with an inexplicable something, which troubled while it charmed.

In such a state of mind Bernard turned his horse about, and started on a gallop for the castle—for the night was already descending from the hills into the valley—when, in passing over the bridge, his eye fell upon the little caravan which was making toward the manor of Vaubert. He reined up his horse, and at once discovered Helen, through the darkening twilight, leaning upon the arm of the young baron. Bernard was not acquainted with Raoul, and knew nothing of the projected union; nevertheless his heart fell. He was sorry also to see that the intimacy between the Marquis and the baroness had been renewed. After having followed the two couple a long time with a look somewhat chagrined, he again turned his horse into the road, returned slowly to the chateau, dined alone, counted sadly the hours, and felt as though that evening of solitude—the first he had passed since his return—would never end. He walked up and down in the park for some time, then retired to his chamber, and sat looking out of the window till he saw

the Marquis and his daughter, whose voice he caught in the stillness, pass like two shadows, under the foliage, into the chateau.

The next day, at breakfast, he waited in vain for Helen and her father. Jasmin, whom he interrogated, replied that they had gone one hour since, to the manor of Vaubert, saying to the servants that they should not be back to dinner. During this day, which rolled away even more slowly than had the previous evening, Bernard observed that the servants were unusually busy, passing to and fro between the chateau and the manor, as if engaged in preparations for some new installation. He feared some frightful misfortune. For a moment he was tempted to go directly to the manor; but for its occupant he felt an invincible repugnance, almost of horror, and had always kept away. He little suspected however that there was to be forged the bolt that was soon to strike him. He had advanced half way when he discovered through the silver foliage of the willows, upon the other bank of the Clain, Helen and Raoul walking together, and the demon of jealousy began to gnaw in his bosom. He was kind and generous, but impetuous and terrible. He returned to his chamber, took down his pistols, examined them with a wild and cloudy look, snapped them, to see if they would be true, and then, as if ashamed of his folly, threw himself upon his bed, and, though of a lion heart, wept like a child. Why? Still he did not know. He suffered without knowing the cause of his suffering, just, as the day before he had not known the source of that inexplicable happiness which troubled while it charmed. The evening was less stormy. At nightfall, he took to wandering in the park, awaiting the return of the Marquis. The breeze was fresh and invigorating, and reflection had somewhat calmed his spirits. "Nothing in my life is changed," thought he; and little by little he returned to his happier dreams. He had been sitting some minutes on a stone seat, in the same place, where, so many times, with Helen, in the late autumn, he had watched the yellow leaves as they fell and whirled about above their heads, when he heard the sand crush under a light step; and the rustling of a dress along the walk, bordered with hawthorn in flower; and on raising his eyes, discovered Helen ap-

proaching him, pale, sad, and more serious even than was her wont.

"Monsieur Bernard, I was looking for you," said she, at once, in a tone full of sweetness.

In fact, Helen had escaped in the hope to meet him. Knowing that there remained but two nights more for her to pass under a roof which was not her father's, and foreseeing very clearly that all relations between her and the young soldier were about to be broken off, she had sought him, not from weakness, but rather from a proud sentiment of self-respect, that, should he, as he doubtless would, discover the craft and intrigue which had been sporting with his fortune, she might guard against the suspicion, on his part, that she had been an accomplice therein. She could not dissemble, however, that before withdrawing entirely, she had toward him certain obligations to fulfil; that she owed at least a formal adieu to a host so delicate that she had never suspected his rights—at least some reparation to the magnanimous man, whom, in her ignorance she had suffered herself to suspect of servility. She felt also, in short, that it was her duty to inform him of her contemplated departure, that he might be spared mortification if not grief.

"Monsieur Bernard," continued she, as she took a seat by his side, with an emotion which she did not seek to conceal, "in two days my father and I shall have left this park and chateau; they do not belong to us. I have felt unwilling to depart without thanking you for your generosity and kindness toward me and my father, and assuring you that they will never be forgotten, by me, to the latest hour of my life. Indeed, so great has been your kindness and generosity, that till yesterday I had never suspected that you were the owner of these estates."

"You leave, Mademoiselle, you depart?" said Bernard, half stunned with astonishment. "What have I done? Perhaps, unconsciously, I may have offended you or your father? I am only a soldier; I know nothing of the world—but leave! you shall not leave."

"It must be so," said Helen; "our honor and yours require it. If my father, on leaving, does not discover towards you the respect and affection which he ought, I

I beg you will pardon him. He is old, and has the weaknesses incident to age. Do not lay anything to his charge; I feel myself rich enough in gratitude to add his debt to my own, and discharge them both."

"You leave!" repeated Bernard. "But if you leave, Mademoiselle, what will become of me? I am alone in the world; I have neither parents, family, nor friends; on my return I tore myself from the only friends which I had, that I might spend my life with you. To remain here with you and your father, I have repudiated my caste, abjured my religion, deserted my standard, torn myself from my companions in arms. Not one of them would now consent to shake my hand. If it concerns your honor that you go, why did you not do it when I first returned? My head and heart were then full of hatred and indignation; I wished revenge. I was ready for it. I detested your father, and despised the whole race of the nobility. Why did you not go then? Why did you not yield me up the place then? Why was I urged to compromise and confound our rights, and form a single family? And now, that I have forgotten whether I dwell under your father's roof, or he under mine, now that I have learned to love what I then detested, and to honor what I then despised, now that I am shut out from the rank in which I was born, now that a new heart and a new soul has been created within me, you are going to leave, to fly from and abandon me!"

"And so too," resumed Bernard, in a sorrowful tone, raising his burning head, which he had held for some time between his hands; "and so, too, I shall have brought into your existence nothing but affliction. I, who would gladly give my life to spare you a single pang. I shall have fallen upon you like a stone, which darts down and destroys, who would have freely poured out my blood to add one new joy to the sum of your existence. Here you were quiet, happy, and blooming as the lily, in the midst of your ancestors' domains; and was it for me to return, as it were, for that sole purpose, from the depths of those arid plains, to initiate you into the sorrows of poverty; was it for me, who would joyfully return into the icy exile from which I came to leave you my portion of the sunshine of life?"

"Poverty does not frighten me," said Helen, "I know it well; I have lived in it."

"Still, Mademoiselle," continued Bernard, almost beside himself, "if, urged by despair, as in war by danger, I should dare say to you what I have not yet dared to say to myself; if, in my turn, I should venture to propose to compromise and confound our rights and be as one family, if encouraged by your favor and kindness, and emboldened by the almost paternal affection which your father has shown me of late, I should so far forget myself as to offer you a trembling hand, doubtless you would reject it and, indignant, not without reason, that a love so humble should seek the object of its devotion in one so noble, would overwhelm me with your contempt. But could you forget, as I would forget with you, that I have ever had any pretensions to the heritage of your family, could you continue to believe, as I could believe with you, that opulence was yours and poverty mine, and I should then say to you in an humble tone:—I am poor and without inheritance, do with me as you think fit; guard me in some retired corner, where I can only see and admire you in silence; I will never annoy or importune you; you shall never find me in your way save when you call me; at a word, a gesture, a look, I will seek my retirement;—perhaps, then, —perhaps, then," he repeated earnestly and inquiringly, "you would not reject me, but would have pity on me, and that pity I would bless and be more proud of than of the sceptre of a kingdom."

"Monsieur Bernard," said Helen, rising with dignity, "I do not know of a heart so noble that it may be compared with yours; I do not know of a hand which would not be honored by the troth of yours. Here is mine; farewell! It is the farewell of a friend who will remember you in all her prayers."

"Ah!" cried Bernard, as he dared for the first and last time to press to his lips the white hand of Helen, "my life goes with you! Tell me, noble girl, what is to become of you and your old father."

"We are provided for," replied Helen, without thinking that, in the hope of somewhat assuaging his anxiety, she was about to strike him a most cruel blow, "M. de Vaubert is generous, he will find as much

happiness in sharing with me his humble fortune as I should have found in dividing with him my opulence."

"Do you love him?" demanded Bernard.

"I believe I have told you," replied Helen hesitatingly, "that we were brought up together in exile."

"Do you love him?" repeated Bernard.

"His mother almost made me forget the loss of mine, and we were betrothed in early infancy."

"Do you love him?" said Bernard still again.

"He has my faith," responded Helen.

"Farewell, then," added Bernard with the resignation of despair. And again and again he murmured, as with his eyes he followed Helen, who was wending her way towards the bridge, also with a heavy heart, "Adieu, enchanting dream!"

The next day was the one fixed upon for the signature of the deed of release. Towards noon, the Marquis, Helen, Madame de Vaubert, and a notary who had been summoned expressly from Poitiers, found themselves assembled in the great salon of the chateau, which, from its disorder, gave abundant evidence of the approaching departure. They waited only for Bernard. He entered very soon, booted and spurred, and whip in hand,—much as he was when he appeared at the castle for the first time after his return. The baroness watched him from the moment of his entrance with the utmost alarm, but no one could have divined from his calm and passionless countenance what was passing in his heart. After reading the deed, which he had himself drawn up, to those present, the Marquis took his pen, and carefully holding away his copious and nicely ironed ruffle shirt bosom, signed it without a frown, and with exquisite politeness handed to Bernard the paper duly marked by the government stamp.

"Monsieur," said he, with a polite smile, "this will restore you beyond a doubt to the sweat of M. your father."

Bernard took the paper with a soldier's abruptness, tore it into four pieces, thrust them into his pocket, buttoned up his coat, and retired immediately without saying a word, to the utter consternation of Madame de Vaubert.

"Eh? *ventre-saint-gris!*" said the

Marquis, rubbing his hands. "Lucky day this; only cost us a million."

"Is it possible?" thought Madame de Vaubert. "Can I be deceived? Is not this Bernard the worthless and contemptible fellow I have taken him to be?"

"My God!" said Helen to herself, "how sad he looks!" and her heart shuddered as she thought of the future.

The preparations for the departure consumed nearly the entire day. The Marquis himself was quite merry, and busied himself with taking down the family portraits, every one of which was honored with some jocose remark. But the baroness was not by any means in a merry mood. Helen occupied herself in picking up her books, embroideries, albums, battledores, and the like. Bernard had, immediately after the signature of the deed which restored him to his rights, mounted his horse and did not return till late in the evening. As he was passing through the park he discovered Helen sitting in an open window, and remained a long time contemplating her, concealed by the friendly foliage of a chestnut.

Helen passed that whole night without sleep; now leaning over the balcony and gazing by the light of the stars upon the beautiful shades which she was about to quit forever, and now wandering around her apartment and bidding adieu, in her heart, to this dear home of her youth. Overcome by fatigue, she threw herself, as the day was already beginning to dawn, on the bed. After an hour of heavy and disturbed slumber she was aroused by a frightful uproar. She sprang to the window, and, although it was not the season for the chase, she saw all the huntsmen of the chateau assembled, some on horseback blowing their horns as if they would crack, and others holding the impatient pack which shook the morning air with its yelps and cries. Helen was doubting whether all the noise was to celebrate the day of her departure from the chateau, or what was the cause of such a boisterous serenade, when Bernard came rushing into the midst of the crowd mounted on the fiery Roland, to the visible wonder of the huntsmen.

Dexterously managing the ardor of the dangerous animal, after plunging and prancing about the park, he reined him up under the windows out of which Helen was

gazing, paler than death; he then threw a glance towards the young girl, and after respectfully raising his cap, let loose the reins, put spurs to his horse, and left the chateau like an arrow, followed at a distance by the whole pack, huntsmen and hounds, which vied with each other in noise.

"Oh, how unfortunate!" murmured Helen, wringing her hands in despair; "I fear some terrible mishap."

She would have ran after him, but Roland went like the wind. It had been agreed the evening before that Raoul and his mother should come the next morning and conduct the Marquis and his daughter to their new home. As Helen was passing out of the door of her chamber, she met Jasmin, who presented her, upon a silver plate, a letter in an envelope. Helen hurriedly returned, broke the seal, and read these lines, evidently written in haste.

"MADEMOISELLE:

"Do not go; remain here. What can I do with this fortune? I could only bestow it in charity, and you, in this, would dispose of it far better than I—more acceptably to the world, and more in accordance with the duties of religion. My only prayer is that in all your benefactions I may be considered as uniting; this will be my passport to heaven. Be not concerned for me, I am by no means without resources. I have yet my rank, my epaulettes, and my sword. I shall return to the service;—no longer the same flag, it is true, but it is still the flag of France. Adieu, Mademoiselle, I love and respect you; and though you would have consented to embarrass me with a million, I pardon and bless you because you loved my old father.

"BERNARD."

Within the same was enclosed this autograph will:

"I give and bequeath to Mademoiselle de La Seiglière all that I possess on earth, as her legitimate property.

"Done at my chateau of La Seiglière, this 25th day of April, 1819.

"BERNARD STAMPLY."

When she came down stairs, where the baroness and her son had already arrived,

Helen was so pale that the Marquis cried out with alarm, "What is the matter?" while Raoul and his mother eagerly crowded around her. But the young girl declined their offered attentions, and remained cold and mute.

"Ah!" said the Marquis, "does your heart fail you so soon?"

Helen made no reply. The hour fixed for their departure was fast approaching. The baroness was in continual fear lest Bernard should appear and interpose some obstacle, and took no pains to dissemble her impatience. On his part, the young baron was by no means transported with enthusiasm. Silent and distracted, Helen seemed neither to see nor to hear anything of what was passing, and the Marquis did not discover his usual vivacity. "By the way, said he, abruptly, "this rogue of a Bernard has given us a specimen of his cloth this morning."

"How so, Marquis?" enquired the baroness, whose ears always caught the sound when Bernard's name was mentioned.

"Would you believe it, Madame la baroness? this son of a clown did not wait for us to go before he took possession. By sunrise this morning he started for a chase, followed by my whole pack and all my huntsmen."

Here Helen, who had stepped to the front door, uttered a shrill cry, and fell into the arms of her father, who was just in season to save her. Roland had just rushed along the main entrance like an arrow shot from the bow. The saddle was empty, and the stirrups were beating against the lacerated sides of the courser.

Two months after the death of Bernard, which was naturally attributed to the rash and reckless daring of the hussar, an incident of quite a different nature occupied the attention of all, high and low, old and young, in the city and its environs; it was the entrance as a novice of Mademoiselle de La Seiglière into a convent of the order of the daughters of Saint Vincent de

Paule. It was a matter of much difference of opinion; some saw in it only the result of a fervent piety and a desire to do good; while others suspected that love to God might not be the only love which led to such a step. And these latter were nearer the truth; but no one save the Marquis knew that such was the case. This knowledge was the source of his greatest trouble; the thought that his daughter beyond a single doubt loved the hussar, poisoned the whole of his remaining existence. Nevertheless, as with the will of Bernard in hand, he dreamed of his chances to the succession, he could not but allow that the boy had acquitted himself handsomely. He contrived to live as in the past, the absence of his daughter working no change in his habits. He died of fright in the year 1830, caused by a bevy of roguish boys who, gathered under his windows one night, broke a few scattering glasses, and sung the *Marseillaise*. Our young baron married into the family of a rich tallow-chandler, and spends his time for the most part in gallanting his not very handsome wife, and some half a dozen feminine antiquities who stand to him, by marriage, in the relation of sisters. His father-in-law boasts of his titles, and twits him of the money they have cost him; his wife calls him Monsieur le baron, with not very unfrequently a qualifying adjective which is not classed among the terms of endearment. Madame de Vaubert is still living. She passes her days mostly alone at the chateau de La Seiglière, and by night dreams that she is changed into a cat, before which the castle, in the shape of a mouse, is constantly hopping, without however, her being able to seize upon it. After the death of her father, sister Helen disposed of all her property for the benefit of the poor, and we are assured that the castle itself, in accordance with the wishes of Helen, will soon be converted into a house of refuge for the indigent.

ASPECTS OF NATURE.*

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT is one of the most respectable names in the annals of natural science. Respectable is the term; but respectable in the highest sense. An ardent student of nature for fifty to sixty years, with opportunities, moreover, as rare as his inclinations, he can scarce be cited as the discoverer of a single one of her leading laws. He has written, too, as well as thought upon her in every aspect; written, perhaps, all that he has thought. And all that he has written he seems to have given to the world, in every mode of publication—from the academical memoir up to the illustrated folio. Yet, the utmost a general judgment may honestly award him, is this: that he has written always intelligently, often instructively, never profoundly. It is a high eulogy, no doubt; high, especially in an age when, under the pretext of popularity, literature is vulgarized to clap-trap, and science degraded to quackery. But was it all that might be expected from an intellect at whose service the gods seem to have vied to place every external advantage. Was it all that might have been accomplished by the sixty years' labor of a man commencing his career with a competent education and a Teutonic frame; prosecuting it throughout without interruption by sickness, without distraction by family, without disturbance by passions; personally visiting nature in all her contrasts of appearance; witnessing man in all his conditions of civilization; in fine, the companion or correspondent of the mental elect of the age; the protected of kings; and, above all, the possessor from the outset of an independent private fortune?

Yet it may well be that most of these circumstances have rather contributed to propagate his fame than to fit him to deserve it better. Dr. Johnson thought a man of rank who descended to even the congenially idle exertion of writing poetry,

ought to be handsomely commended. How much larger then should be the obligation when he submits to the duress of fact, to the drudgery of science? Then the absence in Humboldt of the stronger passions, as well as of the originaive power of genius, naturally conduce to the same partiality of appreciation among the learned. He has, in fact, had no enemies, for the same reason that he has had no followers. He is one of those irreproachable mediocrities which, in philosophy as in society, you hear everybody praise, because they have not force enough to scorn the pretenders or to rival the truly great. They thus escape condemnation, between critics and competitors, as the bat escaped conscription in the battle of the beasts and birds. Not only this, but they ordinarily receive the ostentatious panegyrics of the former, and the patronising compliments of the other. And both go alike to inflame the sympathetic predilection of the general public for the average order of intellect. Hence we see Humboldt addressed familiarly by speculators in canals or railroads; and ship-owners presume to honor him by marking their water-wagons of trade with his name. This might be a compliment to an Astor or even a Baring; but who would think of thus complimenting the name of a Bacon, a Gallileo, or Napoleon?

Besides, and, perhaps, above all the preceding elements in the aggregated reputation of Humboldt as a philosopher, was, at least in the eyes or the echo of the multitude, his pecuniary independence. Most men, feeling unwilling to toil themselves, unless for money, are apt to reason upon the matter somewhat in this wise: Here is a man with ample wealth, political distinction, and court honors at his command, and who perseveringly foregoes all for the hardships of a wandering, often the privations of a savage life. What other could be the motive of a course so uncommon than the

impulse of genius? True, were the same person poor, it would be obvious to see that the same genius was eccentricity, if not insanity; for if it were genuine it would have made him money. Alexander Von Humboldt is, then, the greatest philosopher of the age; much as Thomas Macauley is the greatest historian. And, in truth, though one may question this somewhat circular reasoning, we should incline, ourselves, to make a commendatory conclusion from the same premises. In fact, the real glory of this noble character consists in what he has aimed at, rather than what he has accomplished. And it may be a set-off to our critical strictures to say, in conclusion, that the life of Humboldt has contributed quite as much to the dignity of science, as science has really contributed to the fame of Humboldt.

Moreover, the circumstance of affluence was, perhaps, a drawback in reality, a preventive of deeper power. It is a magnet that attracts the negative, which is the fairer side of humanity, and disinclines when it does not disqualify to penetrate below the surface. But without knowing man thoroughly, we cannot study nature philosophically. Accordingly, the works of Humboldt are a general comment upon this truth. And the treatise we propose to consider is a system of special significance. It undertakes to depict the principal aspects of physical nature, in an isolated, cursory, and merely critical manner. It neglects all systematic attempt to co-ordinate the various views among themselves. Above all, it foregoes the opportunity of pointing out their co-relation with the history and progress of the human race. To be sure, it expressly proffers no design of this magnitude; and, subscribed with another name, might have fully satisfied expectation. Let us take it however, such as it is; it contains much to be read with pleasure, and pondered with profit.

The subject is treated, severally, under the heads—rather heterogeneous—of deserts; the physiognomy of vegetables; the cataracts of the Orinoco, and the structure and action of volcanoes in the various regions of the earth.

DESERTS—which are not to be confounded with the wilderness—are of three or four species; determined in their character and aspect by the circumstances of climate,

soil, and elevation above the level of the sea. Subject to these conditions they are found alike in every zone of the earth. Though peculiarly marked in each, yet travellers, and Humboldt amongst them, are accustomed to name them all indifferently, by the native appellations of each. Thus, the vast, level, and treeless plains of Missouri, of South America, of central Asia, are mentioned, indiscriminately, as prairies, plains, savannas, steppes, &c., according to the country or the caprice of the writer. But the differences are not merely essential in themselves, but reveal, moreover, a principle of great importance to note. We may venture, then, to divide these varieties of desert into, 1st. Such as have absolutely no vegetation at all; 2d. Such as vegetate slightly for a certain season of the year; 3d. Such as are covered the whole year, but only with a vegetation of the grass species; 4th. Such as present a shrub vegetation, to the exclusion of every other. The scale might evidently be extended, according to the ascending multiplication of species; and it is by doing so that the classification would prove of the high importance alluded to. For the present subject, however, these four divisions will suffice. Observing the appellation which is native to the type of each description, they should be called in the order stated, the Desert proper, the Llanos, the Steppe, and perhaps the Copse.

The principal type, and perhaps sole instance of the second, is the vast sand-ocean which covers and curses the interior of Africa to the extent of some three times the superficial area of the Mediterranean sea. Like the sea, too, the Sahara has its islands, or oases; which are not merely fountains of water, as is commonly believed, perhaps from the similes of the poets, but contain, also—though in consequence no doubt of the moisture—districts more or less considerable, of vigorous and various vegetation. All around beside is a wide and eternal waste, unrelieved by an instance of vegetable, unmarked by a vestige of animal life. The only exception to the latter, is the track, scarce discernible, though worn for a thousand generations, of the caravan and the camel; the latter of which is aptly called the "Ship of the Desert" by the Orientals, through a popular perception of the drear analogy suggested.

The origin of this complete sterility is ascribed by Humboldt to an irruption of the ocean, in this case, the Atlantic, which tore away not only the primeval vegetation, but the very soil itself, from the surface of the earth, and then, on retiring, left the desolated region overspread with a suffocating plain of sand. The barrenness thus produced, which was originally common to all the species of desert, is perpetuated in that of Africa by its position in the torrid zone. There can be no vegetation, no development of organic life, without moisture. But neither rain nor dew is permitted to light within the parched precincts of the Lybian sands. The rays of the vertical sun reflected with accumulating intensity from the bare and burning plain, have the effect of rarifying the atmosphere so as to send it upwards in perpendicular columns, that dissolve the gathering vapors, and devour the rushing clouds on their way. By this natural ascension of the rarified air in the direction of the lighter pressure, our author also explains some other curious phenomena. It had been long remarked that summer insects were frequently met with up the sides of tropical mountains beyond the region of perpetual snow. Humboldt himself observed even butterflies on the summit of Chimborazo. It was certain they would never have entered a climate so fatally uncongenial of their own will or instinct. The solution was, then, that they had been floated thither forcibly by the atmospheric current from the scorching plain below. Another singular fact was the deviation from the trade winds experienced along the Atlantic in front of the African coast, particularly between the Canary and Cape Verde Islands. It was the cool ocean air rushing landward towards the Sahara desert. And thus this wind, long so perverse to the philosopher, as well as still adverse to the mariner bound for the New World, had its mysterious cause many thousand of miles away, in a quite opposite direction. The cause was no other than the African desert in its peculiar aridity and extent, which produce, by the expansion described, an enormous and insatiable gulph in the equilibrium of the atmosphere ocean.

But why is the aridity thus peculiar to Africa? The LLANOS on the opposite continent of South America, is equally within

the tropical regions, yet they are visited by both dews and rains, and present accordingly a degree of vegetation which lasts a large portion of the year. This can be owing but to a difference of climate or soil, the latter, of course, including the configuration of the country. The destructive characteristics, in these particulars, of the western desert, are enumerated by Humboldt as follows:—"The comparatively limited breadth of this continent, (South America), intersected in a thousand ways throughout the equinoctial regions to the north of the equator; its prolongation towards the icy poles; the ocean, with its unbroken surface, swept over by the trade winds; the flatness of the eastern coast; the currents of very cold water which wash the western, from the Straits of Magellan along to Peru; the numerous chains of mountains cooled all over with springs, and whose snow-covered summits soar beyond the region of the clouds; the abundance of immense rivers which, through multiplied meanderings, are observed to always seek their outlet at the remotest point of the coast; the deserts without sand, and consequently less susceptible of being impregnated with heat; the forests of impenetrable thickness, which cover the plains of the equator, watered underneath with a multitude of streams, and which, in the parts of the country more remote from the ocean and the mountains, give rise to enormous masses of water, that are either the product of their confluence or the result of the luxuriant vegetation—all these causes combine to produce, in the lower parts of the American continent, a climate contrasting singularly, in coolness and humidity, with the temperature of Africa. To these alone should we attribute also that vegetation so vigorous, so luxuriant, so sapful, and that foliage so copious, which constitute the special character of the New World."

The consequence of this state of the climate upon the South American desert is the production of an abundant crop of grass during the favorable season of the year. With the annual return of the drought, however, the Llanos assumes the condition of the Sahara in all except the sand. This dreary metamorphosis begins with the sudden burning of the tall grass into dust, the opening of the plain into

deep fissures as if cracked by an earthquake. Then, if cross winds should come into collision at the surface and the conflict result in a circular motion, the dust, says the author, is whirled aloft in moving columns, like the water-spout. The heavens, overcast, shed but a murky and livid light upon the desolate plain. The horizon, before unbounded, is suddenly curtained round, contracting the area of the desert and the heart of the spectator. The burning dust which surcharges the atmosphere intensifies, by reflecting, the stifling heat of the air. And the easterly winds do but augment instead of allaying it, by accumulating the emanations of the sweltering soil. The verdure of even the palm-tree withers, and the pools of water which it protected run gradually dry. As the animals of northern regions are found to wrap themselves in the ice, so the crocodile and boa take refuge here from the opposite affliction by burying themselves in a like torpor as deep as practicable beneath the arid earth. Blinded with clouds of dust, goaded with hunger, and parched with burning thirst, the cattle and horses are seen to wander about, the former uttering hoarse and mournful lowings, the latter, with outstretched necks, directed to windward, snuffing strongly the air to discover, by the moisture of its current, the vicinity of some water-pool not yet entirely evaporated. The mules, more sagacious, take another means of assuaging their thirst. They seek out the melo-cactus, a vegetable of a spherical shape, and containing under a prickly rind a substance of a very watery character. The mule, after removing the thorns by means of its fore feet, applies the lips with caution, and sucks the refreshing juice. But it is sometimes at the cost of a string-halt, with which these animals are frequently maimed by the prickles of the cactus. Another species of prickles pursues these creatures in general by night, and denies them the alleviation of repose. During sleep they are set upon by shoals of monstrous bats, that fasten upon their backs and suck the blood like vampires, and, moreover, leave them all scarred with putrescent sores, upon which settle in turn succeeding swarms of horse-flies, mosquitoes, and a multitude of other sting-bearing insects. Such is the wretched existence of these animals during the season of drought.

But the condition of some of them is scarce improved by the inundating rains. The face of nature indeed is freshened. The desert buds anew with the lank blades of its grasses. The aquatic vegetables throw open their flowers. The earth is seen to rise here and there into hillocks, whence issues at last with a bubble-bursting explosion, some huge water-snake or cuirassed crocodile from its temporary tomb. The birds sing, the horses and cattle bound for joy. But the delight of the latter is soon turned into a new distress. Not only is their pasture submerged by the rising waters, but, insulated upon the elevated spots to which they had gradually retired from the advancing flood, they are penned up into close company with the jaguar and the crocodile. But they have still a more fatal, because unknown, enemy in the waters. This enemy is the electric eel, against whose nervous battery the most powerful animals would defend themselves in vain. The method of catching this singular fish, which man can neither hook nor even strike with impunity, is worth citing in the lively description of our author:—"The fishery of the electric eels affords a picturesque spectacle. In a marsh or pool which is first surrounded by a close circle of Indians, a troop of mules and horses is made to run about, until the strange noise brings these spirited fishes to the attack. Then you see them float like serpents on the surface of the water, and press themselves adroitly against the bellies of the horses. Several of the latter drop lifeless by dint of the invisible blow. Others exhausted, palpitating, with mane erect, and eyes haggard, sparkling, and expressive of intense anguish, attempt to evade the suffering by quitting the place. But the Indians, armed with long bamboo canes, repulse them into the water. Gradually the impetuosity of the unequal combat declines. The eels, at last fatigued, disperse about the pool. They need long repose and abundant nutriment to repair their expenditure of galvanic energy. Their shocks more and more feeble produce commotions less effective. Scared by the splashing of the horses, they timorously approach the bank; here they are struck with harpoons, and then drawn up upon the desert-sward by means of sticks well dried and non conductive of the fluid."

Such is the singular battle of the horses and fishes. Though a veritable fact, it is, perhaps, more poetical than the fabled "battle of the frogs and mice." Humboldt adds this philosophic reflection:—That which constitutes the living and invisible weapon of these dwellers of the watery element; that which, developed by the contact of humid and heterogeneous parts, circulates through the organs of all animals and vegetables; that which kindles through the storm the firmament of heaven; that which attracts iron to iron, and determines the tranquil and retrograde veering of the magnetic needle—all this, is derived from one and the same source, like the diversified colors of a refracted sunbeam. All these forces have their fountain in the universal and eternal energy, which animates the organizations of nature and governs the motions of the stars.

The third species of desert is the STEPPE; of which the principal sample belongs to Central Asia. Here it takes the character of an immense table-land, stretching along the backs of the enormous congeries of mountains which cover a large portion of that continent. These steppes are therefore the most elevated, and they are also the most extensive in the world. They are estimated to contain 160,000 square leagues, and rise some 8 or 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. They extend from the 30th to the 50th degree of latitude north, and lie therefore mostly within the temperate zone. Accordingly, the plains are some of them clothed with the finer grasses; others are adorned with saline plants perpetually green, vigorous, and pointed. "A large number shine at a distance with muriatic efflorescences, which crystallize in the shape of lichens, and cover the clayey soil with scattered spots not unlike to new-fallen snow."

But there is another production of this Asiatic modification of the desert, of a nature which should perhaps lead humanity to wish it had been as inhospitable as the African. These steppes have been the "northern line" of the oriental world; the source whence have issued all those nomad hordes of barbarians who have extinguished or retarded civilization at successive periods of history, from the shepherds of ancient Egypt to the sultans of modern Greece. Here also the Huns, Alans, and more or

less immediately, the Vandals, Goths, &c., who carried their devastations into the heart, and even to the utmost extremities of Europe. And this long series of disasters, with which the world is perhaps not yet done, seems due to the existence in northern Asia of those immense regions of land at once incapable of agriculture, yet affording pasture to flocks enough to feed a vast population in that idle and adventurous mode of life called the shepherd state. For this is not a stage of transition alone. It may, we think, become permanent by necessity, as in this instance. A necessity perhaps imposed, not so much by the pre-occupancy of the arable countries, as by the correlation that long subsists between the moral condition of communities and the physical character of the region of earth upon which they chance to have been cast.

How otherwise account for the persistence in the shepherd state of the "Arabs of the desert," whose ancestry had been semi-civilized and agricultural when Europe was still a wilderness? The same principle would perhaps help to explain a circumstance noted by Humboldt, but which he does not attempt to reconcile with the prevailing theory, though citing the latter with undoubting assent. The striking fact—if it be a fact—is this, that the "shepherd state" has never existed upon the American continent. The North was still savage, the South agricultural, and the latter had no traditions of having passed through such a stage. The alleged fact is, we say, striking at first, because it is contrary to the current hypothesis upon the subject. But if it were asked to name the country of Europe, for example, which is known to have passed through this mode of life in its characteristic acceptance, one would be surprised to find perhaps that, with all the advantages of historical record, the absence or the oblivion of the matter is here no less complete than in the instances of Mexico and Peru. Was there ever, in short, a country, originally well wooded, and thus adapted to agriculture, where, after reclaiming it, the community derived its sole sustenance from milk and cheese? Is it not, on the other hand, in those regions of the earth where the vegetation, starved back to its primary stage of the coarse grasses, announces the hopelessness

of artificial production; is it not here, we submit, and here alone, that men are found to have adopted primevally, and to retain to this day, this half-natural, half-artificial, means of nourishment? Now, for this, we have seen the Llanos of South America were too precarious. The requisite animals, supposing them indigenous—which was not in truth the case—could have hardly subsisted themselves, much less supported their owners, for a large portion of the year, even as they could not have lived in the African desert for a day. This is, no doubt, the cause why the pastoral state has probably been unknown to both these continents. The remainder of South America was either covered with forest, or eminently inviting to agriculture. And as to the prairies of the North, they were surrounded but by savages who had not yet emerged from the primary or hunter state. This conjuncture of circumstances, physical and social, would serve to account for the observation of Humboldt, if it should be quite exact. We doubt, however, that the character and history of South American civilization are sufficiently explored as yet to pronounce with absolute certainty. It is a subject that requires to be investigated by historians of another stamp than the Garcilassos, and Clavigeros, and Prescotts, who have hitherto been echoing each other successively. Be this as it may, the general conclusion seems to be warranted, that the Steppe deserts of Asia, with their temperate zone and grass covered surface, have predestined, as it were, the portion of mankind who may inhabit them aboriginally, to an existence as uniform and perpetual as their own.

We have dwelt upon this less familiar of the author's subjects so long that the fourth species of desert must be dismissed without remark. This is moreover of inferior consequence, in every respect. Belonging duly to the "fourth quarter of the world," the principal sample extends from the point of Jutland to the mouth of the Scheldt, and thus lies within the frigid zone. Not only is this European desert unfit for agriculture, in common with all the others—it is moreover as unfavorable to grass vegetation as the African, though probably from an opposite cause. It is overrun with a species of brushwood or bramble, which stifles or precludes all weaker plants. This

is the distinction we sought to denote by the term *corpse*, taking it in a more extended than the ordinary sense. It is the transitive "aspect of nature" between the desert and the forest.

The next order of these aspects in the panorama of Humboldt, is the *cataracts of the Oronoco*. Concerning the name of this singular river—the Nile of the New World—our author does not overlook a remark which reminds one of the "first of travellers;" though he be, as usual, too little of the philosopher to probe deeply the solution. The name of Oronoco, he tells us, was given to this river by those Europeans who first discovered it; it owes, he conjectures, its origin to a confusion or corruption of language. It is utterly unknown to the natives. "In fact these people, still primitive and rude, *distinguish by particular names only such objects as are liable to be confounded with each other*." The Oronoco, the Amazon, and the Magdalene rivers, are merely called *the river*; sometimes the *great river*, the *great waters*: the inhabitants of *their banks are wont to designate by proper names, on the contrary, the pettiest of rivulets*." It is not precisely, we think, that the rivulets, to those who knew them in common, were objects more apt to be confounded one with another, than any of them with the great river. The general reason was of a numerical nature: the river was (to the local population) but one; the rivulets were several. But naming is primitively a sort of numeration. It seeks to particularize the multiplicity of similar objects by means of proper names. Only after, supervenes the distinction of magnitude; an idea which begins to appear, in this instance, in the *descriptive* epithet "great." Meanwhile, the term *river* was, for the rest, a proper name in the idioms of these savages severally. To overlook this, is an ordinary illusion of civilized language; wherein the appellation has long passed from the individual to the class. And even here the name is common still merely with respect to the divers species of river. It is *proper* and peculiar as ever, in the general classification of waters; where alone it serves to denominate, to distinguish, to prevent confusion. This upward march of the process of naming, and double aspect of such specification,

are well exemplified, though in the germ, by the interesting observation cited. They would illustrate, in turn, many seeming anomalies of our North American idioms. For instance, the absence of general names, represented to prevail in most descriptions of objects; while there are some in which the case is supposed to be quite the reverse!

Another reflection of much import is suggested by an anecdote of the author in relation to the Oronoco. Columbus, observing at its entrance so prodigious a quantity of fresh water, inferred sagaciously that the latter must have been gathered from a vast tract of country; from a continent, therefore, not an island. But on also seeing the usual productions of the palm-climate, he concluded that the new continent *must be a continuation of the Asiatic*. In this he erred, says Humboldt, not knowing the law of resemblance between the vegetable productions of the corresponding climates in however remote quarters of the earth. Yet this very error Humboldt himself has been laboring under throughout his long life to this day. For he has been always the most respectable (though not a pertinacious) authority for the foreign, and particularly Asiatic, derivation of the primeval population of this continent. And upon what ground? Why, upon the surmise of resemblances, much fewer and more fallacious than those of Columbus! Such is human nature in even its highest philosophical culture, when it has to do with what Bacon would term an idol of the tribe! And this, if inferring identity of origin from resemblance of appearance, is one of the most inveterate. The soldiers of Alexander, on beholding the Indus with its *crocodiles*, break, of a sudden, upon their view, imagined it must have been a branch of the *Nile*. Columbus again, when approaching the odoriferous coast of South America, supposed, upon the still more fantastic analogy of poetic description, that he must be nearing the Garden of Eden. What wonder, then, that men are still inclined to jump to a like conclusion, on detecting a coincidence in the productions of art or of intellect? And also what value should be set upon their conjectures, in this matter, grounded solely upon an assumption thus disproved

in the vegetable world? Is man less controlled than the plant by the proper laws of his organization? Or is he more liable to deviate from the laws of his organization than from the customs of his ancestors?

But we are awakened from this reverie by the cataracts of the Oronoco. Yet these are no great affair, after all. There is much more cry than wool. This disproportion of the noise to the fall is due to the peculiarity of construction which distinguishes these cascades, and which is thus described by the author: "The cataracts of Maypure do not present, like that of Niagara, the fall of a vast volume of water precipitated all at once; nor are they notched into narrow gulleets through which the current presses its accelerated course, like the Pougo falls of the river Amazon. They consist of an innumerable multitude of little cascades, following upon each other and falling step by step adown the steep. The *raudal*—as the Spaniards name this species of cataract—receives its form from an archipelago or congregation of islets and rocks which so encumber the bed of the stream—here eight thousand feet broad—that sometimes there remains not a free space of twenty feet for the passage of boats, &c." The most considerable of these cascades was but nine feet high, and the aggregate altitude of the whole measured only twenty-eight or thirty.

Yet the collective aspect of the scene is described as marvellously imposing. On ascending a commanding height your eyes take in, of a sudden, a vast curtain of foam about a mile in extension. Huge bodies of iron-colored rock spring up through, and seem to sit upon, its bosom like towers. Every islet, every rock is decked with trees of vigorous growth, and so closely clumped as to image a brush-like termination stained with green. Surmounting still the sheet of foam, floats incessantly a cloud of spray, through whose vapory mist is seen to pierce the tufted tops of the palm-trees. When the burning rays of the evening sun come to impinge upon this humid cloud, the optical phenomena present a veritable scene of enchantment. The colored bows depart and renew themselves successively, and, though playthings of the breeze, their image main-

tains its balance above the tumult of the waters—

"Like hope upon a death-bed : and unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn," &c.

as sings the philosophic poet-painter of Velino.

Respecting the tumult—which is thus swelled rather by a multitude of obstacles than the height of the falls—Humboldt adds a remark, of general and interesting application. "During the five days," says he, "that we passed in the vicinity of the cataract, we marked with surprise that the crash of the falls was three times louder by day than by night. In Europe, the same singularity is observed at all the waterfalls. What can be the cause here, in the midst of a desert where nothing breaks the silence of nature? It should probably be sought in the *ascending current of heated air which, by day, arrests the lateral propagation of sound, and which ceases, during the night, when the surface of the earth is cooled.*" This explanation, it will be noted, coalesces with, and confirms, the author's previous account of the absence of rain or dew in the sandy species of desert. We will close this head by suggesting, as in the subject of deserts, the following classification of cataracts. First and principal, the *fall* cataract, such as Niagara; second, the *forked* cataract; and third, the *stair* cataract, or raudal.

The **PHYSIOGNOMY OF PLANTS**, we must dismiss very summarily. The following finely philosophical extract will best indicate the purpose of the author and the interest of the subject:—

"That which the painter designates by *Swiss naturalness*, by *Italian skies*, &c., has its principle in the confused sentiment of a locality of character in nature. The azure of the firmament, the light, the vapors reposing in the distance, the shape of the animals, the vigor of the vegetation, the richness of the foliage, the outline of the mountains, all these partial elements go to determine the particular impression produced by the totality of a landscape. In fact, beneath every zone, the same species of mountains are found to form groups of rock of resembling physiognomy. The diabasic rocks of South America and Mexico are similar to those of the Eugean mountains; even as, amongst animals, the shape of the *alco* or primitive dog of the

New Continent, corresponds exactly to that of the European race. [Why not the race and habits and productions of man, then, without assuming a unity of origin?] The unorganic envelope of the globe is nearly independent of the influence of climate: whether it is that the rocky formation had taken place before the establishment of climatory diversity, or that the mass of the earth in hardening and giving out caloric, has generated its temperature of itself, instead of receiving it extraneously. Thus all the sorts of rock are common to all the countries in the world, and affect every where the same form. Every where the basaltic species towers into twin mountains, with truncated summits. Every where the trap porphyry appears in quaintly conglomerated masses, and the granite, with gently rounded outlines. So too do similar species of plants, such as the pine and the oak, crown alike the mountains of Sweden and those of the most southern meridian of Mexico; still, notwithstanding this correspondence of form and similitude of partial details, the collective aspect of their groupings presents a character entirely different.

"The knowledge of fossils does not differ more from the knowledge of the earth than the individual description of natural objects does from the general description of the physiognomy of nature. George Foster, in his voyages and various writings; Goethe, in the portraits presented by several of his immortal works; Herder, Buffon, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, and Chateaubriand have traced with inimitable truth the vegetable character of particular climates. Delineations of this kind are not only proper to procure the mind a fund of enjoyment of the noblest order: they do more than this; an acquaintance with the *character of nature* in the different regions of the globe is entwined in the most intimate manner with the history of man and of civilization. For if the commencement of this civilization be not determined solely by physical relations, at least its direction, the character of nations, and their dispositions, gay or grave, depend almost entirely on the influence of climate. How much have not the skies of Greece had to do with the temperament of its inhabitants? The populations early settled in those beautiful and blissful regions closed by the Onus, the Tigris and the Egean sea, how should they not have been the first to attain to amenity of manners and delicacy of sentiment? Did not our own ancestors return more refined from those delicious valleys, when to Europe, relapsed into barbarism, the enthusiasm of religion threw open the sacred East? The poetical compositions of the Greeks, the rude songs of the primitive populations of the north, owe their character almost entirely to the configuration of the animals and plants the poet was in the

habit of seeing, to the valleys which surrounded him, to the air which he respired. And to mention objects more familiar to us, who does not feel himself differently disposed beneath the gloomy shade of the beech, upon knolls adorned with scattered firs, or reclined upon a mossy couch where the zephyr is murmuring through the tremulous leaves of the poplar? The respective shapes of these plants of our country often inspire us with images gay, serious, or melancholy. The influence of the physical world upon the moral—that reciprocal and mysterious action of the material upon the immaterial—imparts to the study of nature, when contemplated from an elevated point of view, a peculiar attraction as yet too little known."

Perfectly true, as to the neglect of the influence. But only partially, we think, as to the quantity. Humboldt seems to repeat the exaggerations of Montesquieu, respecting climate. Greece and Asia Minor have the same climate at this day, for example; but where are the arts, or amenities, or other national characteristics of old? But the doctrine has been already repeated over and over. Still was it, we repeat, no less a shadow cast before the coming recognition of a magnificent truth, namely: the co-operation, not of climate, or scene, or soil, or of all together, but of *the diversity and adversity* of these conditions collectively, in the progressive civilization of mankind. It was but natural that their influence should at first be discerned severally, and made each to stand, as usual, for the whole and sole cause. It was also necessary that the effects should begin with being appreciated in the simpler and positive instance of national character, before embracing the more abstract considerations of society and history. That was, accordingly, the stage of Montesquieu, and remained still the point of view of Humboldt in this book. The latter would seem, indeed, by the expression italicised in the passage just cited and elsewhere, to have had some glimpses of the maturer extension. But they must have been extremely imperfect and unsteady. We had a signal proof of this in his omission, above noted, to allow at all for the influences in question, where most decisively developed; to perceive the agency of the steppe-desert, in the constitution or the continuation of the pastoral or shepherd state. There is another evidence of it in the same

passage, where he recognizes the result of those influences in the resemblance not only of the vegetable productions, but even of the inorganic bodies, of corresponding climates; while he argues repeatedly, as before shown, upon the preposterous assumption that man alone is excluded from these universal laws. We have insisted upon these strictures the more, in order to satisfy, that the judgment which was intimated at the outset respecting the profundity of this otherwise estimable philosopher, had not been ventured without grounds.

Having thus represented, in its qualities and defects, his theory of climatory influences in general, it will be proper to add the ground upon which he claims a preëminence of efficacy for the particular section of plants:—"But if the characters of the different countries depend upon the aggregate of their external appearances; if the contour of the mountains; if the physiognomy of the plants and animals; if the azure of the firmament, the proportion of the clouds, and the purity of the atmosphere, have each their several influences upon the impression produced by the whole; yet it cannot be denied, that the principal cause of this impression lies in the mass of the vegetable element. The animal species are too sparse; and the mobility of the individuals too often sequesters them from our view. The vegetables, on the contrary, act upon our imagination, by their very immobility and grandeur. Their size is an index of their age, and it is the privilege of plants alone to unite with age the impression of a vigor which is rejuvenated incessantly. The gigantic dragon-tree which I have seen in the Canary Islands, has a diameter of sixteen feet, and enjoying a perpetual youth, is still in full bearing of flowers and fruit. When the French buccaneers, in the sixteenth century, made the conquest of the Fortunate Islands, the dragon-tree of Orotavaw,—as sacred to the native islanders as the olive of the citadel of Athens or the elm of Ephesus,—was of dimensions quite as colossal as at this day. In the torrid zone, a forest of *Coesulpineia* and *Hymenia* is perhaps a monument of no less than a thousand years."

The multitudinous species of plants, already estimated by de Candolle at some 56,000, may, according to Humboldt, be

classed under sixteen principal forms, for the purposes of this physiognomical enquiry. Such a division, it will be observed, has nothing in common with the systems of the botanist. The latter is conversant with individuals, and considers these in only the most diminutive of their parts, the flower and fruit. The physiognomical botanist contemplates vegetables, like the painter, in the concrete and comprehensive grouping of a landscape. The author proceeds to characterize the sixteen types of these groups, commencing with the palm and the banana. But his descriptions, though no doubt exact, do not appear to indicate much talent for the line of observation he is recommending.

We have space but for a word on the third head of volcanoes. This term is popularly applied to all igneous eruptions from the entrails of the earth, whether accidental as by an earthquake, or permanent. The latter class alone, however, should receive the name of volcano. The exterior form of this phenomenon is generally that of an isolated elevation, of a conical shape, such as *Ætna*, *Vesuvius*, *Cotopaxi*. But these formations, which are found of all altitudes from a hillock to the highest mountains, ought perhaps to be considered scientifically as but one among several orifices common to the same subterranean action. From this point of view the volcanic mountains of the globe might be reduced into a three-fold classification. The first description would consist of clusters or extended systems of mountains, having craters and currents of lava, such as the *Azores* and *Canary Islands*. The second, of similar groups, but without permanent orifices or currents of lava, properly so called. In the third class, the mountains are arranged into lines by single or double file, and extending to the length of several hundred miles, the ranks running sometimes parallel to the axle of the mountain chain, as in *Guatemala*, *Java*, and *Peru*, sometimes intersecting it rectangularly, as in the country of the *Aztecs*. By this comparative mode of viewing the external manifestations may we alone hope to comprehend the mysterious causes of volcanoes, and through them, perhaps, the internal condition of the globe. But *Humboldt* adduces a number of confirmatory facts, which may be cited in preference to all argument on the subject.

That these combinations of volcanoes, by groups and longitudinal bands, evince the action, not of petty causes adjacent to the surface, but have their origin, their intercommunication deep in the interior of the earth, is abundantly proved by the following statements. All the eastern region of the American continent, poor in metals, is in its present state without a burning mountain, without masses of trachyte, probably even without basalt. All the volcanoes of America are found in the chain of the *Andes*, situated in the part of the continent opposite to *Asia*, and extending in the direction of the meridian over a length of 1800 leagues. The whole tableland of *Quito*, of which *Rehinecha*, *Cotopaxi*, and *Tunguragua* form the summits, is one volcanic furnace. The subterranean fire issues now by one, again by another, of these outlets, which are wont to be regarded as individual volcanoes. The progressive march of the fiery emanation is here, for three centuries back, from north to south. Even the very earthquakes, which cause such terrible ravages in this part of the world, offer equally remarkable proofs of the existence of subterranean communications, not only with countries destitute of volcanoes—a fact long known already—but also between fire emitting mountains, far remote from each other. Thus in 1797 the volcano of *Pasto* sent forth continually, during three months, a tall column of smoke. This column disappeared at the very instant when, at a distance of sixty leagues, the great earthquake of *Riobamba*, and the muddy eruption of the *Moya* proved fatal to nearly forty thousand Indians. The sudden appearance of the island of *Sabrina*, in the east of the *Azores* group, the 30th January, 1811, was the signal of that awful earthquake which, from May 1811 to June 1812, rocked almost without interruption, first the *Antilles*, then the plains of *Ohio* and *Mississippi*; finally the coasts of *Venezuela*, situated on the opposite coast. Thirty days after the total destruction of the city of *Caracas*, occurred the explosion of the volcano of *St. Vincent*, an island of the *Lesser Antilles*, at 130 leagues distance. At the same moment when this eruption took place, the 30th April, 1811, there was heard a strange subterranean noise, which spread terror throughout the whole extent of a country of 2200 square

leagues. The inhabitants of the banks of the Apuré, at the confluence of the Rio-Nula, as well as those of the maritime coast, compared this noise to that produced by the discharge of heavy pieces of artillery. But from the junction of the Rio-Nula and the Apuré to the volcano of St. Vincent, the distance is computed at 157 leagues in a direct line. This sound, which certainly was not propagated by the air, must have had its origin very far within the recesses of the earth. Its intensity was scarce more considerable on the coast of the Antilles immediately near the volcano, in full eruption, than it was in the interior of the country. It is unnecessary to multiply these examples. But to mention a phenomenon which, to Europe, has acquired an historical importance, the list may be closed with the famous earthquake of Lisbon. It occurred the 1st November, 1755; not only the waters of the Swiss lakes and the sea along the coasts of Sweden, were violently agitated, but also those of the ocean around the eastern Antilles. At Martinique, at Antigua, at Barbadoes, where the tide does not usually rise to a height of more than eighteen inches, it rose, on this occasion, suddenly to twenty feet. All these phenomena go to prove that the subterraneous forces are manifested either dynamically by earthquakes, or chemically by volcanic eruptions. They further shew that the action of these forces does not take place superficially in the outer crust of the earth, but passes at immense depths in the interior of our planet, and is propagated through crevices and veins not filled up, which conducts to points of the surface the most remote asunder."

Another extract, and we dismiss this book of interesting topics: "The question has," says the author, "been often agitated: What is it that burns in volcanoes? What is it produces the heat by which the earth and metallic ores are fused and mingled together? Modern chemistry replies: That which burns is the earth, the metals, the very alkalies; that is to say, the metalloids of those substances. The solid crust, already oxidized, of the earth separates the atmosphere, rich in oxygen, from the inflammable principles not oxidized, which reside in the interior of our planet. Certain observations which have been made under every zone, in mines and caverns,

prove that even at a small depth the heat of the earth is much higher than the mean temperature of the atmosphere at the surface. This remarkable fact is entirely consonant with what we are taught by volcanic phenomena. La Place has even attempted to determine the depth at which the earth might be regarded as a molten mass. Whatever doubt, notwithstanding, due to so great a name, may be entertained respecting the numerical certainty of such a calculation, it is not the less probable that all volcanic phenomena proceed from a single cause, which is, the communication, constant or transient, between the interior and the exterior of our planet. Elastic gases press outwards, through deep fissures, the various substances which are in a state of fusion, and in process of oxidation. Volcanoes are, so to say, the intermittent springs of these terrene substances: the fluid mixture of metals, alkalies, and earths, which are condensed into currents of lava, flow softly and tranquilly, as soon as, hoisted to the surface, they have found an issue. It was even so, according to the Phædon of Plato, that the ancients used to imagine all volcanic eruptions to be emanations from the infernal torrent of Periplegethon."

We have thus endeavored to present the reader with a faithful summary of the most interesting questions, either solved or suggested in this book. The facts and observations will be still found of value to the philosopher, if only surveyed from the point of view attained by physical science since their original publication. For the work is some forty years old; although that conscionable fraternity, the publishers—
anxious, no doubt, like other fraternities, to deceive the people for their good—seem to be passing it, in England as well as here, in connexion with the late translation, as a production fresh from the octogenarian pen of the author. Of this English version we have made no use ourselves in the passages cited, which are translated from the French one, executed soon after the German edition, and under Humboldt's own inspection. Nor can we commend it to the reader for anything better than the usual presentations of German philosophy in English style.

It was not difficult, however, to do justice to the style of Humboldt, and

it needed no more than justice to be clear and consecutive. His manner, in this respect, like his maturer education, indeed, is much less German than French. This we should have perhaps enumerated among the elements of his popularity as a writer. Humboldt is, in general philosophy, what Goethè was in poetry, Lysing in criticism, and Savigny in jurisprudence. In their several modes of style and statement, these have well been Frenchified Germans. Notwithstanding the improvement in respect of manner, it may, however, be questioned whether this alien and imitative direction is equally favorable to genuineness or profundity of thought. A defect of the latter qualities, and on ground of the cause suggested, is known to have been, in fact, a standing imputation made

to most of the authors named by the mere plodding of their own countrymen. National jealousy had much to do with this criticism, no doubt. Still, it is not the less probable that Humboldt, in eschewing the metaphysical visions of his native philosophy, would swing over into the man of facts, and measures, and multifarious inquiries, that we ventured to characterize him at the commencement of these pages. The lack of profundity there imputed would thus be explained, without derogation to the natural abilities of the venerable author. For, in any case, in any country, it is only intellects of the highest order that can operate fully, freely, under a foreign system, whether of doctrine or method. But a German, in particular, is nothing, if not mystical.

THE SHIPWRECK.

A BALLAD.

PART I.

RIGHT off the sandy Cape of May
The breeze blows, soft and free ;
Scarce in the sedge it makes a sigh,
Or ripple on the sea,
To break the purple sheen of morn,
That glows athwart the sea.

Three mariners tramp along the beach,—
They tramp, and will not stay ;
They've left a body in the surf,
For the sea to wash away ;—
The body of a fair young maid,
For the sea to wash away.

One carries in his hand a scarf,
Another a belt of gold,
And the third a silver and pearl caskét :—
They are three mariners bold ;
But they think of the body in the surf,
And their hearts grow faint and cold.

GAY was the day when the gallant ship
The Narrows neared so fast ;
When they saw the hills of Jersey,
They deemed their danger past ;—
The danger of the faithless sea,—
They thought 'twas surely past.

Full freighted with a precious charge,
From England, swift, they came,
A jewelled heiress, proud and fair,
Who bore a princely name :
And noble was the mien she bore
To grace that princely name.

Bright, on the deck, the young maid stood ;
So rare her beauty shone,
When, shouting glad, all hailed the land

They looked on her alone :
The land it was a blessed sight,
But they looked on her alone.

Set was the sun, and night begun,
When music on the sea,
With song that cheers brave marineers,
Made mirth and jollity :
In feast and dance they sped the hours ;
Then slept, while slept the sea.

At midnight stroke the sea awoke,
For the storm had waked before
And with a sudden rage came forth,
Which the deep sea uptore :
The gallant ship went all awreck
That dreadful blast before.

Upsprang the captain and the crew,
" We sink ! we sink !" they cried,
They nothing heard, they nothing knew
While from the vessel's side
Three oarsmen bold the life-boat pulled,—
And they took one beside.

Black was the sky, and fierce the cry
Of tempest and of sea,
No man could hark, no man could mark
The boat and its oarsmen three,
When the fair maid they hurried away
Out over the raging sea.

Swift from the cabin they'd hurried her,
Swift to the vessel's side,
With stifling hands they silenced her,
And wicked threats beside :
The boat was lowered, and, stoutly oared,
She swept the foaming tide.

Out over the sea the mariners three
The life-boat pulled away ;
And they saw the ship before them,
Sink down amid the spray ;—
They saw the black ship sinking,
All in a shroud of spray.

Fast in the bottom of the boat
The prize lay bound and still :
The sea burst o'er, behind and before,—
An hour it had its will ;
An hour the raging tempest blew,
Then fled, and all was still :—

All save the moaning of the deep,
And a murmur far away,
Where heaves the brine its snowy line
Right on the Cape of May,
Where the proud sea beats sullenly
The sandy cape of May.

The mariners three, right lustily,
Pulled toward the land again :
The boat did make a snowy wake
Athwart the briny plane ;
And rising soon, a red round moon
Shone out, along the main.

Right through a rift of inky cloud
The moon shone on the sea,
And showed the land, and showed the boat,
And showed the oarsmen three ;---
They cursed her with a pirate's curse
The lusty oarsmen three.

O woe ! for mariners, whose hearts
To fiends of hell are sold,
For lust of flesh, for lust of will,
For lust of ruddy gold ;
Their dreadful deeds, (which God well heeds),
Be for a warning told !

They saw the land, which lay at hand,
They saw the white surf line,
A cottage on the leafy shore,
A window's cheerful shine ;---
For now the purple sheen of morn
Came gleaming o'er the brine.

Bound in the bottom of the boat,
The lovely prize lay still ;
The mariners looked, the mariners longed,
(The devil would have his will) ;
Each claimed her with a dreadful oath,
And swore to have his will.

The mariners looked, the mariners longed,
But the land it was too near ;
They saw the cottage on the shore,
And felt a deadly fear ;
They cast it in the plunging deep,
The prize they held so dear.

Slowly the boat slid up the strand
And the sea rolled up the prize ;
And they thought the dead raised up its head,

With drowned and glassy eyes.
The fiend stepped after as they went
And cursed them with those eyes.

Swiftly they tramped along the beach,
They tramped and would not stay,
They cursed themselves, they cursed their deed,
They cursed the body that lay,
All weltering left, amid the surf,
For the sea to wash away.

PART II.

SLOW by my cottage door he went,
His beard was long and white,
And as he turned, his eye-balls burned
With a strange and dreadful light,
I could not bear the horrid glare
And shunned it with my sight.

It was a hoary mariner ;
I bid him welcome in :
"Against the poor to shut the door,"
Thought I, "is sure a sin.
So be he man, or be he fiend,
I'll bid him welcome in."

Still by my cottage door he stood,
And shivered with the cold,
"I may not be under roof tree,"
He said, "though I be old ;
Though I be poor, no good man's door
May keep me from the cold."

"Old man," I said, "*God* keep thy head
From tempest and from scath."
"Ah! me!" cried he, "*He* keepeth me,
Against his day of wrath;
They went before; I follow, sore ;
The fiend no mercy hath."

"Old man! old man! thou'rt mad," I said,
"With hunger and with cold."
"Ah! ha!" cried he. "A jovial three!
We were three mariners bold ;
But when we saw it under the surf,
Our hearts grew faint and cold."

"What saw ye in the surf, old man?"
"The body! the body!" he cried,
And fixed his glassy eyes on mine,

Like one whose soul has died,
And in its stead a frightful fiend
Doth for a soul abide.

"Hal and Jack, they went before;
By their own hands they died:
I follow fast, I follow sore,
The fiend goes at my side,
He follows for the evil deed,
The deed of wicked pride.

"Black was the night, and shrill the gale,
No man could hear or see,—
And when the blessed morning came,
We drowned her in the sea.
Drowned! drowned! in the salt, salt, deep,
All weltering lies she.

"O God! It was the fairest maid!
Her smile was like the day.
The seamen's hearts beat gallantly,
When she by them would stay.
The ship, they swore, made never before
So many leagues the day.

"The Narrows neared, the land we cheered;
The day was still and bright;
High loomed the hills of Jersey, while
We lay becalmed till night;
Then Jack he muttered in our ears,
'There'll be a storm to-night.'

"'A storm!' cried Hal, 'then let it blow.
By Jove, though hell go loose,
I've got a venture in my head:
Let fools go dance and bouse;
Let fools go dance, I'll try a chance,
Go you, now, and carouse!'

"Stung by the jeer, we bent our ear.
'When comes the gale,' he said,
'You two shall lower the life-boat, while
I snatch her from her bed.
She hath a silver and pearl casket,
And a belt of gold so red.

"'Take you the silver and pearl casket,
Take you the belt of gold,
Give me the girl, I ask no more;
For I to the devil am sold,
And cleverly he hath carried me,
Through many a deed as bold.

“Come, cheer, my hearts! do each your parts,
The maid no worse shall be :
She loves a seaman in her soul ;
And I'll carry her over the sea.
Take you the wealth, take you the gold,
But give the maid to me.”

“Right free he spoke, and turned the joke,
And flouted our idle fears ;
He'd been a rover on the main,
With bloody Buccaneers ;
He'd been a wealthy captain long,
Of bloody Buccaneers.

“The maid, he knew—the maid he loved,
But she his suit denied ;
And for a deep revenge, he swore
To have her ere he died ;
To have her, said she yea or nay,
A mistress or a bride.

“From England sailed the gallant ship,
That bore the maid away,
And he went a fore-castle man,
To be by her alway.
Be it well or ill, he'd work his will,
Said she or yea or nay.

“O, woe for mariners, whose hearts
Are sold to fiends of ill,
For lust of flesh, for lust of gold,
Or lust of wicked will.
O, woe for me! it was a deed
The very soul to kill.

“Fair was the prize, and smote our eyes
With tempting loveliness,
We swore that one should not alone
So sweet a prize possess :—
It was a fell and wicked will
That did our souls oppress.

“Right off the sandy Cape of May,
The breeze blew soft and free,
The holy light came gleaming bright
Athwart the purple sea,
When, by a panic fear compelled,
We cast her in the sea.

“Smote with the scourge of keen remorse,
They two themselves did slay,
But I, a wretched, homeless man,

Must wander night and day.
Each year, I seek the dreadful shore
Of the sandy Cape of May.

"Still it lies there, with drenched hair,
Amid the white sea-foam.
Why will't not go? why stays it so,
To find me when I come?
It breeds a madness in my brain
To find it when I come?"

His glaring eyes he fixed on mine,
I could not bear the sight;
"Old man," I said, "that hoary head,
Lodge thou with me to night,
I'll read to thee from God's good Word,
I'll pray with thee, for light."

Then came he in, the man of sin;
By my bed-side we knelt,
And prayed I then, to God's dear Son,
To ease him of his guilt.
The tears rolled down his hollow cheeks,
And eased him of his guilt.

Ah! 'twas a piteous sight to see,
The hoary marineer,
When on his dying bed he lay,
And prayed with many a tear,
That God would cleanse him of his crime,
For Christ his sake so dear.

That night died he, and solemnly
Next day we buried him,
And o'er his grave, by the salt sea wave,
We sang a pious hymn,
How God is merciful to those
Who die in fear of him.

THE CABRIOLET:

FROM UNPUBLISHED MEMORANDA OF MOUNTAIN-LAND.

BY IK. MARVEL.

NOTWITHSTANDING we were on a pedestrian tour, and were as determined as old Tom Coryate, we certainly did venture to enquire about coaches in the little shabby town of St. Florentin: and this not so much because our courage misgave us, as that the country thereabouts had grown sadly monotonous.

True, St. Florentin is as strange an old city as ever I slept in, and it sits perched on a hill and has a mouldering, deserted watch-tower in the centre; but from the mouldy battlements we could see nothing eastward but great stretches of level plain, backed by a dim blue line in the horizon, which they told us was the chain of Burgundian hills.

But at St. Florentin, no coach, not even so much as a *voiture a volonte* was to be found; so we harnessed on our knapsacks and toiled along under the poplars to a little village far off in the plain, where we were smuggled into what passed for the coupé of a broken down Diligence. A man and little girl, who together occupied the third seat, regaled themselves in the *voiture* with a *fricandeau* stuffed with garlic. The day was cool; the windows were down; the air close, and the perfume delightful!

That night we reached a town where lived that prince of boys' story books about animals—Buffon. A tower rose on the hills beside the town, covered with ivy—gray, and venerable, and sober-looking; and the postillion said it was Buffon's tower, and that the town was named Buffon.

Tigers, and Cougars and Kangaroos were leaping through my head all supper time, which we passed in company with a communicative German, just from Switzerland, *en route* for Paris.

He advised us—the Doctor said (how much his blistered feet had to do with it, I don't know), to take coach as far as Dole. Up to this place, he told us, the country was comparatively uninteresting; but as for the scenery beyond, he excited our anticipations about it to the very highest; and yet he did not tell us a word—he simply laid down his knife and fork, clasped his hands together, and looked up at the ceiling.

"It must be very fine," said the Doctor.

"Aye!" said I: and the German gave us each a quiet glance—resumed his knife and fork, and speedily demolished a capitally broiled leg of chicken.

We desired to get to Dole as soon as possible, so the next morning—*voilà un cabriolet!* to take us on to catch the Diligence that passed through the old town of Semur.

This French cabriolet which we took at Buffon, was very like a Scotch horse-cart with a top upon it. It had a broad leather-cushioned seat in the back, large enough for three persons. One we found already occupied by a pretty enough woman, of some four or five and twenty. The postillion was squatted on a bit of timber that formed the whipple-tree. The Doctor, with his pipe in his mouth, seated himself between the lady and myself—we bade adieu to our accommodating German companion—took off our hats to the landlady's daughter, and so went jostling out of the old French town of Buffon, which, ten to one, we shall never, either of us, see again in our lives.

Now nothing in the world was more natural than that the Doctor should ask

first, with the most amiable face that his beard would admit of, if his smoking was offensive to Mademoiselle? which, considering that he sat directly next her, might easily have happened.

It proved otherwise; "Oh no, her husband was a great smoker."

"Ah, *ma foi*, can it be that Madame, so young, is indeed married?"

"It is indeed true"—and there is a glance both of pleasure, and of sadness in the woman's eye.

The Doctor puffs quietly a moment or two; and I begin to speculate upon what that gleam of pleasure and of sadness might mean; and finally curiosity gains on speculation. "Perhaps Madame is travelling from Paris, like ourselves?"

"*Non pas*; but she has been at Paris; what a charming city! those delicious Boulevards, and the shops, and the Champs Elysées, and the theatres—oh, what a dear place Paris is!"

The Doctor assents in three or four violent consecutive puffs.

"And if Madame is not coming from Paris, perhaps she is going to Paris?"

"*Non plus*;" even now we are not right.

"She is coming from Chalons, she is going to Semur."

"Madame lives then perhaps at Semur?"

"*Pardon*, she is going for a visit."

"And her husband is left alone then, the poor man!"

"*Pardon*, (and there is a manifest sigh,) he is not alone." And Madame re-arranges the bit of lace on each side of her bonnet, and turns half around, so as to show more fairly a very pretty brunette face, and an exceeding roguish eye.

The Doctor knocks the ashes out of his pipe.

Madame thinks it is a very pretty pipe. He hands it to her; she wonders "if it came from *Londres*?" And she listens with an air of most pleased entertainment, when he tells her, that he brought it from the far away *Etats Unis d'Amerique*.

The reader must not be impatient, if he wishes to know either the whole drift of our adventure, or the naïve character of such companions as may be met with, on the cross-country roads of France.

Now the Doctor has finished his story—

interlarded with an occasional *vraiment*! from the lady, and an occasional *sacre*! of the postillion; and then he very naturally, is curious to know if it is Madame's first visit to Semur?

"*Mon Dieu, non!*" and she sighs.

"Madame then has friends at Semur?"

"*Ma foi! je ne saurais vous dire.*"

She does not know!

This is very odd, thought I. "And who can Madame be going to visit?"

"Her father—if he is still living."

"But how can she doubt, if she has lived so near as Chalons?"

"*Pardon*; I have not lived at Chalons, but at Bordeaux, and Montpellier, and Pau, and along the Biscayan mountains."

"And is it long since she has seen her father?"

"Very long; ten long—long years; then they were so happy! ah, the charming country of Semur; the fine, sunny vineyards, and all so gay, and her sister, and little brother——" Madame puts her hands to her face.

I, in my turn, wriggled round in my seat to have a fuller sight of her.

The Doctor played with his pipe. "He knew it would be a glad thing to meet them all!"

"*Jamais*, Monsieur, never, I cannot; they are gone!" and she turned her head away.

This may come to something, thought I, looking at my watch, if we have only an hour left between this and Semur. The postillion said there were three leagues.

The French country women are simple-minded, earnest, and tell a story much better, and easier than any women in the world.

The Doctor said, "she was young to have wandered so far; indeed, she must have been very young to have quitted her father's house ten years gone-by."

"Very young—very foolish, Monsieur. I see," said she, turning, "that you want to know how it was, and if you will be so good as to listen, I will tell you, Monsieur."

Of course, the Doctor was very happy to listen to so charming a story-teller; and I too, though I said nothing.

"You know Messieurs, the quiet of one of our little country towns very well; Semur is one of them. My father was a small proprietaire: the house he lived in is not

upon the road, or I would show it to you by and by. It had a large court-yard, with a high stone-arched gateway—and there were two hearts cut upon the topmost stone, and the initials of my grandfather and grandmother on either side, and all were pierced by a little dart. I dare say you have seen many such as you have wandered through the country, but now-a-days they do not make them.

"Well, my mother died when I was a little girl, and my father was left with three children—my sister, little Jacques, and I. Many, and many a time we used to romp about the court-yard, and sometimes go into the fields at vineyard dressing, and pluck off the long tendrils; and I would tie them round little Jacques' head; and my sister, who was a year older than I, and whose name was Lucie, would tie them around my head. It looked very pretty to be sure, Messieurs; and I was *so* proud of little Jacques, and of myself too:—I wish they would come back, Messieurs,—those times! Do you know I think sometimes, that in Heaven, they will come back?"

"I do not know which was prettiest—Lucie or I; she was taller and had lighter hair; and mine you see, is dark, (two rows of curls hung each side of her face, jet black), I know I was never envious of her.

"I should think not," said the Doctor. "I should think there was little need of it."

"You think not Monsieur; you shall see presently.

"I have told you that my father was a small *propriétaire*; there was another in the town, whose lands were greater than ours, and who boasted of having been sometime connected with noble blood, and who quite looked down upon our family. But there is little of that feeling left now in the French country—and I thank God for it, Monsieur. And Jean Frère, who was a son of this proud gentleman, had none of it when we were young.

"There was no one in the village he went to see oftener than he did Lucie and I. And we talked like girls then, about who should marry Jean, and never thought of what might really happen; and our *bonne* used to say, when we spoke of Jean, that there were others as good as Jean in the land, and capital husbands in plenty.

And then we would laugh, and sometimes tie the hand of Jacques, to the hand of some pretty little girl, and so marry them, and never mind Jacques' pettish struggles, and the pouts of the little bride; and Jean himself, would laugh as loud as any at this play.

"But sometimes Jean's father would come when we were romping together, and take Jean away; and sometimes kiss little Jacques, and say he was a young rogue, but have never a word for us.

"So matters went on till Lucie was eighteen, and Jacques, a fine tall lad. Jean was not so rich as he was, for his father's vineyard had grown poor. Still he came to see us, and all the village said there would be a marriage some day; and some said it would be Lucie, and some said it would be I.

"And now it was I began to watch Lucie when Jean came; and to count the times he danced with Lucie, and then to count the times that he danced with me. But I did not dare to joke with Lucie about Jean, and when we were together alone, we scarce ever talked of Jean."

"Then I dare say, you were in love with him," said the Doctor.

"I did not say so," said Madame. "But he was handsomer than any of the young men we saw, and I so young, and foolish!

"You do not know how jealous I became. We had a room together, Lucie and I, and often in the middle of the night, I would steal to her bed and listen to find if she ever whispered anything in her dreams; and sometimes when I came in at evening, I would find her weeping.

"I remember I went up to her once, and put my arm softly around her neck, and asked her what it was that troubled her; and she only sobbed on. I asked her if I had offended her;—'you,' said she, *ma sœur, ma mignonne*,' and she laid her head upon my shoulder, and cried more than ever; and I cried too.

"So matters went on, and we noticed, though we did not speak to each other of it, that Jean came to see us more and more rarely, and looked sad when he parted with us, and did not play so often with little Jacques.

"At length—how it was, we women never knew—it was said that poor Jean's father, the proud gentleman had lost all his

estate, and that he was going away to Paris. We felt very sadly; and we asked Jean, the next time he came to see us, if it was all true? He said that it was true, and that the next year they were going away, and that he should never see us again. Poor Jean!—how he squeezed my hand, as he said this; but in his other hand he held Lucie's. Lucie was more sensitive than I, and when I looked at her, I could see that the tears were coming in her eyes.

'You will be sorry when I am gone?' said Jean.

'You know we shall,' said I; and I felt the tears coming too.

'A half year had gone by, and the time was approaching when Jean was to leave us. He had come at intervals to pass his evenings with us; he was always a little sad, as if some trouble was preying on his thoughts; and was always most kind to Lucie, and kinder still, I thought, to me.

'At length one day, his father, a stately old gentleman, came down and asked to see my father; and he staid with him a half hour, and the thing was so new, that the whole village said there would be a marriage. And I wandered away alone with little Jacques, and sat down under an old tree—I shall try hard to find the place—and twisted a garland for little Jacques and then tore it in pieces; and twisted another and tore that in pieces, and then cried, so that Jacques said he believed I was crazy. But I kissed him and said, 'no, Jacques,—sister is not crazy!'

'When I went home, I found Lucie sad, and Papa sober and thoughtful; but he kissed me very tenderly, and told me, as he often did, how dearly he loved me.

'The next day Jean did not come, nor the next, nor the next after. I could not bear it any longer, so I asked Papa what Jean's father had said to him; and why Jean did not come?

'He kissed me, and said that Jean wanted to take his child away from him. And I asked him, though I remember I had hardly breath to do it,—what he had told him?

'I told him,' said Papa, 'that if Lucie would marry Jean, and Jean would marry Lucie, they might marry, and I would give them a father's blessing.'

'I burst into tears, and my father took me in his arms; perhaps he thought I was

so sorry to lose my sister—I know not. When I had strength to go to our chamber, I threw myself into Lucie's arms and cried as if my heart would break.

'She asked me what it meant? I said—'I love you Lucie!' And she said—'I love you Lisette!'

'But soon I found that Jean had sent no message,—that he had not come,—that all I told Lucie, of what my father had said, was new to her; and she cried afresh. And we dared say nothing of Jean.

'I fancied how it was; for Jean's father was a proud gentleman, and would never make a second request of such Bourgeois as we.

'Soon we heard that he had gone away, and had taken Jean along with him. I longed to follow—to write him even; but, poor Lucie!—I was not certain but he might come back to claim her. Often and often I wandered up by his father's old country house, and I asked the steward's wife, how he was looking when he went away—'oh,' said she, '*le pauvre jeune homme*;' he was so sad to leave his home!

'And I thought to myself bitterly, did this make all his sadness?'

'A whole year passed by and we heard nothing of him. A regiment had come into the Arrondissement, and a young officer came occasionally to see us. Now, Messieurs, I am ashamed to tell you what followed. Lucie had not forgotten Jean; and, I—God knows—had not forgotten him! But Papa said that the officer would make a good husband for me, and he told me as much himself. I did not disbelieve him; but I did not love him as I had loved Jean, and I doubted if Jean would come back, and I knew not but he would come back to marry Lucie, though I felt sure that he loved me better than Lucie.

'So, Messieurs, it happened, that I married the young officer, and became a soldier's wife, and in a month went away from my own old home.

'But that was not the worst, Messieurs; before I went, there came a letter from Paris for me, in Jean's own writing.'

Madame turned her head again, and the Doctor eyed me with a very sympathetic look. Even the postillion had suffered his horses to get into a dog-trot jog, that he now made up for by a terrible thwacking, and

a pestilent shower of oaths, partly I thought to deaden his own feelings.

"The letter," said Madame, going on, "told me how he had loved me, how his father had told him what my father had said; and how he had forbidden him in his pride, to make any second proposal; and how he had gone away to forget his griefs, but could not; and he spoke of a time, when he would come back and claim me, even though he should forget and leave his father.

"The whole night I cried over that letter, but never showed it to Lucie. I was glad that I was going away; but I could not love my husband.

"You do not know how sad the parting was for me; not so much to leave my father, and Lucie, and Jacques, but the old scenes where I had wandered with Jean, and where we had played together, and where he was to come back again perhaps and think as he would of me. I could not write him a letter even. I was young then, and did not know but duty to my husband would forbid it. But I left a little locket he had given me, and took out his hair, and put in place of it a lock of my own, and scratched upon the back with a needle—'Jean, I loved you; it is too late; I am married; *J'en pleurs!*' And I handed it to little Jacques, and made him promise to show it to no one, but to hand it to Jean, if he ever came again to Semur. Then I kissed my father, and my sister, and little Jacques again and again, and bid them all adieu, as well as I could for my tears; I have never been in Semur since, Messieurs!—"

She had stopped five minutes, when we asked her what ever became of Jean.

"You know," continued she, "that I could not love my husband, and I was glad we were going far away, where I hoped I might forget all that had happened at home; but God did not so arrange it.

"We were living in Montpellier; you have been in Montpellier Messieurs, and will remember the pretty houses along the Rue de Paris; in one of them we were living. Every month or two came letters from Lucie—sad, very sad at the first—and I forgot about myself through pity of her. At length came one which told me that Jean had come back; and it went on to say how well he was looking. Poor Lucie

did not know how it all went to my soul, and how many tears her letters cost me.

"Afterward came letters in gayer temper, still full of the praises of Jean, and she wondered why I was not glad to hear so much of him, and wondered that my letters were growing so sad. Another letter came still gayer, and a postscript that cut me to the heart; the postscript was in Jacques' scrawling hand, and said that all the village believed that Jean was to marry sister Lucie. 'We shall be so glad' it said 'if you will come home to the wedding!'

"Oh, Messieurs, I had thought I had loved Lucie. I am afraid I did not. I wrote no answer; I could not. By and by came a thick letter with two little doves upon the seal. I went to my room, and barred the door, and cried over it without daring to open it. The truth was as I had feared—Jean had married Lucie. Oh, my feelings—my bitter feelings, Messieurs! Pray Heaven you may never have such!

"My husband grew bitter at my sadness, and I disliked him more and more. Again we changed our quarters to the mountains, where the troops had been ordered, and for a very long time no letter came to me from home. I had scarce a heart to write, and spent day after day in my chamber. We were five years along the Pyrenees; you remember the high mountains about Pau, and the snowy tops that you can see from the houses; but I enjoyed nothing of it all.

"By and by came a letter with a black seal, in the straggling hand of my poor father, saying that Jean and Lucie had gone over the sea to the Isle of Mauritius, and that little Jacques had sickened of a fever and was dead.

"I longed to go and see my old father; but my husband could not leave, and he was suspicious of me, and would not suffer me to travel across France alone.

"So I spent years more; only one letter coming to me in all that time; whether stopped by my husband's orders or not I do not know. At length he was ordered with his regiment to Chalons *sur Marne*; there were old friends of his at Chalons, with whom he is stopping now. We passed through Paris and I saw all its wonders; yet I yearned to get toward home.

At length we set off for Chalons. It

was five days before I could get my husband's leave to ride over to my own old home. I am afraid he has grown to hate me now.

"You see that old Chateau in ruins," said she, pointing out a mossy remnant of castle, on a hillock to the left—"it is only two kilometres from Semur. I have been there often with Jean and Lucie," and Madame looked earnestly, and with her whole heart in her eyes, at the tottering old ruin, which I dare say the Doctor will remember, for he asked the postillion the name and noted it in his green covered book.

"And your father knows nothing of your return?"

"I have written from Chalons," resumed Madame, "but whether he be alive to read it, I do not know."

And she began now to detect the cottages, on which surely in this old country ten years would make but little difference. The roofs were covered over with that dappled moss you see in Watelet's pictures, and the high-stone court-yards were gray with damp and age.

"*La Voila!*" at length exclaimed Madame, clapping her hands; and in the valley into which we had just turned, and were now erick-cracking along in the crazy old cabriolet, appeared the tall spire of Semur. A brown tower or two flanked it, and there was a group of gray roofs mingled with the trees.

Madame kept her hands clasped, and was silent. She was weeping.

The Doctor smooths his beard; the postillion gives his hat a jaunty air, and crosses himself, as we pass a church by the way; and the farmeries pass us one by one; then come the paved streets, and the pigs, and the turbaned women in Sabots, and boy's eyes, all intent; and thick houses, and provincial shops.

"A nice town," says the Doctor, with his eye on a pretty shop-girl that we pass.

"The same dear old town of Semur!" says our female companion. And with a crack, and a rumble, and a jolt, we are presently at the door of the inn.

The woman runs her eye hastily over the inn loungers; apparently she is dissatisfied. The Doctor clambers down, and assists her to dismount.

"Shall we make any inquiries for her?"

"*Oh Mon Dieu! J'ai trop de peur!*"

She is afraid to ask; she will go see; and away she starts—turns—throws back her veil—asks pardon—"we have been so kind"—Bids God bless us,—waves her hand, and disappears around an angle of the old inn.

I never saw her again.

I would have given my knapsack to have known if her old father was yet alive, or if Lucie had come back with Jean from over the sea, or to have seen her at Jacques' grave; but all was denied me.

Just in this way, the hurry-scurry of travel will call out all one's sentiment, and nourish it a little while most daintily, only to give one in the end such shock of disappointment, as makes him ten times more sour and fretful, than if he had never felt his spirit warmed.

What boots it to know of misery we cannot alleviate, or to trace out crime that we can neither punish nor prevent? Your sense of justice and of mercy rests dissatisfied, and you regret that they did not lie undisturbed. So too, I believe, there is a dramatic quality in every man's mind which makes him yearn for the *finale* of whatever business his passions or his affections may have made him an actor in; and when poor Madame, with her pretty face, and her dark hat trimmed up with a bit of lace, disappeared around the corner of the inn, and the lumbering old Diligence, with its four horses, with tails tied up, had dragged us out of all reach of her, and her history, I felt as nervously unquiet, as if I had heard a stage-manager announce at the end of the third act of Macbeth, that the play would not go on.

But I vowed, that if ever I came again within sight of the old steeple of Semur, I would know more of her history.

"And yet," said I to the doctor, "even so little as she has told us would make a fair sort of a story."

"Capital!" said the Doctor, puffing a volume of smoke out of the little Diligence window.

"And what should we call it?" said I.

The Doctor took his pipe out of his mouth, ruminated a moment, rammed the tobacco down with the end of his fore-finger—"Call it" said he, "THE CABRIOLET."

EVERSTONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANDERPORT RECORDS."

(Continued from page 97.)

CHAPTER III.

THE struggle in the lawyer's mind was a sharp one, but the moment it was over he shook himself free from every disposition to waver or flinch. All the hesitation he could feel was with regard to undertaking the case; once assumed, he was incapable of prosecuting it otherwise than vigorously. He immediately set himself to work therefore to make every investigation which could tend to establish the title of his clients. The grounds of that title, so far at least as the knowledge of them is necessary to the intelligibility of this narrative, admit of a very simple and brief statement.

Somewhere about the middle of the seventeenth century, Roland Compton received letters patent containing the grant of a large tract of land, the boundaries of which were described. There were six corners to the tract, at each of which a stone was planted bearing the initials of the grantee, and its own number reckoned in order from the place of beginning. One of these stones, that numbered fourth, was designated as placed on the bank of Hardwater Run. A few years later, a certain Astiville obtained the grant of a body of land lying immediately north of Compton's, and divided from it for a distance of more than fifteen hundred poles by the afore-mentioned Run or creek.

Now, the Hardwater has two branches; the upper or north branch, and the lower. The question was—which was the one referred to in the original patent of Compton? If the *upper* branch, then the whole intervening tract of about four thousand acres belonged to his heirs or to those who held of them; that is, to Newlove, Dubosk and Schrowder. If the *lower* branch, the title was in John Astiville and the purchaser

Everlyn. The fourth corner-stone, which might have decided the matter, could not be found.

Such was the state of the case when Somers took it in hand. He was able to show in behalf of his clients that the prevailing impression in the neighborhood had been, that the Compton tract extended to the upper branch; yet he was not able to prove the exercise by that family of any rights of ownership over it, saving the late sale made by executors in pursuance of specific directions of testament; which sale the other claimant had immediately resisted. Little could be effected by the surveyors. The old patents very rarely had regard to minute accuracy. Corners were marked and perhaps the bearings of lines given, but the chain carriers were often dispensed with. The attempts that were made to run the west line in order to search for the stone where it crossed the two branches, resulted only in additional perplexity. No allowance that could be tried for variation of compass, made the lines which were well known and quite undisputed, either conformable to the courses laid down on the plot, or consistent with each other. The only way of explaining the difficulty was, to suppose gross carelessness in the old surveyors, or—what is more probable, a defect in the instrument used. It was clear at any rate that no rule could be derived for ascertaining the *unknown* line.

Somers endeavored to discover how long it had been that the corner-stone was missing, but on this head could gain no satisfaction. Some middle-aged men said they had heard their fathers, now deceased, speak of the stone on the Hardwater as an object with which they were familiar, and as to whose po-

sition there was no ground to entertain any doubt. These persons when further questioned, declared for the most part that a strong conviction had been left upon their minds that the stone spoken of was on the upper branch, yet they could not remember having ever been expressly told so. On the other hand, some very old men whom the lawyer examined, seemed to have no knowledge of the matter whatever. The fact was, that until the present controversy arose, the parties most interested had been extremely negligent. The land in question lay at a distance from both the Compton and the Astiville residences; with the exception of the inconsiderable portion occupied by squatters, it had remained a wilderness; the families had been more than once connected by intermarriage, and would, either, probably have deemed it a very unworthy thing to disturb their friendly intimacy by too strict an investigation into the precise boundary separating their tracts of almost countless acres.

Though the Comptons were not concerned in the suit, the records of the family were cheerfully put at the service of those who held under their title. Most of the papers of any value had already been scrutinized by Somers, as recorded in the county clerk's office and at the capital of the State. There was one, however, of considerable importance which he had never before seen. It was a mere draught, not signed nor witnessed, yet it bore on its face the evidence of authenticity, and was very capable of producing an effect on a jury. In it, reference was made to some localities which required to be explained and verified.

Somers, therefore, after making a few memoranda in his pocket-book, rode up the Hardwater. He proceeded first to a spot where a fine spring gushed out of the bank, and flowing but a few feet, contributed its clear current to the *lower* branch. Then measuring off ten strides up the stream, he came to a large stump. The top of the tree lay upon the ground and its huge limbs were clothed with leaves yet unwithered; but a block some five feet long had been removed. Tom Foley, lived close by, and Somers went at once to his house. Before summoning the man to the door, our shrewd investigator made the circuit of the squatter's enclosure in order to detect if possible the object of his search. Near the fence

on the east side, he found one half of a white-oak log. In length it agreed with that which had been taken from the brink of the Run, and a wedge which lay at its side seemed to show that the other moiety had not long been separated from it. Just as he was about to dismount and make a closer inspection, a villanous looking cur darted out and saluted him and his horse with such a yelping clamor as soon drew forth the master of the premises.

"How do you do, Mr. Foley?" said Somers when the dog lowered his voice to a key which did not altogether forbid conversation. "Your family are well, I hope."

"Tolerable, thank you sir; my woman's sort of complaining to be sure, but she's seldom otherwise."

"That looks like a tough bit of white-oak, Mr. Foley."

"Yes," answered the man, giving him at the same time a keen and inquisitive look.

"You got it from near the spring yonder, I see."

"Oh, I don't say where it came from—it might have been this place or it might have been that, or, for all I care, it may have come from no-where."

"I suppose you have no objection to my turning it over and looking at the other side?"

"I have though," said Foley,—"very strong objections, too. I reckon I know well enough you are lawyer for the Yankees, and I don't want to get into any scrape about cutting down their timber—not that I cut this stick, or that it came from the corner—I mean the tree by the branch—but then it can't do me any good to have you projecting about here, so you may as well be contented up in your saddle where you are."

"What has become of the other half, Mr. Foley—is it burnt up?"

"Oh don't trouble yourself about the other half, there's not any cause by no means. You'll see it I reckon full as soon as you want to, and in a place may be where you don't expect. It might light on top of some folks' head for what I know, and then it will be apt to make them see stars."

"That would be terrible indeed," said Somers smiling, but I am inclined to think that the man who undertook to shoulder

such a log as this would be more likely to sink down crushed by his load than to hurl it upon the head of another."

Foley was about to say something in answer but checked himself, and Somers perceiving that nothing more was to be got out of him, struck through the woods to the Upper Branch of the Hardwater. The distance was not very great, perhaps half a mile, and it was this proximity which added difficulty to the interpretation of the patents. If the streams destined to unite in the end had been as far apart here as they became lower down, the enormous difference that would have been made between the two constructions of the length of the west line of the Compton tract could hardly have allowed of the matter's being brought into doubt. A wide gravelly bed, with here and there a slimy pool connected by a small feebly-trickling rill; such was the Upper Branch as Somers found it. Taking out his memorandum, he rode down the bank. His watchful glance seemed to detect nothing that gave him satisfaction, and turning round he proceeded about an equal distance up the stream. That which he looked for still shunned his sight. Whilst thus busily though fruitlessly occupied, the figure of a man stretched at length at the foot of a Sycamore on the opposite side of the run caught his eye. He hastened thither, but on the way his horse's hoof rang against a stone and startled the solitary from his meditation or slumber. The man sprang to his feet, gazed for a moment at the horseman with an expression indicative of anxiety or vexation, and strode away into the woods.

Somers spoke, but the figure only walked on the faster. The pursuer spurred his steed and would soon have overtaken him had he not suddenly turned toward the right, and with great agility run up a hill too steep and too much encumbered with rocks to be safely ascended by a mounted man.

Somers determined not to be baffled, and fastening his horse to a sapling followed the chase on foot. The advantage of youth was on his side, and he gained ground at every instant. On the summit a little cleared spot appeared. The fugitive sprang over the fence which surrounded it, and then, though rushing at the top of his speed, inclined a few yards to one side in order to

avoid trampling on a bed of flourishing tobacco plants. Somers unaffected by similar scruples, took the most direct course to the cabin in the middle of the lot. Still the other was first at the door, and entering, closed it with violence in the face of the pursuer. His fury, however, brought its own defeat; the upper hinge was shattered by the jar, and the door fell at full length, disclosing the whole interior of the room. The single occupant could be plainly seen. His hair, long, shaggy and white, hung about a visage so thin and sharp that, aided by the lankness of his lower person, it made him appear not merely tall, as he was, but of super-human height. Yet there was much of dignity in his countenance, and it was with a manner far more composed and impressive than the lawyer expected, that after a moment's pause he was the first to speak.

"Will you tell me sir what your business may be?"

Somers' object was to gather witnesses, and he thought he had a special right to every *old* man he could find. His captive was a treasure. Living on the very line, as it were, of the two patents, and if appearances were to be trusted, an octogenarian at least in age, it seemed that if any living man were capable of giving the desired information he should be. His profession, of course, supplied the lawyer with sufficient effrontery to prevent his feeling any embarrassment at such an unceremonious intrusion, so he answered very calmly:

"You have lived a long while in this spot, I presume?"

"Long? What do you call long? Time is but the creature of the mind—I came here yesterday—yet when I came that tree (he pointed to an oak of some eight or ten inches diameter,) was an acorn."

"At least," said Somers, "you are well acquainted with the country around."

"Who knows it better?" replied this singular individual. "The hawk?—poor short-sighted thing, he strikes his prey one morning, and on the morrow passes over the place and recognizes it not. The serpent? It deposits its eggs in the sand, and knows not that the ground nourishes other adders than those which belong to its own crawling kind. There are secrets buried in the earth of which the mole or the musk-rat cannot inform you, which I

am able to tell you. Know this land? Why there is not a tree nor shrub upon it which is not familiar to my eyes. Task me, and I will show you every hill-top where fall the dew and the rain which bubble out in each spring that the rabbit drinks of."

Somers began to suspect that he had to do with a madman, but by no means despaired of gaining some useful hints if not positive information.

"I have lost my way," he said, "I am sure you can put me right—"

"Ay, that can I—by night or day I can lead you as safely as if a lantern and a finger-board were on every tree—I can lead you straighter than the bee flies, straighter than the loadstone points. Where would you go?—tell me quick—so that I may be alone."

"The place which I wish to reach is the fourth Corner-stone—the Compton corner on the Hardwater."

At this declaration, the man gave Somers a look such as he never experienced before nor after. What emotion burned in it he could not discern—it certainly was not anger, it did not appear to be terror. The only way in which he subsequently attempted to describe it, was by declaring that it seemed to imprint upon his mind the conviction that the being from whom it came did not belong to humanity; that it was the expression of passions which our nature does not feel and is incapable of conceiving.

The man without speaking a word, suddenly sat down upon a rude stool and turning his back to the visitor covered his eyes with his hands, and leaned his head upon the edge of the table. As to the time he remained in this posture, Somers had no clear idea—it appeared like the space of fifteen or twenty minutes—though it was probably not so long. Then rising up calmly, he said:

"What would you have Sir?"

"I wish to get you to conduct me to the Compton corner."

The old man's agitation was renewed, but this time it was manifested in a different fashion—clenching his hands and gesticulating violently, he exclaimed in a high piercing tone—"What mean you?—who on earth has a right to look at that spot, but I? How dare you ask to share my

company thither—can you also share my thoughts? Get you gone!—get you gone!"

Then, for a few moments, his eyes were vacant and inexpressive; he stood motionless, not a muscle quivered—even breath was scarcely inhaled: his mind appeared totally abstracted and unconscious of the things about him.

At last, to Somers' great surprise, who felt himself quite bewildered by these sudden changes, he extended his right hand,

"Good-bye sir—I'm sorry I cannot urge you to remain, but look around and judge whether it would be hospitality to ask you to partake of such lodging. Hermitages are pleasant in the poets, but few love them in real life—yet you are waiting for your horse; stay, I will have it brought. But what am I saying? Excuse me, sir, I'm getting old and forget myself strangely. I once had stables—but now—yet why do I speak of it? I do not deserve to possess anything. By the way, sir, it sometimes appears to me as a blessing to be weaned from riches in this life, and the earlier the better: when a man is about to die, he is glad enough, I think, to empty his soul of the love of money. What is your opinion, sir?"

"Well, for my part," said Somers, "I think that our object should be to do as much good as we can. If we possess riches, let us benefit others by their use—are we poor? it is still possible to do good. If we make some sacrifice in the effort—the greater the praise it merits. There are many modes of exercising charity. A little information, sometimes, given when needed, may be better than the gifts of dollars or eagles. If, for instance, you would point out to me the spot I seek, you would be the means of bringing about a just and righteous event."

The other listened with profound attention and answered,

"Say no more, I know what you mean—but it is a thing you ought not to ask. What your business is I am ignorant, but be it what it may, the business of this world has no claim upon me—I stand midway between the past and the future. Once I was living; hereafter, I may live: now I but exist. My heart is in my bosom;—you are not he that hath the right to bid me pluck it forth and exhibit its gasping deformity."

"Will you not accompany me a short

distance," said Somers, "and put me on my way out of the woods?"

The hermit assented. As they passed through the yard he stopped and raised up some tobacco plants which Somers had trampled down, and with his hands very carefully drew earth around them. This task over he resumed his walk. Somers proceeded at his side, determined to suffer him to choose the direction. He retraced without deviation the very route by which they had raced to the cabin. Very soon the edge of the rocky descent was reached. The horse was visible standing quietly at the bottom. Here the guide stopped.

"Will you not go further?" said Somers.

"No; there's your beast—mount, and if you have lost your way, give him a loose rein and he will take you surely to a place of habitation."

So saying, he turned abruptly and sought his lonely abode.

Somers, abandoning the thought of any further search along the Upper Branch, set out in the direction of Daysborough. After travelling some half a dozen miles he came to Murray's store. This was a small straggling village, containing a shop where all sorts of things were bought and sold at prices arguing well for the profits of the merchant, a blacksmith's shanty, a house of private entertainment and a Post Office. The proprietor of the whole was Samuel Murray, a trig, dapper little man, who delivered letters, posted items of smith-work, measured off calico, and mingled mint-juleps, with equal alacrity and skill. It was an excellently situated stand, and in consideration of the long dreary miles that radiated from it in every direction, there were few travellers who had the courage to pass without halting. Somers had no desire to be singular, and committing his horse to the groom, sat down sociably in the porch by the side of Sam Murray.

"So you are attending well to your clients, Mr. Somers, I perceive—that daughter of Newlove's, by the way, is a right down nice little lady, and they say that the man who gets her, will be blessed at the same time with a very pretty heap of coin, too. You are lucky, sir, to be first in the field, and I have no doubt will distance every thing else that puts in."

Somers laughed and replied—"oh, I

don't deserve to win an heiress—be assured the course is quite open as far as concerns me, I did not even call to see the lady this time."

"Indeed!—well you must be busy with the patent-case, certain. If it's no harm to ask, Mr. Somers, how do you like the looks of things—do the New York gentlemen stand tolerably safe?"

"Yes sir, I really think they do."

"Of course it don't become me," said the landlord, "to be either glad or sorry. A body, you know, can't help standing up sort-of, for the old families—but then the Yankees are first-rate pay. They have a pert, inquisitive kind of manner, to be sure, and look sharp into everything they get, but if a body knows how to take them, they are not worse than other people to deal with. Indeed, I believe one of our natives will out-trade a Yorker all hollow. Never mind what you take to them they'll pretend to understand everything about it better than you do yourself—and you know if a man's smart, he can make a conceited person believe anything."

"I dare say you are right, Mr. Murray—no one, at any rate, ought to be a better judge of such matters. All the world knows that Sam Murray was never caught asleep."

"Don't talk so for gracious sake," said Murray, modestly. "I shall have to learn how to blush. I might have done to pass among a crowd, but that I have some drops of Yankee blood in me, which makes my Southern smartness too weak to stand inspection—my grandfather came from Connecticut. I hope, though, the breed's most acclimated by this time—I am trying to train my *boys* to talk smooth and soapy to customers, without blowing blasts through their noses fit to scare. As for their daddy, the only way he can scratch along is to try to know everybody—this saves from losing, and the man that loses nothing is mighty apt to gain a little once in a while."

"Your referring," said Somers, "to your extensive acquaintance, reminds me to ask you to tell me something about a man I met to-day—a very tall person with long white hair. He lives on the north side of the Upper Fork of the Hardwater, about five miles, I suppose, from here."

"You are most too hard for me there," answered Murray, "I understand who you mean, but that's pretty much all the satisfaction I can give you. He built himself

that cabin twenty years ago—where he came from then nobody knows. He's very shy and unsociable, and stays by himself. When he was first about, some person asked him his name; he said that was no one's business but his own, and wouldn't tell. He's apt, in fact, to be contrary and obstinate in everything."

"Is he deranged?" inquired Somers.

"Why, I think not. He's queer, but I reckon there's nothing else the matter. He comes down here sometimes when he's in want of anything out of the store, and he always seems cute enough."

"He has money then?"

"Why, no, he brings wild-turkeys, and muskrat skins, and tobacco, too, when he raises more than he wants himself. He uses no shooting fix, they say, but catches the wild things he gets with some kind of gins, and snares, and nets."

"He acknowledges no name, you inform me."

"Oh, that was only at the first—I was the one who got him to own up. I tell you how I managed it; one day he brought some plunder to the store and got a piece of shirt cotton for it; there was a little balance in his favor which he wanted to take out in a coil of rope. When I told him that the rope came to some two shillings more than his due, he answered, 'never mind, I'll take it and square off accounts next time.' 'Certainly,' says I, spreading out my book very quick, 'what name shall I charge it to, sir?' He gave me a curious kind of a look, but answered after a little, 'put down Cain.' So he's been Mr. Cain ever since."

"There used to be a family of Cains about here, did there not?" said the lawyer.

"So the old folks say," replied the other, "and it's quite likely this is one of the set, who went away from the country when he was young, and afterwards took a notion to come back. No person, though, recollected having ever seen him before."

Somers remained silent some moments, pondering over the information he had received.

Sam Murray, who loved to be all the time either talking or listening, interrupted his reflections, by saying: "I reckon you haven't found the missing corner yet—it's a very queer thing, isn't it, that that stone is hid away so close?"

"It is strange," answered Somers, "and what is most unaccountable about the affair, is the fact that no one appears to have seen it, while there are dozens who declare they have heard of its having been seen, perhaps no longer time ago than fifty years. A person would have supposed it the easiest matter in the world to prove the anciently understood locality of the corner—though the stone itself were lost. If the situation could be pointed out within a rod or two even, there would be a possibility of identifying some old marked trees on the line running southward from it. I have abundance of documentary evidence, but that sort of proof which ought to be obtained with least difficulty, seems to fly all search. The Compton title stands, as it is, on sufficiently secure ground; yet I know what the jury are disposed to ask for, and should be glad to content them in every respect."

"You are right, Mr. Somers," said Murray, "a jury is more apt to be taken with a plain man's say-so than with learned figurations. Now, if I was in your place, sir, I would look around some among the blacks. They have a great many wild incredible stories to tell about the Hardwater corner, but some useful hints might be obtained, which could put you in the way of getting testimony worth offering in court."

"It is an excellent suggestion," said the lawyer, "and if you would inform me of any old negroes from whom something might be derived, you would confer a great favor. I have sought out some few myself, but I confess with little profit. Your acquaintance among them is, of course, necessarily more extensive than mine."

Sam Murray replied with the manner of a man fully aware of his own importance.

"As I said before, Mr. Somers, it don't become me to be officiously concerned on either side—my position as well as my inclination requires me to be neutral. I should hope, if the thing weren't contrary to nature, that both parties might be successful."

"And so should I, with all my heart," observed Somers.

"But," continued the landlord, "since that can't be, I must look on in contentment, whatever turns up. So, therefore, as my breast is filled with these sentiments, nobody can accuse me of partiality against

either Mr. Astiville or Mr. Evelyn, in talking indiscriminately and frankly to a lodger like you. By the way, you mean to stay all night, I suppose, sir?"

"Certainly," said Somers, in a tone which was far from betraying the reluctance of a forced determination. "I could not leave without having a good long chat with an old friend like you."

"You will have a chance then to see Naomi Fuller, an old Nigger wench, who I'll be bound knows as much as any of the tribe. She'll roll you out some curious yarns; how much of them is to be depended upon, you yourself must decide. She will be in at the store during the course of the afternoon and I will point her out to you."

Murray was as good as his word. Somers strolled off carelessly so as to be able to intercept the old woman and have a quiet talk with her. It was not long before he observed her trudging energetically in the direction of his ambush—stepping out, he suffered her to overtake him, and then accommodating himself to her pace, sauntered at her side. He soon got good Naomi talking very sociably. He listened sympathetically to the account of her ailments, and when she remarked in what urgent need she happened to stand of a nine-pence, he drew out his purse and after pretending a fruitless search for a coin of the denomination mentioned, handed her half a dollar. She returned a most profound courtesy, and said, "Thanky massa, thanky."

"Aunty," said Somers, when he thought he had opened the way sufficiently, "have you ever seen the Compton corner-stone on the Hardwater—the fourth corner-stone?"

"Thank heaven, marster," she answered, "I has *never* seen it—bless your life, child—it would be better for my eyes to be clean out rather than they should look on that piece of rock."

"Why is that?" said Somers.

"Do yer ask why," she exclaimed, "Isn't there a sperrit what watches over it? Certain and sure nobody can see the stone without seein' the sperrit likewise; and who'd want to see it?"

"Yet," argued Somers, "I do not suppose spirits haunt any spot without a reason—but what reason is there in this case? Why is this corner worse than any of the

others? I suppose no ghosts keep guard over them."

"But what other corner-stone besides this," said Naomi, impressively, "is the *headstone of a grave*?"

"Ha!" said Somers, "I have heard some vague report of this kind—but there is no truth in it, is there?"

"But it *is* true though," answered the hag, shaking her head, "it would be well if it weren't. All of them stones was put down regular and right—there was no grave when the fourth one was planted no more than when the rest—man's wickedness made that arterwards, and see the following of it! What other stone is missing but that?—don't you find 'em just where they was fixed at first? Why should that one only be moved?"

"Who then is buried there?" said the lawyer, "and what caused his death?"

"Don't ax me—don't ax me—" replied Naomi, with an uneasy air. "Bless you marster, I 'euses nobody—nobody in the world; that's a wicked, awful place—that's all."

"You need not be afraid to talk to *me*, freely, aunty," said Somers, compelled to make considerable bodily exertion, so rapid was the rate at which she now proceeded, "there cannot be any harm in speaking to a person who will never breathe to any one where it was he gained the information."

"No—no," said Naomi, still walking on as fast as she could. "Old birds are scary, master. Ask white people, for there is them that knows, but don't try to coax a poor worn out servant into trouble."

"Tell me this, however, aunt Naomi, how are you sure that there is a grave at the corner, when you have never seen it?"

"Can't say nothin' 'bout it;" was her reply.

"Yet, good Naomi," continued the lawyer, perseveringly, "I know you don't want to lead me into error. It is a very important matter to ascertain whether or not this fact be as you represent. May you not be mistaken—is it an unquestionable fact—one to be relied on as a thing established, that this grave really exists where you say?"

"I'm not mistaken, marster—it's as certain as that the sun shines this blessed minute. I'm a poor weakly creatur; there aint no larnin', and mighty little sense in

my old skull, but some things I knows—and this are one of them. Wherever that stone are, there's the grave stretchin' off from it—a *long* grave too, not a hole such as babies' corpses is put in—there the sperrit wavers and flickers over it—these things is certain. I know, besides, that the stone aint ever goin' to be found. When the men came out with their compasses and spying fix, says I, 'twon't come to nothin'—and so it didn't. You might get an *English* compass and 'twould be the same—the iron aint on the yearth, or in it, that can pint to that horrid, odious place.”

“I thank you,” said Somers, “for what you have told me. It is of little use, however, unless I knew of somebody to look to by whom I could prove it. Now, if you can tell me of any white person who will be willing to testify that there is a grave at that spot, I will cheerfully give you this dollar.”

Naomi opened her lips as if to speak; then closed them; finally the temptation proved too strong. “There's plenty of white people,” she said, “who knows as well as I do—that is, most so well—what I know, I know, and it's nothin to nobody; but there's Josh Evans could tell you a sight, still he's way off some-where, he may be dead for what I can say. Yes, there's nobody else has as much 'quaintance 'bout it as Josh. But there's others as can say *somethin'*—Jeems Watson, Dick Bryan, Sol Simms—most every old body around, if you'd question tight, could speak a heap. But don't go to any man that John Astiville has lent money to.”

She made this last remark in a very low tone, and taking the dollar which he offered, separated from him hurriedly, as if she apprehended that she had already said too much.

Somers was quite at a loss how to estimate the communications which had been made to him. He was well aware of the superstition of the negro mind, but there was something in the manner of the old woman while she uttered her declaration, which seemed to denote a conviction having a real and substantial foundation. Her statements, too, agreed with some dark hints received previously and from a very different quarter. The lawyer's mind also dwelt much upon the man called Cain. Whether that individual were sane or not, Somers felt quite confident that he must be aware of the true site of the corner. His agita-

tion when the spot was mentioned was very remarkable. Naomi's story appeared to point to some crime connected with the stone—could it be that Cain was the perpetrator, and that his singular conduct was the effect of remorse? Somers worried himself in vain with trying to arrange the wild, grotesque materials that had been that day furnished him, into a shapely, consistent, and probable whole. “If, however,” he thought to himself, “I could but make that white-haired man speak, I am confident I would have a witness worth more than all the rest put together.”

It is not to be supposed that while the attorney of the New Yorkers displayed such activity and zeal, there was any remissness on the other side. Everlyn, who had all faith in the rightfulness and legal sufficiency of his title, was not willing to omit any honorable means of securing the great stake which was put at hazard in the event. Astiville had endeavored to rid himself of any trouble in the matter, by disposing of the remaining fourth of the tract. The northerner however, whom he got to look at it, was too wary to buy a law suit. He admitted the value of the land—indeed his eyes shone, as he spoke of it—but calculated that it would be “jest as well, and a leetle better,” to wait a while. Astiville, accordingly, small as was his love of the expenses attending litigation, saw there was no escape. The case being thus, he thought that what was worth any effort at all was worth a vigorous effort, and though he did not communicate every one of his measures to Mr. Everlyn, that gentleman fortunately shared the benefit of them.

Mutual sympathy and a common interest naturally gave rise to a very warm and cordial intercourse between the families. Everlyn did not indeed find in his neighbor that liberality of sentiment, nor that open, frank, and liberal manner, by which his own character was distinguished and adorned. Yet it was pleasant to have as warmly interested and attentive a listener, whenever he desired to talk of the subject that for the time engrossed all his thoughts and desires. Astiville's shrewdness, also, and fertility, and unfaltering confidence in a favorable result, supplied a grateful support to a mind of itself somewhat too easily inclined to despondency.

Sidney Everlyn had no mother, and the

company of Mrs. Astiville, a kind-hearted, well-bred woman, was worthily appreciated. That the old lady was proud and had higher notions of family dignity, than these modern leveling times respect, could form no obstacle to an intimacy with her newly acquired friend. The Everlyns might not have been as much favored by fortune as the Astivilles, yet there certainly was no family in the State which could boast purer or more ancient blood. To this effect Mrs. Astiville frequently expressed herself, in the presence of her children. When such sanction cleared the way, it is not wonderful that the young folks became charmed with one possessing in herself so many lovely and attractive qualities. Howard, the only grown son still at home, was least of all exempt from her influence: it must be added, that the young gentleman was by no means incapable of pleasing a lady in turn. Tall, rather graceful than robust, possessing hair of the color of the Indian's, and a complexion which, though dark, suited well with a countenance slightly tinged perhaps with melancholy, yet expressive of pride, generosity, and intellect—such was Howard Astiville in appearance. His character, so far as then developed, was sufficiently similar to justify the science of Lavater. Reserved and retiring he was, because he scorned to take a lower position than he deserved, and was too sensitive and modest to press into a higher. Great things he would willingly have attempted, had he known the way, but he shrank from the only true preparation for great achievements—he would not begin by attempting the little. Pride is not self-reliance, and Howard chose rather to continue in his ambiguous and undefined station than to incur the risk of failure in cases where failure must be attended with shame. A nature of this kind is prepared to yield readily to love, for in the pursuit to which this passion impels, one may be distrustful of self, and yet lose no dignity, nay, may even contemplate final defeat with a quasi composure, since it involves no degradation.

Some days subsequent to Somers' last exploration of the Hardwater, Howard came over to Everstone at a sweeping gallop.

"News—news, Miss Everlyn!" he cried as soon as he saw the young lady, "the stone is found—do you care to learn on which Branch?"

"Your manner tells me," said Sidney, "you do not look like the bearer of bad tidings."

"No, no," said the young man, smiling joyously, "if the news had been ill, some other messenger than Howard Astiville must have been found to bring it to you. But where think you is the corner-stone found?"

"Near the oak tree by the spring?"

"Yes," said Howard, "that is the very spot—there can be no doubt at all—Everstone stands solid and secure. To think that Yankee feet should have threatened to profane this hall, or that a Yankee axe had been whetted to fell these glorious old trees, fit shade for a mansion which has rejoiced among English oaks! Ah, how delightful it is to reflect that the ruthless Barbarians are disappointed, foiled. Yet you do not exult Miss Everlyn—"

"I was thinking of the danger," answered Sidney, "not of the escape—are you sure that there is not even now room for apprehension?"

"Not the least in the world. My father said at the very first, that the sole reason he had for entertaining the smallest doubt of our success, was on account of the lawyer the others were lucky enough to get: he said that if any body could make their case strong—Richard Somers was the man. But so plain is the matter now, that even Somers himself, I judge, will be puzzled to beat up a cloud capable of obscuring it."

Sidney blushed at this undisguised tribute to the ability of her lover, but merely said, "I never could doubt that the right must triumph—"

"Nor I neither," returned Howard.

"And what presumption it was in the fellows to dispute the assurance of an Astiville. Who ought to know about the boundary so well as my father? And whose honor should pass unquestioned if not his? It might have been known then at once that when he declared that his line extended to such a place, it could not have been said without adequate ground. He must speak from information, and who shall dare affirm that a hundred thousand acres could tempt him to swerve one hair's breadth from what he knew to be the truth."

"My father at least," said Sidney, "did not question his word. When Mr. Astiville assured him that he believed his title as far

as the Lower Branch to be good, he never for one moment conceived it possible that the word could be dictated by aught save honor and good faith—”

“And you see now,” said Howard, with proud animation, “how well-grounded was that confidence. Thank Heaven, we have not yet sunk to the level of these mercenary Yankees—we are conscious of no necessity to deal with each other as with rogues. A southern gentleman may rely upon his friend with a faith which a Northerner can never feel in all the precautions of suspicion and all the vigilance of avarice. What a detestable training is that which teaches a human being to have no other object in life but to over-reach his neighbors. They taunt us Southerners with want of thrift—long may we be preserved from such thrift as theirs!”

“If they misapprehend our character,” replied Sidney, “should it not be a lesson to us to avoid judging uncharitably of them in return? There may be honesty and virtue in Galilee as well as in Jerusalem.”

“Doubtless,” answered Howard—“we should not hate the strangers, but you must acknowledge that it is impossible to help laughing at them. Think of creatures not only destitute of taste, but absolutely incapable of comprehending what it is—think of their ridiculous manners, their stiff, awkward, hitching gait; even to hear them talk is a comedy.”

“Yet as to that,” interrupted Sidney, “we should not forget, that we ourselves have been subjects for ridicule on account of the peculiarity of our speech.”

“I admit it, Miss Evelyn, but surely the language of ‘whar’ is somewhat better than the language of ‘ben.’ As it was in France, the rough northern invaders may beat us down by weight of fist, yet southern intellect and southern literature will after all be found to last the longest. The *Langue d’oc* will in the end triumph over the *langue d’oni*.”

“You mean to say,” said Sidney, “that the *Langue d’oxes* will vanquish the *Langue d’oxens*.”

Howard laughed at the new version and replied, “Well, for my part, I am willing to take ground even on this distinction. Our plural certainly has the merit of being conformed to analogy. Noah Webster himself being judge, I think we should carry the day. Consistency is a jewel—if

we give way to the Yankees in this, they will reform the whole dictionary. It was but the other morning I heard one of them say—not to me, for be assured I do not court their company, but to some body or other whom he had caught—‘the *housen* down here don’t hold a candle to them to the north for bein’ snug and tight.’ Thus among our masters, ‘housen’ has already supplanted houses; it will next supplant house, and then we will be favoured with the improved plural *housens*. Such is an example of the progress and amelioration of language. Well it is for our country that the genius of the north, under the stimulus of common schools, is ever advancing, for we, poor uninstructed creatures, are simple enough to talk as our fathers talked.”

“Surely,” answered Sidney, “you are not so bold as to condemn the system of common schools—the great invention of the age? Or, if you do really cherish such an antediluvian opinion, be careful at least not to avow it abroad. We already bear the reproach of being antiquated and old-fashioned, and patriotism—if you entertain no personal awe of the world’s frown—should forbid your throwing upon our State an additional scandal.”

“Oh, no,” said Howard, “I am not guilty of such audacity. Common schools may be excellent things; but if these men be specimens of their fruits, the institution, like most other new pieces of machinery, will admit of considerable improvement. Redland county cannot boast of many educational advantages—to use the fashionable phrase—but I never yet have seen one of its natives, excepting negroes,—and I might almost venture to comprehend them in the category,—who would commit as many violations of grammatical propriety in a whole day’s talk as you may find certain persons to astound you with in fifteen minutes.”

“But, sir,” said Sidney, “you have yourself acknowledged your incompetency to be a fair witness. You say you shun these new settlers. Depend upon it, then, that the best of them, like the best of any other class, are the most retiring and quiet. It is the nature of ignorance to push itself forward; it hails notice with an unalloyed gratification, for it is insensible to the ridicule by which that notice may be accompanied. I dare say now that it would require no very protracted search to find

among these new comers many who by no means resemble those who have unfortunately struck your fancy."

"Ah, since *you* plead for them," replied the young gentleman in a gallant tone, "I must needs confess my precipitancy. Henceforth I am ready to esteem them as paragons. I will not call them champions of progress, but exemplars of very perfection! There are a few, however, I suppose, who are less legitimate objects of laughter than the rest—whether their better acquaintance with Lindley Murray and the dancing master be not attended with additional powers of knavery, is a question admitting of some doubt. This fellow, Newlove, for instance, is a more decent looking man than most of them, but judge you whether it is our duty to love him very heartily."

"Do you know his daughter?" inquired Sidney.

"No, but I've seen her in church."

"She is handsome, is she not?" added the lady with true feminine curiosity.

"I should not call her so by any means," answered Howard. "She has rather a pleasant countenance, but that is all the praise which can be given it. Yet, Miss Newlove need not sigh for fairer features, since she has charms more certain of meeting general appreciation."

"Her father is wealthy, I believe," remarked Sidney.

"No, he has little or nothing, I understand. Miss Emma 'holds the lines,' to quote the characteristic expression of one of their Yankee friends. That is to say, in the langue d'*oxes*, Miss Evelyn, our contemned vernacular, 'she possesses a considerable fortune in her own right.'"

Sidney, after musing awhile, said, "Well, I am glad that it is so. If, unfortunately, our safety cannot be secured without another's loss, we should be brutal indeed not to hope that our opponent may lose without being reduced to consequent distress and poverty."

"If," answered Howard, "the accounts of her riches be not greatly exaggerated, she may well afford to throw away twenty or thirty thousand dollars in her jaunt to Redland."

"As the corner is identified, the suit will soon be brought to a decision, I presume," observed Sidney.

"At next court, probably," rejoined Howard. "No postponement will come

from our side, of course; and, by the way, I must not forget to tell you, that to prevent Somers and his clients from wearing out our patience by continual delays, it is proposed to keep secret our discovery of the stone. Taken thus by surprise, the cunning lawyer will have no room for subterfuge. How amused I shall be at his confusion, and then to see the New Yorkers spread open their great eyes and to hear them in various tones ejaculate 'sure!'"

"Take good note of it by all means," said Sidney, "so as to be able afterwards to describe the scene for my edification."

"I will, most assuredly," answered Howard, "and if the account does not secure you a good laugh, it must be the fault of the reporter, for I am confident that a more mirth-exciting drama was never performed than that which is to be exhibited next Monday at Daylsborough."

"It has also a very *serious* interest," observed Miss Evelyn, thoughtfully.

"Yes, it is a *tragi-comedy*," said Howard, taking his hat to depart.

Court day came, and great was the gathering at the county seat. Various conflicting whispers passed through the crowd. "I thought from the very first," said one, "that the Yankees were safe when they hung on to the Compton patent." Another answered—"First thoughts are not always wise thoughts, neighbor, as I reckon you'll find." A third said nothing, but gave a significant shake of the head. Finally the vague impression began to prevail very generally that the parties opposed to the New Yorkers would "go it with a rush." The important case came up in its order. Somers showed no desire for its postponement. The counsel of Evelyn and Astiville exchanged glances, but were prudent enough to dissemble their eagerness. A jury was impannelled. The elation of the adherents of the old families was now scarcely restrained. Looks were cast around the room, and ominous remarks made, such as "It isn't brought in yet," "Don't be scared, it's coming, though," and "Somebody will light on somebody presently like a hawk on a June-bug."

Somers seemed strangely unobservant of the signs of the times, or perhaps he foresaw the approaching tempest, yet was too proud to manifest apprehension. At all events, no spectator could detect the slightest ruffle in his calm—almost apathetic—composure.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. MASON, Astiville's principal lawyer, was disposed to allow the other side to bring forward whatever it could, before he showed his own strength. Somers, nothing backward, told the jurymen in few words, that the simple question for them to decide was, which of the Branches, or Forks, of the Hardwater was the one intended in the patent of Roland Compton? "The precise situation of the corner-stone," said he, "is a matter, in itself, of comparatively little importance. When the true Hardwater Run is found, the controversy ends. The west line of the tract in dispute—the line, I mean—connecting the two branches, is a short one, and whether it be inclined a little this way or that, can make but a difference of a few acres, and with this difference neither Mr. Astiville nor Mr. Evelyn can have any thing to do, for the land westward belongs to others. I repeat then, that all that is required of you to-day is, to decide which of the two streams is meant in Compton's patent. Now, proof is at hand that the opinion has prevailed almost universally throughout the community, that the Upper or Northern Branch is Compton's line. Recollect, if you please, gentlemen, that this universal impression is almost the strongest evidence possible for a fact of this kind. Men may be mistaken in regard to a particular corner—such an error may even be propagated and prevail very extensively—but it is scarcely conceivable that the general belief as to the course of a line stretching for a distance of almost five miles, can be wrong."

Witnesses were introduced whose testimony fulfilled his declaration.

Mr. Mason admitted with great candor, that common belief, unopposed, is strong proof, "but," added he "there may be stronger. The patent calls for Hardwater Run; now which of the streams above the forks most deserves the name of Run? Surely the largest. Let any one go to-day and test them by this rule. He will find the Lower Branch a clear, steady, and not inconsiderable stream—the Upper Branch he will scarcely be able to find. He will see, indeed, a dry ditch which serves to drain the country after a thunder shower, but that is all. Run!—why, gentlemen,

what does the word mean, if it be not a flowing, constant, brook?"

Somers here remarked—"By the leave of my learned friend, I would suggest that the size of the channel is oftentimes a surer proof of the importance of a stream, than the quantity of water there may chance at a certain season to be in it. Examine the two branches, gentlemen, as you have been advised. What is the Lower one? My friend has correctly described it. A stream which even in this season of drought refreshes the eye with its clear-flowing current. In this respect it is distinguished above many streams which bear more imposing titles. I can lead you to a river which cannot supply sufficient water to turn a mill-wheel. What is it that gives the Lower Branch its superiority? The fact is easily explained. It happens to be fed by several springs which are remarkably lasting. Yet the Lower Branch is but a small brook. Turn to the Upper Fork. What do you see there? A dry ditch, says my learned brother. I will not quarrel with him about terms, but to me it appears a channel, empty indeed, but capable of containing without overflow the waters of the largest canal. This is July; look at it next April—what is it then? You will find that empty ditch filled to the brim with an impetuous current which a horse-man cannot ford without danger. In April look also at the Lower Branch—it bears the same character as in summer—it is still a clear, small brook. You may now be curious to learn, gentlemen, how the rival streams appeared to those who planted Compton's corner stones. That is a point upon which I am fortunately able to give you satisfaction. We know from unquestionable evidence that the survey of the tract was made, not in July, but in April. The fourth corner stone was placed on the edge of Hardwater Run, and what man is there that can behold the two streams in April and doubt which deserves to be called the Run and which the Branch?"

Mr. Mason now alluded to the *name*, which, he said, implied that the water of the Run was hard or brackish. He inquired whether such a title was not very inappropriate to a stream supplied by rain

water and summer torrents, while it may be given without obvious inconsistency to one which depends principally upon constant springs, especially when it could be shown that any of these springs really does flow with water unfit to be used in washing and for other similar household purposes, and he proffered witnesses to prove this to be the case with at least one of the springs on the Lower Branch.

Mr. Astiville's lawyer dwelt at considerable length upon this head and seemed to produce an effect upon the jury. When he had ended, Somers rose with a subdued smile and produced a very old printed journal in which mention was made of an attempt to explore the country near the mouth of a creek whose name was spelled Hedwawt. Next he showed the jury a map, like the volume, long anterior in date to Compton's letters patent, which gave some few miles of the lower portion of a stream bearing the title of Hadderwawt. Lastly, he exhibited a thin folio volume with vellum covers. This book, whose antique appearance excited much curiosity in the Court-room, proved to be a copy of one of the earliest publications relating to the colony. Somers turned to the appendix and pointed with his finger to a sentence the last clause of which read as follows—"a muddy creek or small river, called by the savages Hadderwawt or Hardwat."

"Such," said Somers, "is the origin of that name which my friend on the other side has taken such pains to deduce from the brackish nature of an insignificant little spring some twenty miles from the mouth. The Indians, you know, gentlemen, did not speak English in those days, and 'hardwat' in the ir language meant something very different, I'll answer for it, from that which we call hard water."

"There's one of Lawyer Mason's pegs broke, that's certain," observed a man outside the bar to his neighbor.

"Never mind," answered the individual spoken to, "Mason's got a good chunk of white oak to drive in next. See there what's coming, isn't that a back-log for you?"

There was now quite a stir in the throng. At a signal from Mason, three stout negroes advanced, whose stooping backs and rigid muscles testified to the ponderousness of that which they were bearing. The judge was surprised, the jury stared. The

negroes laid down their burden which was then seen to be the quarter section of a short log taken from a tree of great diameter. About twelve or fourteen inches from the heart, there appeared three little marks which might have been the gashes made by an axe when the tree was young and grown over by the new wood deposited during the many years which had since elapsed.

"If there be any doubt in your minds," said Mason to the jury, "as to whether you see the marks of the surveyor, they will be removed by an examination of the other quarter of the log." The negroes now came forward a second time. Obeying Mason's direction, they placed this stick by the side of the first and made it evident that the two had once been united. The three marks were discernible on the edge of each.

By the permission and indeed suggestion of the judge, proper tools were brought, and one of the sections was 'hearted' as woodmen call it, that is, was cleft in the direction of the rings formed by the sap. It was now still more plain that the marks were scars of the notches made a long time previous by a hatchet or some other sharp instrument. Their number and their situation in the tree went strongly to show that they were the work of a surveyor.

Mason introduced witnesses to prove that the pieces of wood then before the court had been taken from a tree standing on the edge of the Lower Branch, which tree he proceeded to argue, denoted the situation of the disputed corner. "But gentleman," he added, in a tone of modest triumph, "a rightful cause does not depend upon this evidence alone. I have something else to show you."

As he beckoned with his hand, a white man stepped forward, bringing in his arms a stone some four inches thick and two feet long.

"Where did this come from, Mr. Johnson?"

The witness, after being properly sworn, testified, that he, in company with several others had brought it from beside the Lower Branch of the Hardwater, where it was standing, covered nearly to the top with earth.

"How far from the white oak tree, Mr. Johnson?"

"About four paces."

"I am confident," said Mason, addressing the jury, "that I have presented to you the original fourth corner-stone. At the making of the Compton survey, there were six stones planted. The five respecting which no doubt has ever existed, are all of a dark blue slate—the stone now before you is of blue slate. The others are planted so that about two feet of the stone are above the surface of the earth. This stood with only eight or ten inches of it visible; but look at the top of it, gentleman, see how ragged and uneven it is! The others are squared and levelled at the top. It is easy to conceive that the stone by the Hardwater, has been broken since it was placed there. When it was broken I cannot tell. That it has not lately been done is evident from the weather-beaten appearance and uniform hue of the stone. The six stones were all of them inscribed with the initials R. C., for Roland Compton; they were *numbered* too. Do you demand that the number and initials shall be visible on this? Consider, gentlemen, that the upper portion of this piece of slate has been broken off and is lost—perhaps some overflow of the stream has swept it far from the spot—it eludes the most careful search. You cannot ask for impossibilities; my clients do all that is within their power; they bring before you what remains of the stone. Without stopping to indulge in vain regrets, let us make the best of what we have. The greater portion of the inscription is gone, but perhaps some little of it may remain. Examine the stone, the smoothest side of it—do you not see nearly the whole of the R.? Now look further along where the break unfortunately runs downward; is there not something left of the C? And can you not discern even what was once the lower part of a 4? Take it, I beg you, and study it well, remembering that those marks of the chisel, however plain they once were, have had to endure the frosts and driving storms of a century and a half.

The jurymen, as they scanned the bit of slate, and followed with their fingers the faint marks upon its surface, nodded gravely to each other, as if to say, "It does look like an R. and a C. and a figure 4."

Mason inquired whether any further evidence was demanded of the identity of the

stone with that which was asserted to have been found near the oak tree on the run.

Somers answering in the affirmative, Timothy Gauslin was summoned. His testimony was decided and unequivocal, and fully confirmed that of the witness who preceded.

As the man was about to withdraw, he was detained by Somers, who expressed a desire to put an additional question or two. Tim Gauslin turned and stood with great patience, but the attorney of the New Yorkers made a considerable pause before commencing the cross-examination. The attention of all was instantly fixed. Even the sheriff's severe eye, as it swept over the crowded room, could not distinguish the slightest sign of disorder. Judge, jury, and spectators preserved a profound silence. Expectation was stimulated to the utmost. Mason himself began to feel somewhat nervous and uneasy, as he watched the calm, disembarassed, but ominous expression of the countenance of his antagonist.

When at length Somers opened his lips, it was to address not the witness, but the court. "My able and distinguished friend," he said, "has omitted to refer to one of the characteristics of the fourth stone—it marks not only a corner of the Compton tract, but the site of a grave."

Mason rose at once and was about to express astonishment, or perhaps a positive denial, but the other without giving him time to speak, added, "It is well that the contested corner should be better marked than those in regard to which there is no dispute. The other stones have their still legible inscriptions to distinguish them, the fourth has this additional mark, that it is the head-stone of a grave. The fact to which I allude is, I believe, unquestionable, and requires to be established by no array of witnesses. I suppose there is not a person here who will refuse to admit it."

The lawyer's keen glance, which at first had been confined to the members of the jury, now fell—whether by accident or through design—upon the elder Astiville. That gentleman sprang up and exclaimed, "Does Mr. Somers look at me? Am I to be the subject of slander and villainous insinuations?"

No reply being made, however, order was immediately restored in court. Somers

turning to Gauslin, inquired whether it was his opinion and belief that some one was buried near the fourth corner stone.

"It has always been understood so," answered the witness. "I know nothing more about it than the common run of folks, but I have been told it was the case and believed it."

Mason heard this reply with extreme surprise, and as he saw the statement confirmed by the significant glances exchanged among the jurymen, and by a general hum of assent pervading the throng outside the bar, felt at a loss as to the ground he should take. But ere he had opportunity for meditation, his mind was destined to be assailed by further disturbing causes.

Somers followed up his interrogatory by another. "Do you know of any investigation having been made to ascertain whether there is any grave near the spot where this stone was found?"

Tim Gauslin hesitated a little, but answered "Yes."

"Be good enough, then, sir, to tell the court about it."

Gauslin after a deprecating glance towards Mr. Mason, who was frowning, terribly, said, "Well, you see, after the five of us had seen to the stone, and taken it off, it came into the heads of Peter Grimes and me to look about in a quiet way for the grave. It couldn't do any harm, and, we thought, might help to make a plain matter plainer."

The man stopped, and Mason felt somewhat encouraged.

"And what did you find?" asked Somers.

"We found a plaguy hard customer," replied Gauslin, and again paused.

The crowd excited by suspense, stood on tiptoe, looking over one another's shoulders, and striving to catch every word that should be uttered. The members of the Bar forgot for the instant their professional sang-froid, and listened as eagerly as the vulgar. The Judge himself displayed more than his usual grave attention. There was one exception to the general demeanor—John Astiville, who leaned back in his seat with folded arms and an air of dogged composure.

Gauslin resumed his story, "We dug down at one side of where the stone had stood, and came to solid rock; we dug in

another place, and there we came to solid rock; we tried another side and *there* was rock—we tried all around and every where it was the same. Within two feet of the top there's one great flat rock extending to the hill on the south side, and on the north, reaching a distance of about ten feet, and sloping away, like, under the stump."

"Perhaps the stone has been quarried out and replaced again," Mason ventured to remark.

"No," said the witness, shaking his head, "we tried it with the iron bar and it sounded dull and heavy everywhere, as if it had never been disturbed."

"What kind of rock did you find it to be?" asked Somers. "Does it resemble this stone which has been brought into Court?"

"Yes, it seems about the same."

Somers allowed the man to retire, and then observed to the Jury, "the *head-stone*, it is very clear, yet remains to be found, and it is for you to decide whether we can have seen the *corner-stone*."

"There is the tree, however," said Mason, "plainly bearing the surveyor's mark. Do not be led away, gentlemen, by vague traditions, when you have before you evidence like this, real, substantial, and that cannot be mistaken. Here you have a witness that has come from the depths of the forest to speak to you—a witness hitherto carefully concealed by the hand of nature, because its testimony was not needed till to-day in support of right and justice. This is not a short-lived man in whose declaration you are required to believe; not a weak, frail being who sees a transaction this morning in order to forget it the morrow—no; but a witness who existed in hardy vigor at a period when the oldest among you was yet unborn, and whose memory retains the impression then made upon it with a tenacity as enduring as the tough fibres which constitute its frame. That oak as it stood by the side of the Hardwater, bore no outward sign of what was within. How think you then was it found—by accident? Far otherwise. There were those who, knowing their rights, knew where to look for arguments to defend them. You may send a woodman to fell a thousand trees along that run and in not one of them will you find, as in this, the indelible imprint of the surveyor's hatchet.

My clients needed not this proof to satisfy themselves of their title, their belief had other foundation—but such proof seemed to be useful for your conviction, and to silence unscrupulous adversaries: and therefore, at the place where the corner was known to stand, they sought for *signs* of the corner, they found them, they have brought them here, you see them—and I dare to add, you *believe* them.”

“That’s the way to lay down the doctrine,” remarked Foley the squatter, in tones by no means inaudible.

Somers now inquired how many rings could be counted in the wood outside of the marks.

“About ninety,” answered Mason, “or perhaps one or two less.”

“And Compton’s patent dates sixty years earlier,” added Somers quietly.

“Yes,” said the other, “but the discrepancy admits of an easy explanation. When the corner was first established, there was no occasion for any marked tree, the stone was sufficient; but that in lapse of time becoming broken, it was proper to take other precautions to prevent the locality from being forgotten.”

It is not attempted to give a regular and minute account of the rather discursive and irregular proceedings at the trial. To many arguments advanced on each side no reference is made at all. The counsel of course did their best, urging every consideration which seemed likely to impel the jury in the desired direction. Proof of various sorts was brought forward, documentary, living, direct, hearsay, as happened to come to hand. Somers, however, was much more sparing of words than his opponents, judiciously considering, that the plain jurymen, becoming confused by such a mass of incongruous evidence, would be ready, in despair, to banish the whole of it, and to yield up their minds to any argument which should be presented clearly and forcibly at the close. What to believe about the matter of the grave he knew not, but it had evidently produced an impression upon the jury, and he determined to bring up under its shelter an argument in which he did believe. The appearance of strength, the lawyer was aware, is as good as strength itself, whenever it can be confirmed and supported before its insufficiency is discovered.

Having waited patiently, therefore, till

the zealous gentlemen on the other side had said what they had to say, Somers urged upon the jury the fact that no grave had been found. That such a grave existed at the real site of the corner, he treated as a matter perfectly indisputable. He wound up this division of his argument by saying, “You see, gentlemen, how impossible it is that the stone which has been brought into Court can be the one planted on the line between Compton and Astiville. Supposing then we admit that this oak log be all it is claimed to be, what follows? It has the strokes of the surveyor upon it, and hence you may *infer* that marks a line, or a corner—perhaps the corner we are in search of. Grant everything that is asked, and you get a bare *probability*. Assign to this proof what strength you may, there is opposed to it a stronger. Even though a probability should advance to the very verge of certainty, though it should want but a hair’s breadth of perfection, still, it cannot establish what is impossible. If the matter stood thus, and we could not account for the tree’s having been scored as it is, the cause of my clients would, notwithstanding, remain unshaken. But the matter does not so stand: I am able to show what the other side have no right to demand of me. A few words will suffice to inform you what those silent notches denote. The grandfather of the late Mr. Compton had been blessed by heaven with seven sons. The same hand that gave, subsequently bereft him of all but two, the oldest and the youngest. Those two remaining hopes of the parent were very unlike. The one son was a pale, sickly lad; Alexander, the eldest, on the contrary, was a young man in the prime of life, and blooming with health and vigor. The father became consoled for what he had lost, in beholding this firm support of his declining steps. Alexander Compton became attached to a young lady worthy of him in station, in wealth, in personal attractions. They were betrothed, and a day was appointed for the wedding. The father, in view of this event, determined to make a division of his landed estate, and to bestow a large portion upon that eldest child Alexander. With his own hand Mr. Compton made a draught on paper of the bounds of that portion, which draught it was proposed to enlarge when the wedding-day

should come, into the form of a legal conveyance. Such an instrument, however, was never executed. Alexander, while on the way to the home of his bride was obstructed by a swollen stream. He attempted to cross and was drowned. How does this sad story concern the present case? Much, gentlemen, for if that marriage had taken place you would not to-day have been assembled here. If the deed of gift which that sorely stricken father was prevented from making, had been put on record in the office of this Court, no doubt could ever have arisen as to the course of the northern line of the Compton patent. Yet, though I cannot show you the deed, I can show you the draught on which it was to have been based. Here is a dingy sheet of paper, taken from the recesses of the desk, to which it was doubtless consigned by the desolate father himself, who from that fatal morning must have loathed the sight of it. Take it, gentlemen, but handle it gently, for it is a record of sorrow."

The jury examined the paper with great interest.

Somers continued—"I have made mention of a feeble younger child. That son survived, and from him are descended all of the Comptons who now exist, and it is to defend the title of those descendants that I present this paper to you; for, the rights of the Comptons, not the mere interests of my clients, are what you are impaneled to try. Reference is made, as you perceive, in this paper, to a white oak tree, two rods upward from a certain sulphur spring near the Lower Branch. I found the sulphur spring, gentlemen, and measuring off the space given, I came to a large stump. What has become of the wood taken from that stump, I have learned—and you too have learned, this morning.

The draft bears date eighty-six years ago. Let the rings on yonder log be counted." The judge himself undertook to make the reckoning, and pronounced the number to agree with that stated.

"I was confident," resumed Somers, "that it would prove so, though I never saw that piece of timber till it was brought into court this morning. Now, it will be further noticed, that the paper, after giving this tree as one of the corners of the tract to be bestowed on Alexander Compton, adds, that the line shall run thence in a

northwesterly direction to the old *fourth corner-stone on Hardwater Run*. If, gentlemen, you strike a line northwestwardly from the Lower Branch, you *must* hit upon the North Branch. My argument is done; the true Hardwater is found; and no more is needed to decide the present suit."

Upon Mason's offering to contest the genuineness of the document offered in evidence, Somers showed conclusively by the testimony of the administrators and various members of the family of the late Mr. Compton, and by comparison of hand-writing, that there was no reasonable ground to doubt its being what it purported to be. Thus, whatever might be thought of the legal insufficiency of the paper in other respects, it at least showed the belief entertained in regard to the boundary of the tract, by the head of the Compton family nearly a century previous.

The trial was at length brought to a close. After a long interval of suspense, bar, suitors, and audience, were informed that the jury could not agree. Nine of the twelve, it appeared, were disposed to decide in favor of the title of the New Yorkers, but the remaining three held out stiffly for the "old families."

John Astiville, on this occasion, had no mind to curse the law's delay. As for Mr. Everlyn, he was greatly startled by the strong case presented on a side where he had expected to see nothing but shuffling evasions. He began now for the first time to apprehend that his friend and he did not enjoy so complete a monopoly of justice as had been presumed. Astiville noticed his faltering confidence, and found it necessary to administer support. The task was commenced adroitly enough.

"Is not Dick Somers a crafty dog? What other man could do so much with nothing? He can brandish a shadow in the face of the jury, and make the simple souls believe it a real argument."

"But," said Everlyn, "what is this grave that is talked about? I never heard of it before."

Astiville laughed as he answered, "You are not alone in ignorance, be assured. There are many more in the same plight."

"Then is there really nothing in it?"

"Yes, about as much as there is in half the idle gossip of a negro fireside. Somers has hunted up some old rigmorole tale—

it served his purpose, and that is all he cared for. He does well to enlist in defence of the weakest party, for his talents would be wasted on any side that possessed the innate strength of justice."

"But what are we to do now?" asked Everlyn.

"Why, we must endeavor to beat them at their own weapons."

"You do not mean, that because they are unscrupulous, it is necessary for us to be unscrupulous also. That is, according to your own definition, to throw away our strength because they know how to make a good use of weakness?"

"By no means," answered Mr. Astiville; "all that I propose now is, to delay the decision till an opportunity shall occur when the minds of men are disabused of the misconceptions which Somers has instilled into them. Neither you nor I would prosecute the matter, unless we knew that the right was in our favor. Therefore, with clear conscience, we can wish the jury to decide for us; but if such a decision can only be brought about by a little management, the course of wisdom is plain enough."

"That is," suggested Everlyn, "in case the measures you have reference to are innocent."

"Certainly. Indeed, in the present affair, I think we have little occasion for any very active conduct. Let us be patient, and time will bring things right."

Everlyn did not altogether understand what meaning was covered under these enigmatical expressions, but Mr. Astiville did, which of course was sufficient.

The conversation was continued as they rode homeward. Everlyn remarked, "I thought the discovery of the stone and tree was to be kept secret, yet Somers did not appear to be taken by surprise when they were produced."

"No, he ferreted it out in some way. Gauslin's self-willed stupidity led to it, though he assures me that he never spoke to any body about the search he had made, and was far from anticipating any questions as to its result. His companion, Grimes, must have betrayed it, or at least have dropped some hint which Somers was sagacious enough to interpret and avail himself of. Thus we rather lost than gained by our stratagem. The trap was sprung

when we did not expect it, and recoiled upon our own heads. Trust me, however, we shall be even with the Yankees yet. The clients, luckily, are not as deep in craft as the advocate."

Everlyn, after musing awhile, answered, "I would not have expected such a course from Somers. His manner being so cordial and frank, I did not doubt that his friendship was as sincere as it seemed. To be threatened with ruin is sufficiently bad in itself, but to see the blow guided by a hand from which only good offices were looked for, is apt to overcome one's patience altogether."

"It is useless," replied Astiville, "to be vexed on such an account. A lawyer makes his living from mischief, and he is the best among them who sticks most closely to his trade. His client is his victim, and in truth I must say it argues a degree of tenderness of conscience in Somers, that he is reluctant to prey upon his friends so long as he has some one else to devour."

"You do not apprehend my meaning," said Everlyn. "I would not care so much about his joining against me, if he would only be a fair and open foe. Let him defend, if he will, the admirable clients he has adopted, and let him urge the law against me to its very letter; his choice may affect me with surprise, but I will not blame the man for it. But to surpass in zeal even those for whom he acts, to out-Schrowder Schrowder, to have recourse, with dauntless effrontery, to every device of misrepresentation, duplicity, and low cunning—this, I think, is a supererogation in meanness which his profession does not demand."

"My dear sir," said the other, "you take this matter too hardly. If Somers were a relative now, you would have reason to be mortified and vexed, but as it is, what can he be to you?"

Mr. Everlyn thought he had ample reason for his concern, when he considered that the individual referred to had shown a desire to become his son-in-law, but he deemed it proper to confine this reflection to himself.

"Besides," added Astiville, "Somers, whatever may be his ability, is after all of a low family, and what better could you expect from him? Plants that have sprung from the dung-hill will savor of their origin."

"I am compelled to believe it," answered Evelyn.

"For my part," said Astiville, "I think it a doctrine easy to be believed without compulsion. The whole analogy of nature is in its favor. No law is more universal than that things beget their like. Then again these self-made men, whom it is the cant of the day to eulogise, want that early training and example with which the children of good families are favored."

"I am inclined," Evelyn said, "to assign even more weight to this last consideration than to the other. Do we not sometimes see an old family servant display more of the manner of a courteous, well-bred gentleman than we find in many of those who are received in good and respectable society? If instances of this sort of servants are more rare than formerly, I fear it argues that we, their masters, have degenerated from the elevated tone and habits of our fathers."

"There is no doubt much force in what you say," rejoined Astiville, "yet I cannot but attach great importance to the *blood*. It conveys from one generation to another those sentiments of honor which, like the instincts of the lower animals, point out better than any teacher can do, what conduct is becoming our station in life."

Evelyn shook his head. "It is a comfortable creed, but I suspect that if a candid examination is made, we shall find that no small share of the villainy which has been carried on in the world is traceable to the offspring of honest and distinguished lineages. Still—and to this extent I agree with you—I do think that good blood, though it may be no preservative against wickedness, in the abstract, must restrain any one in whose veins it flows from those acts of paltry, underhand baseness which the perpetrator cannot acknowledge without shame, even in the company of his fellow miscreants. All sin is certainly to be abhorred and shunned, but if a choice had to be made, give me rather the dauntless ruffianly *crime*, than the sneaking vice which violates a trust or betrays the innocent—give me rather the high-bred villain than the low, grovelling scoundrel."

The two gentlemen had by this time come to a fork in the road where it was necessary for them to separate, Mr. Astiville crossing the Run and bearing off to

the right, while his friend pursued his way up the stream.

It was a week or ten days afterward, when Somers, released for a period from his duties at Daylsborough, thought proper to turn his face towards the Hardwater. As in duty bound, he first visited his client Mr. Newlove. In the reception which he met there, and especially in the sincere and earnest thanks for his exertions uttered by Emma, he felt recompensed for the sacrifice which he made to a sense of duty.

"I did my best," he answered, "and I think I may congratulate you upon the result, for it is far more favorable than I had reason to apprehend from the complexion of the jury. If nothing untoward happens in the meanwhile, I think the next trial may be expected to establish your title completely. This, however, is quite uncertain, and the suit may be protracted to a considerable length. One thing I must enjoin upon you, and that is, to keep Mr. Schrowder quiet. If the cause is eventually lost, I think it will be owing to him."

Mr. Newlove replied gravely that Mr. Schrowder was an individual of great obstinacy and energy.

Emma smiled and said—"We cannot promise to perform impossibilities—yet I trust the case is not hopeless. At any rate every resource of persuasion shall be tasked."

"If *you* undertake the matter," returned the lawyer, gallantly, "I am sure the point is gained."

After an hour's talk, Somers' eye began to wander about the walls of the room. Then he rose and offered to take leave. Upon Mr. Newlove's urging him to remain to dinner, he excused himself, and mentioned that he had another call to make that afternoon.

Newlove replied eagerly to this, that he would find neither Dubosk nor Schrowder at home, and therefore could gain nothing by such a hasty departure.

Somers—to the great risk of his legal reputation be it spoken—was a little embarrassed, but recovering from the moment's hesitation, was able to signify that there was another family in the vicinity, not alluded to, which it was possible to visit.

Emma, with a woman's quick apprehension, caught his meaning, and was too con-

siderate as well as polite to attempt to detain him longer.

Somers, however, was high-spirited, and could not creep away in the style of a school-boy going to rob an orchard, so he added firmly—"The truth is, I must call on Mr. Everlyn. I fear he will think hardly enough of me at best, and I must not increase his displeasure by neglecting any duty of friendship which it is left in my power to perform."

Though this was uttered quite glibly, the young lady did not fail to perceive that

his interest in the Everlyn family was by no means so entirely engrossed as his words seemed to denote, by its *head*. Somers was conscious that his secret was penetrated, yet he had little inclination to be angry on account of the discovery, for, somehow or other, nobody ever became acquainted with Emma Newlove without feeling that if it were necessary to have a confessor, there could not be found in the whole world a person whom one would choose for that office in preference to her.

To be Continued.

BRITISH ENCROACHMENTS AND AGGRESSIONS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE MOSQUITO QUESTION.

PREFATORY NOTE.

SINCE the following pages were written, we have witnessed a series of startling events, which must, in a forcible manner, direct the attention of the United States to the subject of aggressions of British agents in Central America. Having as early as January, 1848, seized upon the port of San Juan de Nicaragua, the only practicable eastern terminus of the proposed grand inter-oceanic canal, the agent of the British Government, upon the paltriest pretexts, has now assumed to take possession of the magnificent Bay or Gulf of Fonseca, second only to San Francisco, and commanding the entire Pacific coast from Panama to San Diego. The subjoined account of this bay, written some months ago, will not be uninteresting in this connection:

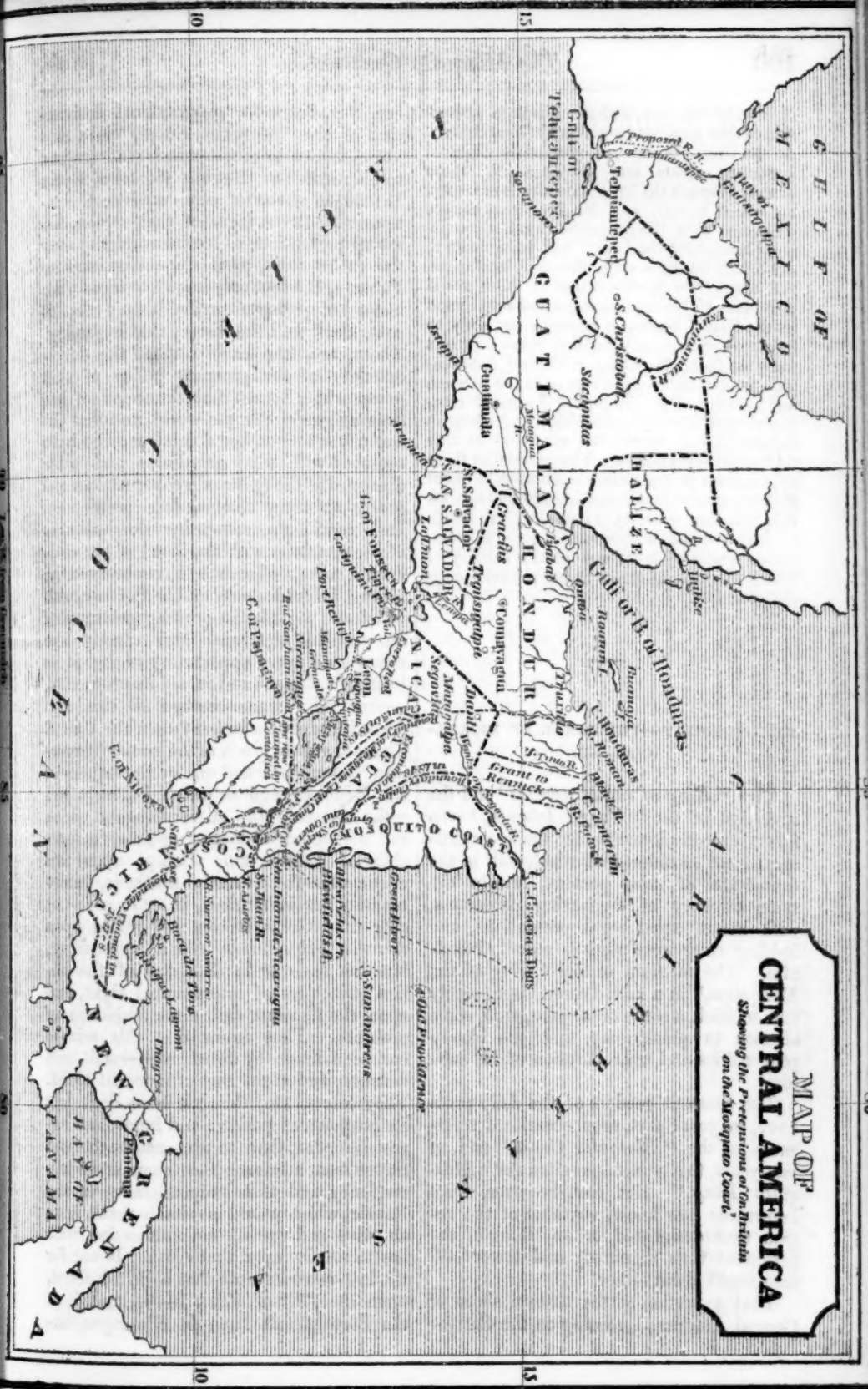
"The Bay of Fonseca, or Conchagua, may be described as a grand harbor, in which all the navies of the whole world might ride with entire security. It much resembles that of San Francisco in position and form; the entrance from the sea is, however, broader. Its entire length, within the land, is not far from 100 miles, by from 50 to 70 in breadth. The three states of San Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua, have ports upon it. In respect to trade, the principal port, on the main land, is that of La Union in San Salvador. All the islands of this bay, and the adjacent coasts are of unbounded fertility, and furnish an abundant supply of timber. The sides of the volcano of San Miguel, in particular, are covered with white oak and pine, suitable for building or repairing ships. The bay embraces several large islands of great beauty, surrounded by water of such depth as to enable vessels of the largest size to approach close in shore. The most important of these, from the circumstances of its size, and the fact that it commands and is the key of the entire bay, is the Island of Tigre, belonging to Honduras. This island was the head quarters and depot of Drake, during his operations in the South Sea. It is about forty miles in

circumference, level near the shore, but rising gradually in the centre, so as to form a regular cone—thus affording almost every variety of air and climate desirable. Upon this island is situated the free port of Amapala.

"The English have long had covetous eyes upon this island, particularly since the project of a canal across the isthmus of Nicaragua has been seriously entertained, and since the United States has acquired so large and important territories on the Pacific. The alleged debts due to Great Britain, or rather British subjects, will furnish pretexts for collisions, which in turn will lead to the occupation of this island by the English. This will be but another step of the same policy which led to the seizure of the island of Roatan and the port of San Juan, and which has for its ultimate object the control of the passengers across the isthmus, and the prevention of American preponderance in the Pacific. Our vessels, merchandize and citizens passing around Cape Horn, across the isthmus of Panama, or through the proposed ship canal in Nicaragua, would be completely within the power of Great Britain, and might easily be intercepted from this commanding position, should she succeed in possessing herself of it. Besides, in this event the three states of San Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua, with their great mineral wealth and unlimited agricultural resources, would soon be reduced to the condition of dependencies of Great Britain, and ultimately be absorbed by her."

When the above was written, it was not supposed that the designs of the agents of Great Britain were so nearly ripe for execution. Upon the 16th of October, the British war steamer "*Gorgon*," having on board H. B. M.'s. *Chargé d'Affaires* in Guatemala, arrived in the bay of Fonseca, and proceeded at once to take possession of the island of Tigre, "in the name of the Queen." As the particulars of this and the subsequent occurrences have been made known through the medium of the daily press, it is unnecessary to say more, than that this act was followed by the seizure of the other

MAP OF
CENTRAL AMERICA
Showing the Possessions of Great Britain
on the Mosquito Coast



islands of the bay, and the absolute possession of that important position by Great Britain. As the United States had previously acquired important rights and privileges in these islands, through the legitimate means of treaty, by which means, and for important objects connected with the proposed canal, a provisional cession of the island had been made to the United States,—under these circumstances, and apart from an observance of those grand principles hitherto proclaimed and acted upon by the United States, it becomes our duty to interpose efficaciously against these outrages upon the feeble Republics of Central America. This is demanded by a regard to the freedom and security of the important routes of communication already established, and about to be established, across the continent at this and neighboring points. The pretext for these seizures are paltry claims amounting to about \$30,000 against Honduras, and \$80,000 against San Salvador, made up of items, not one-fourth of which would be entertained, for a moment, in our courts of law: and of the validity of which England assumes to be the sole judge and executor.

BRITISH POLICY—THE CANAL OF NICARAGUA, &C.

THE "*King of the Mosquitos*" and the sovereign of the "*Tongo Islands*," who figure so conspicuously in the sea-canticles, if not considered identical, fall, in the estimation of most persons, within the same category of dog-eating potentates, with about equal regal pretensions, and holding sway over regions equally indefinite. The mention of the "*King of the Mosquitos*," in a mixed assemblage, rarely fails to elicit a smile or a joke, with some allusion to phlebotomy, and the bloody propensities and wide diffusion of his subjects.

The constant readers of the daily press have, in years past, seen occasional references to the "*Mosquito Coast*," and, of late years, to a personage called the "*Mosquito King*." But few, however, have known, or now know, anything of the region thus designated, or any thing of the potentate thus dignified, and fewer still care aught about either.

That a portion of the eastern shore of Central America, bordering on the Carrib-

ean Sea, bears the geographical designation of the "*Mosquito Shore*," is a fact not unknown to geographical students and to map-makers. But the fact that Great Britain, in virtue of some equivocal relations with the savages of that region, has set up pretensions to semi-sovereignty over the entire coast, from Cape Honduras to Panama, is a fact only known to those who, instead of poring over the history that is past, mark well the history that is passing. Those, too, who have watched the developments of the grasping policy of that power which boasts that the sound of her evening gun circles the world, and that the sun never sets on her dominions, who have observed with what greediness and utter disregard of the rights of weaker nations she grasps at every commanding position on both continents, cementing the bulwarks of her greatness with the blood of her children at home,—those who have observed the feeling, half of jealousy and half of fear, with which she regards the growing greatness of our confederacy, and how eagerly she seizes upon every opportunity to thwart its legitimate designs and retard its prosperity,—those who have observed all this, and deem it a duty incumbent upon the United States to adhere firmly to the grand "*American System*" marked out by the fathers of the Republic, and to watch jealously and resist earnestly the encroachments which the corrupted and unscrupulous monarchies of Europe may attempt upon this continent,—these wakeful sentinels, unfortunately few in number, know to well not only that Great Britain has seized upon this vast and valuable extent of territory, but has done so in disregard of the holiest principles of international right, and upon the flimsiest and most ambitious of pretexts. They know that this seizure has been made by force, with insult and defiance, and at the cost of innocent blood. They know, too, this has been done less for purposes of positive and immediate aggrandisement, than to prevent the United States from attaining that commercial ascendancy and that preponderance in the Pacific, which would inevitably result from an easy and speedy communication with her territories upon that coast. It was for the last-named reason that a British force, upon the 17th of Feb., 1848, landed at the Port of San Juan de Nicaragua, ex-

pelled the Nicaraguan authorities, and took possession of that important point, which they have since forcibly held and have proclaimed their intention of holding.

The Port of San Juan is situated at the mouth of the river of that name, communicating with the Lake of Nicaragua, and commands the well-known, long-talked-of, and only feasible route for a ship-canal across the American continent.

Apart from all questions of right involved in the matter, does Great Britain desire to control the important Isthmus of Nicaragua for the purpose of herself constructing the proposed great canal? Far from it! She now occupies a position, in respect to the great commercial centres of the Asiatic hemisphere, in distance 2000 miles, and in point of time 15 or 20 days nearer, than her only great commercial rival the United States. If that canal were built, these advantages would be reversed; the United States would be 3000 miles, and 20 days, nearer than England; and in communicating with the vast and, as yet, undeveloped empires of Asia, the net gain to the United States would be, in round numbers, 5000 miles in distance and 40 days in time. Under all her present advantages, it is all that England can do to maintain her ascendancy in this commercial field against the superior energy, enterprise, and sagacity of America. Reverse the physical advantages which she possesses, and the result is easily predicted. Cooped in a narrow island, destitute of the internal resources of the United States, which, if developed, would make her independent of the world, England relies upon her commerce for her very existence. To sustain and promote this, may be said to be her controlling policy. From the day her predominance in this respect ceases—from that day she will date her rapid decline. It is her vital point, and a blow aimed there she more dreads than the descent of a hostile army on her coasts, or a thousand hostile cannon on the Thames.

The entire Pacific coast of the American continent has hitherto been in the possession of a sluggish race,—its resources undeveloped, and contributing little to the commerce of the world. But late events indicate, with unerring certainty, that this quiescent period is passed. It requires no extraordinary degree of prescience to

foresee there the speedy rise of a great and powerful State, occupied by a population unsurpassed for its industry and enterprise, and ready to seize upon every advantage which the resources of that vast coast or its commercial facilities may afford. Five years ago there was only a little cluster of Americans, a handful in a wilderness of savages, at the mouth of the Columbia river in Oregon, reached only by long and tedious voyages around Cape Horn, or by weary and perilous journeys, of months in duration, over land. Now we possess there an empire in respect to territory; the magic touch of the Anglo-American has unlocked the hidden treasures of the earth, and is followed by a flow of wealth unprecedented in the history of the world. A State, not yet twelve months old, knocks with all the sturdiness of manhood for admission into the Union. Cities spring up as by enchantment on the shores of San Francisco and the banks of the Sacramento. The sails of fleets laden with life and energy, whiten the Pacific seas; and giant steamers crush their way along the virgin shores of half a continent! It will not be long before a ring of iron shall wed the stormy Atlantic to the Pacific, affording new facilities to American enterprise, and pointing clearly to American ascendancy in the Pacific. This England sees, but cannot prevent. She strove hard to acquire California, but her diplomatic arts were foiled. But she may retard that preponderance, and, as she hopes, retain her commercial ascendancy in the great centres of oriental trade. She well knows that no mode of communication across the American continent can seriously affect that grand, and to her all important branch of commerce, except it be a canal sufficiently large to pass easily and speedily the largest vessels with their cargoes; and she knows equally well that the only feasible route for such an enterprise is the Isthmus and Lake of Nicaragua.

No sooner did the war with Mexico break out than she saw that it would only terminate with large accessions to the United States on the Pacific. She saw, too, that these accessions would give new and practical importance to the questions of inter-oceanic communication, and she knew American energy too well not to dread the result.

Hence the precipitate seizure of the Port of San Juan, when the probability of the speedy acquisition of California by the United States passed into a moral certainty.

Not that we would be understood as saying, that this important point would have escaped ultimate seizure had it not been for these circumstances. It has been, for many years, a primary object in British policy to relieve herself from all dependence on the United States, or any other nation, for those great staples, of which *cotton* is most valuable. Witness her exertions in the East Indies, her intrigues in Texas, and her efforts in the Antilles and South America! The fertile and comparatively salubrious coasts of Central America, adapted in a wonderful degree for the production of these staples, and occupying a position eminently favorable for purposes of communication, did not escape her attention, and the past fifteen years have witnessed a steady and silent series of encroachments, with the ultimate view of the acquisition of that territory. These encroachments have been conducted so quietly as almost entirely to escape the attention of the world; and it is only now, when she deems the success of her scheme complete, that Great Britain permits herself to speak of it above a whisper. In this stealthy policy, the British Government has been favored by a variety of circumstances. No equal portion of either continent, occupied in whole or part by a civilized population, has been so little known as Central America. Situated, for the most part, upon the Pacific slope of the Cordilleras, its people, apart from the reserve of Spanish character, have had but few opportunities of communicating with the rest of the world. The traders, in whose hands centered their commerce, were too fearful of rivalry and competition to make known the character and resources of the country. Besides, the constant distractions which commenced with the struggle of their independence and which have prevailed since that period, and since the world received that commercial impulse which, within the past twenty-five years, has worked such wonders in familiarizing us with all quarters of the globe, have had the effect to exclude travellers and to confuse the popular notion in respect to the

country, as well as to divert general attention from the intrigues and encroachments which Great Britain has carried on. The people, also, were so much engrossed in their disgraceful quarrels, that they neglected their frontier possessions, and failed to observe and properly repel the insidious approaches of an unscrupulous power. In fact, they allowed that power to influence and inflame their sectional and partisan animosities; and it is susceptible of proof, that to British intrigues and influence the dissolution of the confederacy (which alone could oppose a barrier to their designs), and many of the subsequent distractions, are attributable. It was British hate, and the personal enmity of British agents, which overthrew Morazan, the last pillar of the republic. It was British aid and influence which, united with the so-called "nobility" of Guatemala, who saw in the spread of liberal principles the destruction of their fictitious ascendancy, that created a war of castes and raised up the monster Carrera, who has watered the soil of Guatemala with the blood of its best citizens. It was a British consul-general,—now promoted to a higher position,—who refused shelter in his house to the accomplished wife of the President of the republic when she sought the protection of his flag against a bloody and brutal soldiery! She was the wife of that President who alone had the sagacity to discover, and the energy to prevent, the nefarious schemes meditated by England. It was a British consul-general,—the one already indicated,—who gave up to the butchery of Carrera *twenty-seven* of the first officers of the republic, who, under his own implied, if not express, invitation, sought protection under his roof. His subordinate officer (a vice consul of England) sent a list of their names to the butcher, and he stood coldly by when they were shot down like dogs beneath the shadow of his portal! A word from his lips might have saved them.* But although having a direct bearing upon the subject of which we design to speak, we have not now the time

* These facts, so disgraceful to humanity, are communicated by a British subject, and fell within his personal knowledge. Indeed, he was a guest in the consul's house at the time of the refusal to shelter the wife of Morazan, and indignantly abandoned it in consequence.

to go into a detail and exposition of the intrigues, exactions, and frauds practised by British agents in Central America, upon their individual authority or under the sanction of their government. If impartially recorded, with every extenuation which charity can suggest, they would present to the world one of the most disgraceful pages in history.

As we have already said, Great Britain saw, years ago, in Central America, a vast productive country, the acquisition of which would relieve her from a dependence which she was obliged against her will and policy to endure. She saw there the prospective construction of a great work which would make miraculous changes in the commerce of the world, and reduce her to the second rank of commercial states. She determined to secure it to herself; to relieve herself if possible from her dependence, and remove the danger of that commercial revolution which she so much dreaded.

In this emergency she hesitated not to avail herself of any pretext, plausible or otherwise, which might come to hand. That which offered the best prospect of success was the illegal relationship which English pirates and the piratical governor of Jamaica once maintained with the savages on the eastern shore of Central America, but more especially on that portion bearing the

indefinite geographical name of "*Mosquito Shore*." She well knew that any occupation of this shore by force would excite the alarm of all the American States, and involve her in serious difficulties. She, therefore, adopted a secret policy, relying on intrigue to effect ultimately what she dared not to attempt openly and at once. She affected to treat one of the savage tribes upon that coast as an independent nation, and its chief as a sovereign, an ally, under her protection. As "protector," she has also assumed to maintain what she calls his "territorial rights," which rights have the property of extending wherever and as far as suits her interests or convenience. The "King of the Mosquitos" is the stalking-horse of her aggressions. This august potentate is styled, in some portions of the correspondence which has passed upon the subject, "the brother of Queen Victoria." He is a little Sambo boy, with a precocious taste for liquor, and rejoices under the aristocratic name of "*Charles Frederick Augustus*," or, in the court language of Mosquito, "*Quaggo*."

With this preliminary exposition of British policy, and in order that the reader may fully understand the nature of British pretensions, we propose to give a succinct historical sketch of the Mosquito shore, and trace the origin and progress of its relations with England.

CHAPTER II.

DISCOVERY—CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES, AND THEIR SUBSEQUENT PIRATICAL ASSOCIATION.

CENTRAL AMERICA was discovered by Columbus on his fourth voyage, 1502. He coasted along its entire eastern shores, landed, and formally took possession of the country for the crown of Spain. It was not long before the enterprising adventurers of that day turned their attention to its exploration. The object of their ambition was gold, and of this, the savage inhabitants, of the alluvial eastern shore of Central America, had but little to attract the

attention of the conquerors. The latter accordingly penetrated at once into the interior, and to the region bordering on the Pacific. Here they found nations possessing a similar semi-civilization with those of Mexico, and contrasting strongly, in their superiority, with the squalid hordes wandering among the dense, dark forests of the Atlantic coast. Here they early founded cities, and here, in time, grew up a considerable population, holding communica-

tion with the mother country by way of Panama, through the northern parts of Honduras, and by way of Lake Nicaragua and its outlet, the river San Juan. The Atlantic coast, for these reasons, was left with scarcely any population. A few small settlements were scattered along its shores, but, when not protected by considerable forces, these were either broken up by the pirates who not long after infested the Spanish Main, or were abandoned by their inhabitants.

Columbus describes the tribes which he found on the coast to have common habits, and to correspond generally with Caribs of the Islands. They had no pretensions to the degree of civilization of the interior tribes, and fell below the Indians of the United States in all that indicates progress in civilization. They were rude and barbarous, living on the natural productions of the earth, by hunting and fishing. In fact they were essentially fishers, and had their haunts along the bays and creeks of the coast. Among these tribes was one afterwards called by the pirates "*Mos-ticks*," and by the Spaniards "*Moscós*," which name in time passed into "*Mosquito*," and finally came to be the designation of a considerable extent of coast.

Lord Palmerston, in his resumé of British pretensions on the Mosquito shore, addressed to the Nicaraguan government, under date of July 16, 1849, observes that "the time when, and the manner in which, the connection between Great Britain and the Mosquito coast began, is not well known."

It is however *well known* that, immediately after the capture of Jamaica by the English, under the administration of Cromwell, it became notoriously the head-quarters of pirates. It was from this point the Buccaneers started on their expeditions, and it was here they returned to dispose of their plunder. The English inhabitants of the island were, with scarce an exception, pirates or the accessories or patrons of pirates; the island was supported by the Buccaneers, and it is a notorious fact that the governors appointed over that island were too often associated, more or less directly, with the Buccaneer chiefs. So scandalous became the conduct of some of them, that the government, although little disposed to disturb a system which

contributed so largely to its wealth and revenues, was forced to remove them. The actual condition of things, in this respect, is very well described by *Jo. Esquemeling*, a Dutch pirate, who wrote about 1670:—

"The Kings of Spain have, on several occasions, sent their ambassadors to the Kings of England and France, to complain of the molestations and troubles these pirates have caused on the coast of America, even in the calm of peace. It hath always been answered, '*That such men did not commit these acts as subjects of their Majestys, and that, therefore, his Catholic Majesty might proceed against them as he should think proper.*' The King of France added 'that he had no fortress or castle upon Hispaniola, neither did he receive a farthing of tribute from thence.' And the King of England adjoined, 'that he never gave any commission to those of Jamaica, to commit hostilities against the subjects of his Catholic Majesty.'"

The narrator adds:—

"The King of England, to please the King of Spain, recalled some Governors of Jamaica, and placed others in their room, but this did not prevent the pirates from acting as before." —*Buccaneers in America*, pp. 36-37. London, 1704.

It is notorious that in Jamaica, Roche, Scott, Slonois, Davis (a native), Morgan, and nearly the entire body of piratical leaders originated, or were principally abetted in their enterprises. The *honest* pirate just quoted says, (p. 49), that, at the time of his writing, "the Spaniards finding they could gain nothing upon the pirates or diminish their numbers, resolved to lessen the number of their trading ships; but this was of no service, for the pirates finding few ships at sea, began to gather in companies and to land on the Spanish coasts, ruining cities, towns and villages, pillaging, burning, and carrying away as much as they could."

Prominent among the leaders in this land-piracy were Scott, Mansvelt and Davis. The latter landed at San Juan de Nicaragua in the night, succeeded in entering the river and penetrating into the interior. Here he attacked the city of Grenada, committing great barbarities and procuring a great amount of plunder, with which he proceeded to Jamaica, where he was elected *admiral* of the pirates. In 1848, a certain Captain Lock committed

an act of no less turpidity, under the sanction of the British government, and, to complete the parallel, went also to Jamaica to receive his promotion!

In carrying on their new system of warfare, it became necessary for the pirates to have some stations, rendezvous, or places of refuge on the main land, as well as on the islands. Such were organized, and the most important of them were at *Boca del Toro*, *Cape Gracias a Dios*, and at *Bleevelt*, all on the coast now claimed by Great Britain as belonging to the "King of Mosquito." Indeed the royal court of that ebony monarch is held in *Bleevelt*, (so called from a pirate of that name,) which has now passed into *Bluefields*. And thus "first commenced" the intercourse between the savages of this coast, concerning which Lord Palmerston is so much in want of information.

The nature of those relations, we propose to show by extracts from the testimony of the pirates themselves; it will afterwards be seen that it was little different from that which exists at this day between the English and the Indians: one is but the prolongation of the other, under another name, and beneath the protection of the British government.

Of the relations between the pirates and Indians, says the Dutch pirate above quoted:—

"We directed our course towards *Gracias á Dios*, for thither resort many pirates who have friendly correspondence with the Indians there.

"The custom here is that, when any pirates arrive, every one has the liberty to buy himself an Indian woman at the price of a knife, an old axe, wood-bill or hatchet. By this contract, the woman is obliged to remain with the pirate all the time he stays there. She serves him, the meanwhile, with victuals of all sorts that the country affords. The pirate has also liberty to go and hunt and fish where he pleases.

"Through this frequent converse with the pirates, the Indians sometimes go to sea with them, for whole years, so that many of them can speak English."—*Ib.* pp. 165–168.

He continues to say that they had among them some negroes, which had been shipwrecked from a Spanish vessel; that they were generally excessively indolent, "wandering up and down without knowing or caring so much as to keep their bodies from the rain, except by a few palm-

leaves," with "no other clothes than an apron tied around their middle," armed with spears "pointed with the teeth of crocodiles; living chiefly on bananas and other fruits, with fish," etc., etc.

But we have a later account of this particular station of the Freebooters, by *De Lusson*, who was one of the celebrated English and French piratical expedition to the Pacific coasts, in 1784–89. Upon the return of a portion of this expedition, including *De Lusson*, overland, through Honduras and Nicaragua, they stopped sometime at *Gracias á Dios*. He says:—

"We arrived on the 9th at *Cape Gracias á Dios*, where we were obliged to wait for the English ship at the island of Pearls.

"The Cape has been inhabited for a long time by *mulasters* [mulattos] and negroes, both men and women, who have greatly multiplied since a Spanish ship bound from Guinea, freighted with their fathers, was lost by coming too near the shore. Those who escaped from the wreck were courteously received by the *Mousticks* [Mosquitos, as we find the insect mosquito called by the same name, in the same page.] who live hereabouts.

"These Indians assigned their new guests a place to grub up and build themselves cottages, etc.

"The *mulasters* are a very tall people, and go almost naked. Some who live more at their ease, wear shirts and drawers, which the English bring them from Jamaica.

"They many times do our Freebooters a kindness, and frequently go with them, receiving their portion of the booty which is got.

"The ancient *Mousticks* live ten or a dozen leagues to the windward, at a place they call *Samboy* and *Sanibey* [*Sandy* of the modern maps]. They are very slothful, and neither plant or sow but very little; their wives performing all the labor.

"As for their clothing, it is neither larger nor more sumptuous than that of the *mulasters* at the Cape. There are but few amongst them that have a fixed abode, most of them being vagabonds, and wandering along the river side, with no other house to shelter themselves in but a *latarien-leaf*, which they manage so that when the wind drives the rain on one side, they turn their leaf against it, behind which they lie. When they are inclined to sleep, they dig a hole in the sand, in which they put themselves."

"When these Indians go a journey, though never so short, they take their wives, children and dogs with them, etc., etc."—*De Lusson's Narrative*, p. 177. London, 1704.

Already the English pirates had opened

an intercourse with the Indians and the negroes that had been planted there by circumstances. They took temporary wives from among them, and grafted their blood upon the Indian stock. Already some of the natives had learned English; they went with the pirates upon their expeditions; and already English manufactures had been introduced among them, from that nest of pirates, Jamaica!

This free-and-easy relationship is even now but little altered, for Macgregor, in his statement of the Mosquito question, prepared and published under order of Parliament, a year or two since, says:—

"In the Mosquito shore a plurality of mistresses is considered no disgrace. It is no uncommon circumstance for a British subject to have one or more of these native women at different parts of the coast. They have acquired great influence through them, etc."

Roberts, an English trader, who published a work on the coast in 1827, says:—

"I have never known a marriage celebrated among them; these engagements are mere tacit agreements, sometimes broken by mutual consent. The children here and at Bluefields [which it will soon be seen is the royal capital] are in general baptized by the captains of trading vessels from Jamaica, who on their annual visit to the coast perform this ceremony, with any thing but reverence, on all who have been born during their absence; and many of them are indebted to these men for more than baptism. In proof of this, I could enumerate more than a dozen acknowledged children of two of these captains! who seem to have adopted, without scruple, the Indian idea of polygamy to its fullest extent. By this licentious and immoral conduct they have, however, so identified themselves with the natives, as to obtain a sort of monopoly of the sale of goods. They have also insinuated themselves into the good graces of some of the leading men, so that their arrival is hailed with joy by all classes, as the season of festivity, revelry, christening, and licentiousness!"

These successors of the pirates hail from the same moral centre—Jamaica!

The intercourse which, as we have shown, sprung up between the Indians and the English of Jamaica, was continued in a more legitimate way, during the protracted wars that followed with Spain. It was then that the people and authorities of Jamaica had their closest intimacy with the Mosquito shore. They had the open aid of the government, in making establish-

ments and exciting the Indians on the Spanish coast. When peace returned, and it was no longer prudent to connive at freebooting, they began to direct their attention to more respectable pursuits. They began to cut logwood on the coasts, from whence the Spaniards had been driven from fear of pirates, or where settlements had never existed. This trade soon became profitable, and as early as 1670 received the attention of the British government, which stipulated in its treaties with Spain, that its subjects should enjoy the liberty of cutting logwood on the Spanish coasts. The establishments which had been made at various points, were left to the general supervision of Jamaica,—that is to say, so far as any supervision was exercised over them. To these establishments the pirates, who had then gone out of favor with the government, reluctantly resorted, and after becoming weary of labor in the forests, made a compromise between honest industry and piracy, and turned smugglers. In fact, smuggling has always continued to be a weak point in the wood-cutter's character. This conduct renewed difficulties with Spain, and she expelled the English from her coasts; but some years subsequently they were permitted to return.

The government and people of Jamaica were far from being satisfied with the treaty stipulations which had been made in their favor. They desired that England should seize upon the entire coast, dwelling much upon its importance, in a commercial point of view, and omitting nothing which might awake the ambition and avarice of the government. But their representations were without effect.

During this time, the intercourse with the Indians on the Mosquito shore was kept up; and, as stated by Macgregor, "many individual adventurers passed from time to time from Jamaica to the coast, and traded with the natives for sarsaparilla, deer-skins, and tortoise-shells." And Lord Palmerston says that about this time (in 1687), "the Mosquito Indians made a formal cession of sovereignty of their country to the King of England, and that in consequence of this cession, the chief of the Mosquitos received his appointment as King, by a commission given him by the Governor of Jamaica in the name and on behalf of the King of England."

But Lord Palmerston forgets to state that he derives this information from the papers of Jamaica, and that the cession (if it ever was made) was made to the Duke of Albemarle, then Governor of Jamaica, and that no intelligence of the proceeding ever reached the home government. That no such proceeding was ever concurred in by the government, is clear from its subsequent acts. The alleged cession has been dragged up from the depths of the Jamaica records of intrigues, since England has undertaken a grand hunt for pretexts to justify her present aggressions. But had it been known and acknowledged by the government, it would have been invalid, for Spain had undoubted sovereignty, in conformity with all established principles, over both the coasts and the natives, as will appear in due course.

Macgregor himself states, that the "Anglo-Saxon colonists were not long in discovering profitable channels of commerce, and they soon commenced a very lucrative contraband trade with the Spanish possessions." To put a stop to this, the government of Spain organized a fleet of *guarda-costas*. These soon came in collision with English traders, and a war ensued between the two countries. Macgregor states the case as strongly as he dares in favor of his country, in the following words: "The transient commerce on the Mosquito coast, and the logwood trade carried on by the English settlers, on the western part of the bay of Honduras, *Spain thought proper so to interrupt (!)* by capturing the ships of British subjects in that part of the world, as to cause the war of 1739."

At this time the British Government seems to have seriously meditated taking possession of the Mosquito shore,—not, however, by virtue of right derived from the natives, but by force of arms. In 1749, one year after peace had been concluded between the two countries, Captain Robert Hodgson proceeded with one hundred men from Jamaica and established a fort at Black River, on the Mosquito coast. He took, or bore the title of "Superintendent" of the English settlements. This step, in conjunction with other circumstances, greatly exasperated Spain, and seven years thereafter led to another and protracted war, which lasted until 1763.

By the treaty of peace concluded in that year, England not only agreed to demolish the fortifications which she had erected on the continent, without exception, but recognized the Mosquito coast to be the territory of Spain,—thus, by her own acts, declaring all her previous pretensions void.

The 17th article of this treaty is as follows:—

"His Britannic Majesty shall cause to be demolished all the fortifications which his subjects shall have erected on the Bay of Honduras, and other places, of the territory of Spain, in that part of the world, within four months after the ratification of the present treaty; and his Catholic Majesty shall not permit his Britannic Majesty's subjects, or their workmen, to be disturbed or molested, under any pretence whatsoever, in their said places of cutting and loading logwood; and for this purpose they may build, without hindrance, and occupy, without interruption, the houses and magazines necessary for them, for their families and effects; and his Catholic Majesty assures to them the full enjoyment of these advantages and powers in the Spanish coasts and territories, as above stipulated, immediately after the ratification of the present treaty."

Accordingly the fortresses were demolished; but, subsequently, the adventurers in the neighborhood of Belize, having abused the privileges conceded to them, and engaged largely in smuggling, they were, in September, 1779, seized and transported out of the country, and their property confiscated. So flagrant had been their conduct, that, in the subsequent treaty with Spain, in 1783, England never so much as requested an indemnity for the property seized, on this occasion, although it was estimated to amount to upwards of \$500,000.

The sole fortification which the English had, at the date of the above treaty, upon the Mosquito shore, (that at Black river), was evacuated early in 1664, and the garrison withdrawn to Jamaica.

"But," says Macgregor, "the English Government was soon convinced of the *impolicy* of its decision, and continued to support the settlements which had been made. From the first establishment of a superintendent on the coast," this author confesses, "the settlers perceived, from the royal instructions given to them, that although the British Government de-

clined to erect *immediately* the country into a British province, it was considered very desirable to encourage its trade and promote its commerce, and they *naturally concluded* that the sooner they were able to bring its trade into a conspicuous point of view, *they would render it expedient for His Majesty's ministers to establish a provisional government!*" This needs no comment; it is a delicate way of confessing that a fraud was intended from the start, and that the relations which are kept up with this coast, were maintained for purposes of ultimately accomplishing what it was feared openly to attempt. Some of the settlers therefore continued to remain, indulging the belief that the English Government would connive at a violation of the treaty, in event that it should ultimately be shown to be for the national interest. They accordingly, after the lapse of six or eight years, prepared a flattering exhibit of the extent, fertility, mineral wealth, and prospective value of the country, and dispatched it, in the year 1771, with one of their number, Colonel Laurie, to England. It was shown to Lord Hillsborough, then Secretary of State, and nothing was omitted which it was thought would secure his concurrence in the contemplated act of bad faith. These representations were so far successful that his Lordship secretly promised to support their project. A grand scheme was then got up, on the "city of Cairo" plan, and speculation commenced. These things came to the knowledge of the Spanish Government, and the Spanish *guarda-costas* intercepted some of the vessels, plying in furtherance of this illegal enterprise, between Jamaica and Black River, and interfered in various ways with its success. The principals became alarmed and dispirited as to the success of their plan. They accordingly requested the assistance of the British Government, and asked for a block-house, ammunition, some of the cannon formerly removed, and a free company of 50 or 100 men. To this request Lord George Germain, who had succeeded to Lord Hillsborough as Secretary of State, on the 14th of June, 1777, returned an indignant answer, severely rebuking the authors of the request, and pronouncing it "*in direct contravention of the 17th article of the treaty of Paris of 1763!*" British subjects, nevertheless, under the

connivance of the Governor of Jamaica, whose disposition to shelter and encourage smugglers and pirates seems to have descended to him by virtue of his office, continued to keep up a kind of relationship with the coast, inciting the natives by all means in his power against the Spaniards, and fondly anticipating that by some turn of events his hopes would be verified. This persistence was one of the causes which led to the war of 1780. No sooner was the war declared than this Governor made an attempt upon the Spanish settlements on Lake Nicaragua, but it signally failed. The Spaniards, in return, completely dispersed the adventurers at Black River, and cleared the entire coast. After a few months it was, however, again occupied in part by British forces,—the two countries being now actively engaged in warlike operations. Upon the 3d Sept., 1783, however, a definitive treaty of peace was concluded between Spain and Great Britain, at Versailles. It was by this treaty declared that:—

"The intention of the two high contracting parties being to prevent, as much as possible, all causes of complaint and misunderstanding heretofore occasioned by the cutting of wood for dyeing, and several English settlements having been formed and extended under that pretence upon the Spanish Continent, it is expressly agreed that his Britannic Majesty's subjects shall have the right of cutting, loading, and carrying logwood in the district (now embraced in what is called Belize, and which is designated by limits in the treaty), and his Catholic Majesty assures them (the English) of all that is expressed in the present article, provided that this shall not be considered as derogating in any wise from his rights of sovereignty. Therefore, all the English who may be dispersed in any other parts, whether on the Spanish Continent, or in any island whatever dependent on the aforesaid Continent, and for whatever reason it might be, without exception, shall retire within the district, (Belize,) which has been above described."

Notwithstanding the treaty of 1783 (the objects of which, under any fair construction, are obviously to clear the Spanish coasts of English intrusion), Macgregor, in his statement of the British claim, says that, "after the full and deliberate discussion of the subject, Great Britain determined to retain the Mosquito shore under its protection and sovereignty." It was to

afford a pretext for this, he has the shamelessness to declare, that the English negotiators had substituted the "*Spanish*" for the "*American Continent*!"* This construction was not acquiesced in by Spain, who insisted that additional and more explicit articles should be agreed upon. Accordingly, after exhausting all pretexts for evasion, on the 14th July, 1786, Great Britain assented to a supplementary treaty, by the very first article of which, it was stipulated that:—

"His Britannic Majesty's subjects and the other colonists who have enjoyed the protection of England shall evacuate the country of the Mosquitos, as well as the continent in general, and the islands adjacent, without exception, etc."

This treaty also granted some further liberties in the territory of Belize, the limits of which are somewhat extended. But all British subjects are forbidden to cultivate the soil, to establish plantations, or erect mills; they may take away the "purely natural" productions of the soil, but none other. They may also fish on this limited section of coast, and refit vessels there, but they must conform to the Spanish regulations. "In view of this, His Britannic Majesty engages to give the most positive orders for the evacuation of the countries above named, by all of his subjects of whatsoever denomination: but, if, contrary to such declaration, there should still remain any persons so daring as to presume, by entering into the interior country, to endeavor to obstruct the evacuation agreed upon, His Britannic Majesty, so far from affording them any succor or even protection, will disavow them in the most solemn manner, as he will also do those who may hereafter attempt to settle on territory belonging to the Spanish Government." The provisions of this treaty, interrupted by the war of 1796, were renewed

by the treaty of Madrid, August 28, 1814.

"It was with the most painful reluctance, and only in obedience to positive orders," says Macgregor, "that the British settlers slowly and discontentedly left their plantations. Many of the Creoles and others preferred to remain at all hazards." Those who remained subjected themselves to Spain, and Mr. Robert Hodgson, who had been the first "British Superintendent," received in 1789, the appointment of Colonel at the hands of the king of Spain—"for," reads his commission, "*the particular services which he has rendered the crown of Spain on the Mosquito Coast.*"

Up to this period, we hear but once of a "Mosquito King." Macgregor states that in 1775, "an embassy arrived in London, consisting of young George, his brother, Capt. Smece, and Capt. Richards, two Mosquito Chiefs." From the insight which we shall soon get into the character of Mosquito royalty, it may safely be presumed that this august embassy fell in dignity much short of the embassies (we call them by the more republican name of "delegations"), which we annually receive in Washington from our frontier Indian tribes. The objects of this mission do not seem to have been very important; the sole request having been, so far as we can learn, that the traders on the coast should be prevented, for the future, from carrying away the Indians and selling them for slaves,—a not unreasonable request, we should say, and not indicative of high standards of morality on the part of the aforesaid traders. Slave stealing is now, however, synonymous with piracy: it was then regarded as a crime of less heinous nature, and the pirates of Jamaica fell into it as they did into smuggling—without an effort.

But the transitory system of government, which, Macgregor informs us, was at the date of this "embassy" established on the Mosquito shore, must have been in direct conflict with the rights which the British Government now asserts have always belonged to the "Mosquito King." That government consisted, it seems, of a variety of officers, all of whom were under the control of the Governor of Jamaica, and in organizing it no reference whatever was had to the native chiefs.

* As a specimen of British argument upon this subject, we quote from Macgregor: "Now the Mosquito shore was no part of the *Spanish Continent*; but a part of the *American Continent*, possessed by the Mosquito Indians, &c. Therefore the evacuation contemplated by this article had no relation whatever to that country!" This, with a full knowledge that all America south of Mexico was universally known as the "*Spanish Continent*," and the adjoining sea on the east as the "*Spanish Main*," is unparalleled for impudence!

This is a fact of importance, as showing that the English did not, at that time, regard the natives in a light at all differing from that in which they were every where else viewed by all nations.

With the treaty of 1786, Great Britain seems to have relinquished her efforts to obtain possession of the Mosquito coast as a British province. The claims of Spain were too strong, and she was still a power too formidable to be trifled with longer. The Spanish Captain General proceeded to appoint Governors on the coast, and sought by presents and otherwise, to conciliate the natives, wean them from their piratical associations and attach them to Spain. These attempts have lately been gravely cited as evidences of the independence of the Indians, and the presents of beads and brandy have been denominated "*tribute*;"—for the English advocates of Anglo-Mosquitian rights have not hesitated to place Spain in the list of States tributary to the august sovereign of "Mosquito," "*the ally*" of Great Britain! The English, under the treaty, contrived to cut wood in the territory of Belize, in conformity with the permission granted them by the king of Spain. This permission was given, it will be remembered, with the express provision that it "*should not be considered as derogating in any wise from the rights of sovereignty possessed by the King of Spain.*" Nevertheless, upon the decline of Spanish power on the American Continent, England continued to hold possession of this territory and still continues to hold it, although falling properly within, and belonging of right to, the free States which comprehended it while provinces of Spain. An armed force is maintained there, where, from time to time, have been concocted the villainies subsequently practised on the Mosquito shore. Says Macgregor, "the right to Belize by occupation and possession is, undoubtedly, vested in the British Crown." The extent of territory thus fraudulently held is, in length, about 175 miles, in breadth 110 miles; comprising an area of 16,400 square miles—about three times the extent of the State of New Jersey.

Notwithstanding the formal abandonment by Great Britain, of all pretensions in the Mosquito coast, and her absolute disavowal of any of her subjects who "*dared*" (that is the word) to remain there, some,

as we have seen, continued to remain, subjecting themselves to Spanish authority, but still cherishing the hope that Great Britain would ultimately break the treaty of 1786, as she had broken previous ones. In this hope they were encouraged by the speculators in Jamaica, especially those who had got up the famous plan sanctioned by Lord Hillsborough in 1771. Under their auspices, somewhere about 1820, a certain General Sir Gregor Macgregor, set himself up as an independent sovereign on this coast, in the vicinity of the celebrated Black River, where the English fortifications once existed. The title which he assumed was "*Cacique of Poyais*," and we have before us a book published in 1822, entitled, "*A SKETCH OF THE MOSQUITO SHORE INCLUDING THE TERRITORY OF POY-AIS, by Thos. Strangeways, K. G. C., Captain 1st Native Poyer regiment, and Aide-de-camp to His Highness, Gregor, Cacique of Poyais!*" A portrait of "His Highness," a burly Scot, embellishes this volume, and in the preface we are informed "that the chief of the very old clan of Alpine or Gregor, is directly descended from the ancient kings of Scotland, is generally known and admitted; and the author ventures to assert that, the right of His Highness Gregor, Cacique of Poyais, to the Chieftanship cannot be disproved!" Probably not; but where all this time was that august potentate, the early "*ally of Great Britain*," His Mightiness the "*King of Mosquito*?" What right had the chief of Clan-Alpine of Scotland, to set himself up as Cacique of Clan-Poyer in America? The secret of the establishment of the Cacique may, perhaps, be discovered in the summing up of the volume just mentioned, in which it is said, that "if the Poyais establishment is sustained," the British West Indies would no longer be dependent on the United States for the necessities of existence, "*a circumstance devoutly to be wished by every person interested in the welfare of Great Britain!*" So ho! This is as early as 1822, before the "*necessity*" of being able to procure its cotton from other parts of the world than the United States, became a controlling consideration in British policy?

Macgregor passes over the attempt of the Cacique, referring to his plans as "*ill-judged*," and the administrations which fol-

lowed him as "imprudent." The secret of this censure is simply because these plans were unsuccessful.

The attempts of the Cacique failed; meantime the Spanish colonies threw off the rule of the mother country, and organized independent Governments of their own. While they were involved in the distractions consequent upon the transition, Great Britain again directed her longing eyes to the coasts which she had been compelled to abandon. Circumstances now seemed favorable for a renewal of her attempts. She hesitated not to recognise the independence of the new States, for she thereby weakened the power of Spain. The young and feeble republics, she well knew, could oppose fewer obstacles to her ambitious designs. But it was necessary to proceed with caution. The Government of the United States was watchful and had proclaimed that any interference with the new republics, by foreign powers, would be an act of hostility against herself. She had declared that the American continent was no longer to be considered as subject to colonization by any European power. It was not politic, therefore, to seize forcibly upon the Mosquito shore, as had been attempted before the treaty of 1786. In this emergency, the unscrupulous government of Jamaica, that hot-bed of roguery, and the equally unscrupulous directors of the quasi colony of Belize, were at hand with expedients. The mixed and bastard brood, the strange agglomeration of negroes, whites and Indians, existing on the Mosquito shore, was to be raised to the dignity of a nation, independent and sovereign! This pretext, which was thrown aside as unnecessary, when it was safe to assert English interests by force, was now revived. The old speculators in Poyais and the Black River were "on hand." A convocation was held at Belize, and a course of action agreed upon. It was necessary to make a "King" for the sovereignty of Mosquito, and Colonel McDonald, the Superintendent, and his associates at Belize, were adequate to the task. The time for the Government of Great Britain to appear openly in the farce, had not yet arrived. Accordingly, as early as June, 1815, the British traders and secret agents got together a number of chiefs, and in a drunken bout, prevailed upon them to affix their "*his X mark*"

to a document previously drawn up, and called an "*Act of Allegiance to Prince Frederick*," a sambo, who had been fixed upon as a convenient instrument to carry out the ulterior designs of the conspirators. He was taken to Belize and "crowned" on the 18th of January, 1816. Macgregor draws no very flattering character for his ebony Majesty. He observes that "he combined the bad qualities of the European and creole, with the vicious propensities of the sambo, and the capriciousness of the Indian." He was killed in a drunken quarrel, in 1824. His half-brother, named *Robert*, succeeded him, but being in the Spanish interests, the British managers thrust him aside, and took into favor a sambo named "*George Frederick*," a descendant, says Macgregor, "from a more ancient branch of the family." But he too was a bad tool, and died or was dropped, very early in his reign, for "*Robert Charles Frederick*," who promised to answer every purpose

His "coronation" was effected at Belize (of course) on the 23d of April, 1825, upon which solemn occasion a number of so-called chiefs were got together, by the seductions of Jamaica rum. We are willing to allow a British subject to describe this ceremony:

"On the previous evening, cards of invitation were sent to the different merchants, requesting their attendance at the Court-house early in the morning. At this place the King, dressed in a British Major's uniform, made his appearance; and his chiefs similarly clothed, but with sailor's trousers, were ranged around the room. A more motley group can hardly be imagined. Here an epaulette decorated a herculean shoulder, tempting its dignified owner to view his less famed neighbor with triumphant glances. Then a wandering button displayed a greasy olive skin, under the uniform of a Captain of Infantry. At one side a cautious noble might be seen carefully braced up to the chin, like a modern dandy defying the most penetrating eye to prove him shirtless; while the mathematical movements of a fourth, panting under such tight habiliments, expressed the fear and trembling with which he awaited some awful accident.

"The order of procession being arranged, the cavalcade moved towards the church; his Mosquito Majesty on horseback, supported on the right and left by the two senior British officers of the settlement, and his chiefs following on foot two by two. On its arrival, his Majesty was placed on a chair, near the altar, and the

English Coronation Service was read by the Chaplain to the colony, who, on this occasion, performed the part of the Arch-bishop of Canterbury. When he arrived at this part, 'And all the people said, let the King live for ever, long live the King, God save the King,' the vessels of the port, according to a previous signal, fired a salute, and the chiefs rising, cried out, 'Long live King Robert!'

"His Majesty seemed chiefly occupied in admiring his finery, and after his anointing, expressed his gratification by repeatedly thrusting his hands through his thick bushy hair and applying his finger to his nose; in this expressive manner indicating his delight at this part of the service.

"Before, however, his chiefs could swear allegiance to their monarch, it was necessary that they should profess Christianity; and, accordingly, with shame be it recorded, they were baptized, 'in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.' They displayed total ignorance of the meaning of this ceremony, and when asked to give their names, took the titles of Lord Rodney, Lord Nelson, or some other celebrated officer, and seemed grievously disappointed when told that they could only be baptized by simple Christian names.

"After this solemn mockery was concluded, the whole assembly adjourned to a large school room to eat the coronation dinner, when these poor creatures got all intoxicated with rum; a suitable conclusion to a farce as blasphemous and wicked as ever disgraced a Christian country."—(*Dunn's Central America*, p. 26, 27, 1828.)

The coronation baubles of the kings of England are kept in the Tower of London, and exhibited, "for a consideration," to the curious. Not so with those of the sovereigns of Mosquito. We are informed by Roberts, in his work on this country, that "the crown and other regalia are intrusted to *Jack*, an old negro, at Patook River, who keeps them carefully concealed." It would seem there is no occasion for this extreme caution on the part of old *Jack*, for Macgregor states that "the regalia consists of a silver gilt crown, a sword, and sceptre of moderate value, presents from the English!"

King Robert Charles Frederick does not seem to have conformed, in all respects, to the desires of his British "Warwicks." Of his sovereign will and pleasure, he proceeded to dispose of portions of his dominions, in return for divers barrels of whiskey and bales of red cottons. Macgregor

says that "it appears that these grants were made *without the knowledge of the British agent, who had usually been residing (aha!) on the coast*, to keep up the connection with England." He afterwards adds that upon "their coming to the knowledge of the British government, it *very properly determined to disallow them?*" Queer protection, that!

These grants are important; for if the Mosquitos constitute a nation, and their chiefs are truly independent sovereigns, then neither England nor the Indians themselves have the slightest claim to more than a very small part of the Mosquito shore. If they do not constitute a nation, and their chiefs are not sovereigns, then Great Britain stultifies herself by her pretensions. She may take either horn of the dilemma she pleases: both are equally fatal to her claims.

One of the principal grants of his Majesty, Robert Charles Frederick, is as follows:—

GRANT TO JOHN SEBASTIAN RENNICK.

BE KNOWN BY THESE PRESENTS, AND BY POSTERITY, THAT WE, ROBERT CHARLES FREDERICK, KING OF THE MOSQUITO NATION, considering the services which may be made to us, and to our nation, by *John Sebastian Rennick*, of the city of London, merchant; and in consideration of the sum of £1,000, which said Rennick has paid to us, and the receipt of which we hereby acknowledge, with our own free will, WE GRANT and convey, by the same, under the Seal of our kingdom, in favor of said John Sebastian Rennick, his heirs and representatives forever, all the river Patook, located between 15 deg. 48 min. N. Lat., and 84 deg. 14 min. W. Long., at the distance of 40 miles from the mouth of a certain river of our kingdom, called Black River, to the E. S. E. thereof, together with the whole territory adjacent said River Patook, viz: 10 English miles measured from each bank of said river, from its mouth as far as the Spanish limits, (according to the map of Com. Owen), with all the cultivable lands, meadows, pastures, waters, woods, forests, streams, and waterfalls, fisheries, duties and rights belonging to said lands, or to any part of them whatever. *Item.* Said Rennick and his heirs, or representatives, shall hold and possess said lands and properties, and they, and the inhabitants of said lands, shall have the right to make use of them, to go in or out of them, and to navigate in all the rivers or waters in, or adjacent to them, without let or hindrance on the part of our subjects, and they may introduce foreigners, and all kinds of persons to populate and colonize said district, and cultivate lands, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., and the said Rennick, his heirs, or successors, shall have the right to impose and receive contributions, taxes,

Thomas Haly; and by the said Robert Charles Frederic delivered to the said Samuel Shepherd, Peter Shepherd, and Stanislaus Thomas Haly, their Heirs and Assigns for ever, in the presence of us.

Signed, Sealed, and delivered in the presence of us, George Vize, Thomas Lowry Robinson, Gen. Peter Slam.

This grant was further fortified by the following document. We believe the signatures are those of "His Majesty's" peers at Bluefields :

MOSQUITO SHORE, ss.

These are to certify that in consequence of the very low price of Tortoise Shell, on which we and our people mainly depend for our living, it is entirely out of our power to pay our debts, as we can barely support ourselves and our families, it therefore gives great satisfaction that our good King, Robert Charles Frederic, has, by giving a grant of land on the

Mosquito Shore, from the southward of Great River to Messrs. Shepherd and Haly, freed us from all debts due to those traders; and we do certify that said grant has our decided approbation, as exclusive of the benefit of clearing us from a large amount of debts, we have the prospect, likewise, of seeing thriving Colonies established on the Mosquito shore. Given under our hand at Bluefields, this 24th day of January, 1839.

GEORGE HODGSON,
ALEXANDER HODGSON,
WILLIAM HALSTEAD INGRAM,
HENRY HODGSON,
JAMES PORTER.

Witnesses,
GEORGE C. SHEPHERD, }
S. T. HALY, Junior. }

We would call special attention to the names of the witnesses to these grants, as they will shortly appear in new and singular connections.

To be Continued.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

SENATE.

As has been anticipated, all the usual political questions demanding the attention of the national Legislature, have been reduced to matters of minor importance, by the magnitude of the great sectional one of Negro Slavery. This subject has occupied a prominent position from the first day that the members assembled for their organization. The gentlemen from the South have come to Washington, evidently in a temper that threatens mischief. The alacrity with which they seize on points that will permit an attack on the Free States—the fiery manner of their assaults—their violent denunciations of every kind of legislation which can in any way restrict the extension of slavery, all show that the period has now arrived when this question must be finally settled. The Wilmot Proviso has placed the Free and the Slave States in direct hostility to each other. Both sections profess to have planted themselves on principles from which neither can recede without discredit. The Free States declare in every possible way in which they can express public opinion, that soil belonging to the United States, and which is now free from the scourge of slave labor, shall forever remain so; the Southern States, on the other hand, with just as much resolution, and with even more energy, declare that their rights are absolute to carry slavery into any Territory belonging to the United States, except that from which it is excluded by the Missouri Compromise. The people of the South maintain that this is not only a common right which they possess with all the people of the Union, but that it may also be regarded as a right derived from necessity. As the number of slaves increase, new lands must be found on which they can be profitably employed. If there be no such relief as this, the time must naturally arrive when the slave population, becoming excessive, will cease to have any value as property, and will be unable to supply themselves with food and clothing.

The first belligerent demonstration made in the Senate, was on a resolution offered by Mr. WALKER, on the 19th of December, proposing that Father MATHEW, the Irish advocate of Temperance, should be allowed the privilege of a seat within the bar of that

body. Strong opposition was made to it by several Southern members, because, some years since he, with Daniel O'Connell, had addressed the Irish people living in America, in language stigmatizing slavery, and recommending that they should all support, politically, the advocates of abolition.

Mr. CLEMENS, of Alabama, in his remarks, was particularly excited; and not content with his attack on the "Apostle of Temperance," he very soon opened out the whole field of Northern Abolitionism; and, at length, all the Free States came to be included in his invectives. There are, said he to the Northern Senators, objects of charity enough, without hunting for slaves upon whom to bestow it. There are at this very moment in all your great cities, thousands of homeless wretches, destitute of food or raiment, and without a thought or an instinct that is not colored by crime. There are hordes of wretched females toiling by day and by night for a miserable pittance, which only adds to the horrors of starvation, by protracting the agonies of the sufferer. There are bands of little children to whom beggary has descended as an inheritance; and for whom a State prison is a welcome asylum. Misery in all its forms—poverty in all its rags—sickness and starvation are around you; and yet, with a miserable hypocrisy, you must travel away to the south, and waste your sympathies upon a population who are better clothed, better fed, who work less and live more happily than four-fifths of yourselves. You compel a poor factory girl to perform an amount of labor which is not exacted from healthy and robust men by the planters of the South—separate her from her friends and relations—allow no one to visit her without a written pass from an overseer, and all the while thank God that you are free from the curse of African slavery. Nay, more; you assume to be of a better and a purer race. You unblushingly assert, on all occasions, that while the pistol and the bowie knife give law to the South, you are in the constant observance of moral and religious precepts. Sir, I admit with regret that there are occasional scenes of violence among us, and that sometimes, we forget the value of human life; but our offences have always a touch of manliness in them. There are no petty larcenies—no outrages upon unprotected females—no midnight as-

sassinations for money. When we stoop to imitate the brute creation, we take the lion, not the hyena, for our model. But, while I make the admission that we are not altogether free from crime, let me ask how stands the case with you? The city of New York alone furnishes more State prison convicts than the whole fifteen Southern States together. You tear down churches; burn up convents, inhabited by a few helpless nuns; get up processions in honor of a brutal prize-fighter; and raise riots at the bidding of a worthless player, in which scores of lives are sacrificed, without dreaming that there is any thing in all this unbecoming the descendants of the pilgrim fathers. Look at home, I say; correct your own iniquities, relieve your own sufferers, and then, but not till then, you may prate of the crime and misery which slavery engenders.

I regret, he continued, that this debate has sprung up. I regret still more the course it has taken—not, however, from prudential considerations; not because, as the Senator from Kentucky has intimated, it is imprudent to discuss matters in relation to slavery, but because this question must soon be met in another form, and I was willing to let it slumber till then. But I may as well now say that the time for prudential action is past. The disease is a desperate one, and requires desperate remedies. For one, sir, I yield no inch of ground—no, not one hair's breadth. Whenever this anti-slavery sentiment shows itself, whatever form it may assume, I am ready to do battle against it. The time for half measures has gone by. You must let us alone, or take the consequences.

After a very long debate, much of which was in the same tone, the question was taken and decided in the affirmative by a vote of 33 to 18.

On the 3d of January, the slave question was renewed on the presentation by Mr. ARCHISON of resolutions passed by the general Assembly of the State of Missouri, in which the right of Congress to legislate in such manner as to affect the institution of slavery in the States, the District of Columbia, or in the Territories, is denied. They declare that the right to prohibit slavery in any Territory belongs exclusively to the people thereof; and they conclude by saying that in the event of the passage of any act conflicting with the principles that they have already expressed, Missouri will be found in hearty co-operation with the slave-holding States in such measures as may be deemed necessary for their mutual protection against the encroachments of northern fanaticism.

Mr. BENTON declared that the resolutions did not represent the sentiments of the people of Missouri, who are a law-abiding and a

Union-loving people, and have no idea of entering into combinations to resist or intimidate the legislation of Congress. The General Assembly of the State had mistaken the sentiment of the State, and many members who voted for the resolutions, and the Governor who signed them, have since disavowed and repudiated them.

He asserted that the pledge that they contained was a mistake, and let Congress do what it might, the people of his State would abide the decision of the ballot box and the bench. It is only this course that can save the Union from the fate of all the Confederacies which have successively appeared and disappeared in the history of nations. Anarchy among its members and not tyranny in the head, has been the rock on which all such Confederacies have split. The authors of our present form of government knew the danger of this rock, and by forming a perfect Union they provided against it. They established a federal judiciary to execute the federal laws when found to be constitutional, and popular elections to repeal them when found to be bad. Mr. B. pursued this argument considerably further, and he quoted from the papers of the Federalist to show the difference between the "league," which was abandoned and the Union that was formed when the Constitution was adopted. To render the Union as permanent as possible, the States were forbid to form compacts or agreements with each other; the Constitution and the laws made in pursuance of it were declared to be the supreme law of the land; and all authorities, state and federal, legislative, executive, and judicial, were to be sworn to support it. The resolutions which have been read contradict all this, and the General Assembly mistook their own powers as much as they mistook the sentiments of the people of Missouri, when they adopted them.

On the 4th of January, General CASS addressed the Senate on his proposition to inquire into the expediency of suspending diplomatic relations with Austria, on account of the alleged barbarities committed during the war in Hungary. Mr. CASS made a very long and able speech in support of his resolution. A general debate took place, in which Mr. CLAY joined. He argued that the resolution was inexpedient in every respect. The inquiry would be useless, and if it was determined to suspend our relations with Austria, it would be worse than useless. Instead of withdrawing a mere Charge, he had expected that the Senator would have proposed to send to that country some wise, energetic, and able man to plead the cause of Hungary, and to remonstrate in behalf of the unfortunate patriots. We do not send ministers to foreign nations on account of the respect we entertain for the

country to which they are sent, but to maintain the rights and interests of Americans. Where is this principle to end if we adopt it? We may hereafter be called on to pursue the same course on account of the religion or morals of some other nation. Why not try Russia by the same rule? Why not include Spain on account of the Inquisition? The policy of our government is not to interfere with European nations in their affairs. Mr. FOOTE replied to Mr. CLAY in an animated speech, but the question was left undecided.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On *Saturday*, the 22d of December, the business of the day commenced by an announcement made by Mr. STANTON, of Tennessee, that he had a proposition to submit, which was the result of the deliberations of a Committee of Conference, appointed by the Whig and Democratic parties of the House, in the hope of effecting an organization. This was a signal for a most tumultuous scene, in which Mr. TOOMBS, of Georgia was the principal character. He insisted on his right to debate, contrary to a resolution of the members, by which all debate had been precluded. The gentleman continued to talk amidst general cries of "order," and during the time that the clerk was calling the yeas and nays on a motion.

Mr. STANTON at length having obtained an opportunity of being heard, rose and called for the reading of the proposition which he had submitted, viz:

Resolved, That the House will proceed immediately to the election of a Speaker, *viva voce*, and if, after the roll shall have been called three times no member shall have received a majority of the whole number of votes, the roll shall again be called, and the member who shall then receive the largest number of votes, provided it be a majority of a quorum, shall be declared the Speaker.

Several motions and amendments were made by which to dispose of this resolution, but all were rejected, and the resolution was adopted as it was originally proposed, by a vote of 113 to 106—Mr. WINTHROP voting for it, and Mr. COBB, of Georgia, against it.

The three votings being exhausted without effecting an election, the contingency had arrived that was contemplated in Mr. Stanton's proposition. The House, therefore, proceeded to vote for the *sixty-third* time, with the following result:

Howell Cobb, of Georgia, 102; Robert C. Winthrop, of Mass., 100; David Wilmot, of Pa., 8; Charles Morehead, of Ky., 4; William Strong, of Pa., 3; A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, 1; William F. Colcock, of S. C. 1; Charles Durkee, of Wisconsin, 1; Emery D.

Potter, of Ohio, 1; Linn Boyd, of Ky., 1; the whole number of votes being 222.

The Democrats generally voted for Mr. Cobb, and the Whigs for Mr. Winthrop. The free soilers and others who were irreconcilable to either of the two prominent candidates, gave their votes as we shall now present them:

For David Wilmot.—Messrs. Allen, Booth, Durkee, Giddings, Howe, Julian, P. King, and Root.

For A. H. Stephens.—Mr. E. C. Cabell.

For Wm. Strong.—Messrs. Cleveland, Doty, and Peck.

For Wm. F. Colcock.—Mr. Holmes.

For Charles S. Morehead.—Messrs. Morton, Owen, A. H. Stephens, and Toombs.

For Charles Durkee.—Mr. Wilmot.

For Emery D. Potter.—Mr. Wood.

For Linn Boyd.—Mr. Woodward.

Mr. COBB having been declared, by a resolution submitted by Mr. STANLEY, to be duly elected, he was conducted to the Chair by Mr. Winthrop and Mr. McDowell. After a moment's pause, he arose and addressed the House as follows:

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:

It would be useless to disguise the fact that I feel deeply embarrassed in taking this Chair under the circumstances attending my election.

I am conscious of the difficulties by which this position is surrounded at the present time.

The peculiar organization of this body, as exhibited in our proceedings since we first met—the nature and character of the various important exciting questions of public policy which will engage our attention during the present session of Congress, conspire to render the duties of the office peculiarly embarrassing, onerous, and responsible.

I may be permitted, therefore, to ask in advance your generous aid and support in the effort I shall make, firmly, faithfully, and impartially, to discharge its duties.

The country has been looking with anxiety to our efforts to effect an organization. The people will continue to regard with intense interest every step we take in our legislative course. Our duties will be laborious, our responsibilities great. Let us, then, in view of these considerations, invoke, in the discharge of these duties, a patriotism as broad as the Union, and as comprehensive as the nature and character of her various interests and institutions. Guided by this spirit, under the blessing of Heaven, our action will result in the continued prosperity of our common country.

Accept, gentlemen, my grateful acknowledgments for the honor you have conferred on me in selecting me as your presiding officer during the present Congress.

The Speaker was then sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, after which the House adjourned to Monday, the 24th, when the formalities of administering the oath to all the members were gone through with, and the 31st Congress was pronounced organized for legislative business. Up to this day no proceedings of this nature had taken place. The whole time of Congress had been chiefly occupied, with the exception of some executive matters in the Senate, in the struggle between parties and factions. Mr. BLISS, his Private Secretary, delivered at the Speaker's Chair the Annual Message of the President of the United States, accompanied with official Reports.

On *Thursday*, the 27th of December, the House assembled for the dispatch of business, and after adopting a resolution in relation to the Rules, Mr. VENABLE offered a resolution which was substantially as follows:

That the President of the United States be requested to communicate to the House whether, since the last session of Congress any person had been by him appointed either a civil or military governor of California or New Mexico, and if so, his name and compensation; and if the duty of a military and civil governor had been united in the same person. Also, whether any agent or agents had been appointed and sent to those Territories, authorized to organize the people of said Territories into a government, or to aid and advise them in such an organization, or to advise them as to the formation of a government for themselves. Also, that the President be requested to communicate to the House all the instructions given to such governor, civil or military, or to any officers of the army of the United States, or any other persons, and the proclamations and communications by them made to the people of said Territories, as well as the entire correspondence of such agents or governors with this Government. Also, whether any person or persons have been authorized to appoint and direct elections in said Territories, and determine the qualifications of voters at the same; and whether any census of the citizens of the said Territories has been made, and that the same, if made, be communicated to this House. This resolution, according to rule, was ordered to lie over one day.

It was moved by Mr. BURT, that the Speaker do now appoint the Standing Committees of the House. Mr. SACKETT proposed an amendment that would give the election of these Committees to the House.

Mr. ROOT said to his friend that he was too late, and that he should have thought of this proposition when they were deciding on the plurality vote for Speaker, who was in the Chair by the votes both of political friends and enemies. The Speaker no doubt regard-

ed the resolution of Mr. STANLEY as his best title for the position which he occupied. A Speaker thus elected might surely be trusted with the formation of the Committees. After making a Speaker by a vote nearly unanimous—there being about thirty dissenting voices—the House would present itself in a strange and ridiculous situation, if they took away from him the appointment of the Committees of the House.

Mr. GIDDINGS continued this strain, and said that the Speaker held his seat as the result of the plurality rule, which was forced upon the House by the Whig party, aided by a small portion of those of the opposite side of the House. The Whig party had had it in their power at any time to elect a provisionist from Pennsylvania. Mr. GIDDINGS next assailed Mr. WINTHROP, and charged him with favoring the interests of slavery in appointing the Committee on the District of Columbia. That Committee, during the last session of Congress, said he, appeared to have been studiously arranged to preserve the infamous commerce in human flesh carried on in that city. All the revolting scenes that the members of the Committee had witnessed in the Washington slave market—the voice of humanity—the sentiment of the North, were all insufficient to extort from that Committee a report against the slave trade, or even a word of reproof against that traffic, for pursuing which, on the eastern shores of the Atlantic, we hang men as unsuited to human association. He never could be brought to sustain the late Speaker after he had made such appointments. It was certain that the present Speaker could do no worse, and there was a chance that he might do better.

Mr. WINTHROP replied, and began by remarking that he desired to say only a few words. He did not propose to enter into an elaborate answer to the remarks of the gentleman of Ohio, but preferred rather to remind the House that a reply had already come from a gentleman on the other side, (Mr. Johnson, of Tenn.) who had held him up as having, in every respect, gone against Southern views, and used the power and patronage of the House against them. He was quite willing to let these counter-speeches go out to the country in reply the one to the other. The gentleman from Ohio had defended the vote he had given against him (Mr. WINTHROP) for Speaker two years before, by stating in the public papers that he (Mr. W.) had gone into a Whig caucus at the time the war-bill was about to be passed, and made a speech in favor of the war; and he had placed the whole course of his action against him (Mr. W.) on that ground. The statement was wholly false, and he had testimony which the House would trust, to prove it so. He had already disproved the story; but the gentleman had repeated the

charge in a second letter, and not having withdrawn it when it had been shown to be untrue he was no longer entitled to respect. Mr. WINTHROP continued for some time longer, and made it appear that the Committee he had appointed had reported a bill to abolish the slave trade in the District, and it was admitted by gentlemen from the free States to be a very great improvement upon any bill which had previously been reported to the House. Mr. WINTHROP manifested considerable warmth during his remarks, and in concluding he said he had not intended to allow the gentleman from Ohio to ruffle his feelings, but he trusted he should very soon recover his ordinary calmness. A time might come in the course of the Session when he might feel more at liberty than he had ever before felt, or than he now felt to go into this subject, and say something in reply to the gentleman from Ohio and the gentleman from Tennessee. For the present he would leave them to answer each other.

Mr. ROCKWELL continued the dispute, and showed how little ground there was for the charge of Mr. GIDDINGS respecting the action of the Committee on Territories. The fact was that but three legislative days had passed between the appointment of the Committee and the passage of a resolution of the House in structing it to report bills for the organization of territorial governments containing the provisions of the ordinance of 1787, or as it is called, the Wilmot Proviso. There was, therefore, neither a refusal to report, nor a delay in reporting. As to the present appointment of the Committees by the Speaker, he was in favor of it, because it would cause only great confusion and delay to select them in any other manner. In whatever way Committees may be constituted, they cannot entirely control the course of business and the policy of the House. The majority, wherever that may be found, will direct its proceedings. Mr. ROCKWELL was one of those who had voted for the measure which resulted in the organization of the House. Three weeks had been spent in vainly endeavoring to elect a Speaker by a majority vote. The interests of the country demanded an organization, and there was but that one mode left to accomplish such an end. It had been in the power of Mr. GIDDINGS and his friends to have changed the result and secured the election of Mr. WINTHROP. There stands the unalterable record. For Mr. COBB, one hundred and two votes; for Mr. WINTHROP, one hundred votes.

Mr. SCHENCK expressed the reluctance with which he took part in this extraordinary debate. He went on to define his position and that of his party, and he defended Mr. WINTHROP in a very able manner from the charges which Mr. GIDDINGS had made. He showed that Mr. WINTHROP had always been a con-

sistent advocate of the doctrine of the Wilmot Proviso, and had moved to incorporate that very provision into the Oregon bill. He had opposed the annexation of Texas in the twenty-eighth Congress, from the beginning to the end. Mr. SCHENCK proceeded to show the inconsistency that the Free Soil Members had displayed in voting for Mr. BROWN, who had ever been opposed to them, and favorable to the slave interests, and in *refusing* to vote for Mr. WINTHROP whose whole political life had been adverse to the extension of the area of slavery. Mr. BROWN had been for the annexation of Texas, for stifling debate, for laying on the table and smothering resolutions inquiring into the propriety of abolishing slavery in the district of Columbia, and extending the ordinance of 1787 over all the territories of the United States. Mr. GIDDINGS knew these facts, yet he chose to vote for the gentleman from Indiana upon a pledge of that gentleman, vamped up for the occasion, contradicting the tenor of his whole previous course. Mr. S. averred that he had but little faith in these sudden conversions, and least of all had he faith in them when they seemed to have been made under the strong impulsive influence of a reward just ahead, that was to be given in case pledges were made on the other side. He denounced the system of exacting pledges, and said there were persons at each end of the Union, who made this a condition of support—in the South they would not vote for a candidate because he belonged to the North, and in the North they would not vote for a candidate because he lived in a slave State. This amounted to disunion. One section, either the North or the South, must have the majority. Disfranchise all on the other side, and the Union could not hold together a single day—it ought not to hold together a day. The Whig party and some of the Democrats believed differently in this respect from Mr. GIDDINGS. They believed that this Union resulted from a compromise between the free and the slave States. He, (Mr. SCHENCK) was in favor of the ordinance of 1787, and he had always voted with Mr. WINTHROP in favor of it, yet he did not feel that upon this account he must stand here and disfranchise every man living in the slave States because he differed from him on that local question. It was not so with his colleague, (Mr. GIDDINGS.) Like Mr. TOOMBS, of Georgia, he preferred that there should be no organization, and that "disorder should reign for ever," rather than yield upon this point. He then expressed his regret that gentlemen had been heard to declare that they would sooner dissolve the Union at once than suffer the present state of things to be enforced on the country. Mr. SCHENCK quoted from a speech of Wendell Phillips, of Boston, to show that

there were parallels among the Free Soil advocates of the North for the Disunionists of the South. Here the two extremes met. The Whigs were the conservatives of the country, and coming from the north and from the south, representing every sectional interest, they acted together for the general good, for the maintenance of the rights and interests of the whole. These rights and interests he was ready to maintain here and elsewhere, wherever his hand or his voice could do it, against these impracticable gentleman.

Mr. HOLMES, of South Carolina, said that one thing at least was certain from the discussion that was going forward—there was an emulation among the Northern men to show each, for himself, the utmost hostility to the institutions of the South. In voting for the Speakership, they had shown their sanction of the Wilmot Proviso, and their opposition to slavery in the District of Columbia. He was delighted with the exhibition, because it convinced many persons of the South that the whole North were opposed to their institutions, and in time would destroy them, unless the South was aroused to maintain its rights. He had no apprehensions of disunion, because the lords of the loom, if gentlemen choose to call them so, were the natural allies of the lords of the "lash"—the interests of the North were identified with the labor of the slave. He ended by saying that the Union, dear as it was, rich in its associations, embellished with all that could make it desirable, was nothing when compared to the interests which were to them life,—without which all that they owned and which they would transmit to posterity as a heritage, would have passed away.

The discussion was kept up for some time longer by Messrs. GIDDINGS, SCHENCK, and VINTON, without presenting any thing further of general interest. The resolution of Mr. BURR was then adopted.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Of Elections.—Messrs. Strong of Pennsylvania, Harris of Alabama, Van Dyke of New Jersey, Disney of Ohio, Thompson of Kentucky, Harris of Tennessee, McGaughey of Indiana, Ashe of North Carolina, Andrews of New York.

Of Ways and Means.—Messrs. Bayley of Virginia, Thompson of Mississippi, Vinton of Ohio, Green of Missouri, Toombs of Georgia, Hibbard of New Hampshire, Duer of New York, Jones of Tennessee, Hampton of Pennsylvania.

Of Claims.—Messrs. Daniel of North Carolina, Thomas of Tennessee, Root of Ohio, Wilmot of Pennsylvania, Nelson of New York, Hubbard of Alabama, McLean of Kentucky, Dunham of Indiana, Butler of Connecticut.

On Commerce.—Messrs. McLane of Maryland, Wentworth of Illinois, Grinnell of Massachusetts, Bingham of Michigan, Stephens of Georgia, Colcock of South Carolina, Phoenix of New York, Stetson of Maine, Conrad of Louisiana.

On Public Lands.—Messrs. Bowlin of Missouri, Harmanson of Louisiana, Sheppard of North Carolina, Albertson of Indiana, Baker of Illinois, Cobb of Alabama, Brooks of New York, Hoagland of Ohio, Henry of Vermont.

On the Post Office and Post Roads.—Messrs. Potter of Ohio, Phelps of Missouri, McKissock of New York, Featherston of Mississippi, Hebard of Vermont, Alston of Alabama, Powell of Virginia, Stanton of Tennessee, Durkee of Wisconsin.

For the District of Columbia.—Messrs. Brown of Mississippi, Inge of Alabama, Taylor of Ohio, Fuller of Maine, Morton of Virginia, Hammond of Maryland, Allen of Massachusetts, Williams of Tennessee, Underhill of New York.

On the Judiciary.—Messrs. Thompson of Pennsylvania, Miller of Ohio, Ashmun of Massachusetts, Meade of Virginia, Morehead of Kentucky, King of New York, Venable of North Carolina, Stevens of Pennsylvania, Wellborn of Georgia.

On Revolutionary Claims.—Messrs. Sawtelle of Maine, Morris of Ohio, Newell of New Jersey, Bay of Missouri, Butler of Pennsylvania, Millson of Virginia, Goodenow of Maine, McWillie of Mississippi, Kerr of Maryland.

On Public Expenditure.—Messrs. Johnson of Tennessee, Bissell of Illinois, Conger of New York, Harlan of Indiana, Bowie of Maryland, Sweetser of Ohio, Caldwell of North Carolina, Booth of Connecticut, Calvin of Pennsylvania.

On Private Land Claims.—Messrs. Morse of Louisiana, Brown of Indiana, Rumsey of New York, Gilmore of Pennsylvania, Campbell of Ohio, Harris of Illinois, Marshall of Kentucky, Whittlesey of Ohio, Anderson of Tennessee.

On Manufactures.—Messrs. Peck of Vermont, Bowdon of Alabama, Houston of Delaware, Cleveland of Connecticut, Breck of Kentucky, Ross of Pennsylvania, Rose of New York, Orr of South Carolina, Owen of Georgia.

On Agriculture.—Messrs. Littlefield of Maine, Deberry of North Carolina, Risley of New York, McMullen of Virginia, Young of Illinois, Casey of Pennsylvania, Stanton of Kentucky, Bennet of New York, Cable of Ohio.

On Indian Affairs.—Messrs. Johnson of Arkansas, Hall of Missouri, Crowell of Ohio, McLanahan of Pennsylvania, Outlaw of North Carolina, Hackett of Georgia, Bokee of New York, Howard of Texas, Sprague of Michigan.

On Military Affairs.—Messrs. Burt of South Carolina, Richardson of Illinois, Wilson of New Hampshire, Caldwell of Kentucky, Evans of Maryland, Carter of Ohio, J. A. King of New York, Ewing of Tennessee, Chandler of Pennsylvania.

On the Militia.—Messrs. Peaslee of New Hampshire, Savage of Tennessee, King of Rhode Island, Doty of Wisconsin, Moore of Pennsylvania, Briggs of New York, Robbins of Pennsylvania, Thompson of Iowa, Meacham of Vermont.

On Naval Affairs.—Messrs. Stanton of Tennessee, Bocock of Virginia, Schenck of Ohio, La Sere of Louisiana, White of New York, Gerry of Maine, Cabell of Florida, McQueen of South Carolina, Levin of Pennsylvania.

On Foreign Affairs.—Messrs. McClernand of Illinois, McDowell of Virginia, Winthrop of Massachusetts, Haralson of Georgia, Hilliard of Ala-

bama, Woodward of South Carolina, Stanly of North Carolina, Buel of Michigan, Spalding of New York.

On the Territories.—Messrs. Boyd of Kentucky, Richardson of Illinois, Rockwell of Massachusetts, Seddon of Virginia, Clingman of North Carolina, Kaufman of Texas, Gott of New York, Fitch of Indiana, Giddings of Ohio.

On Revolutionary Pensions.—Messrs. Waldo of Connecticut, Beale of Virginia, Silvester of New York, Wallace of South Carolina, Freedley of Pennsylvania, Gorman of Indiana, Evans of Ohio, Tuck of New Hampshire, Sackett of New York.

On Invalid Pensions.—Messrs. Leffler of Iowa, Olds of Ohio, Nes of Pennsylvania, Averett of Virginia, Walden of New York, Johnson of Kentucky, Matteson of New York, Hamilton of Maryland, Hay of New Jersey.

On Roads and Canals.—Messrs. Robinson of Indiana, Mann of Pennsylvania, King of New Jersey, Mason of Kentucky, Putnam of New York, Parker of Virginia, Wood of Ohio, Gould of New York, Howe of Pennsylvania.

On Rules.—Messrs. Kaufman of Texas, Jones of Tennessee, Vinton of Ohio, Strong of Pennsylvania, Stephens of Georgia, Phelps of Missouri, Ashmun of Massachusetts, Littlefield of Maine, McGaughey of Indiana.

On Patents.—Messrs. Walden of New York, Otis of Maine, Hamilton of Maryland, Watkins of Tennessee, Harlan of Indiana.

On Public Buildings and Grounds.—Messrs. Bowdon of Alabama, Edmundson of Virginia, Houston of Delaware, Young of Illinois, Reynolds of New York.

On Revisal and Unfinished Business.—Messrs. Cobb of Alabama, Ogle of Pennsylvania, Averett of Virginia, Julien of Indiana, Jackson of New York.

On Accounts.—Messrs. King of Massachusetts, Mason of Kentucky, McDonald of Indiana, Clarke of New York, Bay of Missouri.

On Mileage.—Messrs. Fitch of Indiana, Dunean of Massachusetts, Howard of Texas, Haymond of Virginia, Sweetser of Ohio.

On Engraving.—Messrs. Hammond of Maryland, Dimmick of Pennsylvania, Fowler of Massachusetts.

Joint Committee on the Library of Congress.—Messrs. Holmes of South Carolina, Mann of Massachusetts, Gilmore of Pennsylvania.

On Expenditures in the State Department.—Messrs. Bingham of Michigan, Reed of Pennsylvania, Orr of South Carolina, Alexander of New York, Gorman of Indiana.

On Expenditures in the Treasury Department.—Messrs. Caldwell of Kentucky, Schermerhorn of New York, Ashe of North Carolina, Dixon of Rhode Island, Dunham of Indiana.

On Expenditures in the War Department.—Messrs. Dimmick of Pennsylvania, Schoolcraft of New York, Harris of Illinois, McMullen of Virginia, Hunter of Ohio.

On Expenditures in the Navy Department.—Messrs. Holliday of Virginia, Thurman of New York, Carter of Ohio, Pitman of Pennsylvania, Harris of Tennessee.

On Expenditures in the Post Office Department.—Messrs. Thompson of Iowa, McWillie of Mississippi, Halloway of New York, Robbins of Pennsylvania, Corwin of Ohio.

On Expenditures on the Public Buildings.—Messrs. Beale of Virginia, Cole of Wisconsin, Ross of Pennsylvania, Burrows of New York, Hoagland of Ohio.

On Enrolled Bills.—Wildrick, of New Jersey, Dickey of Pennsylvania.

January 11th. After spending several days in voting, the House succeeded, this day, on the twentieth attempt, in electing THOMAS J. CAMPBELL, of Tennessee, Clerk of that body. Mr. CAMPBELL was the Clerk of the last Congress, and was the Whig candidate. He was elected by the final support of a few Southern Democratic members.

On the 15th of January, after several days' voting for Sergeant-at-arms, A. J. GLOSSBRENER, of Pennsylvania, a Democratic candidate, was elected to that office.

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN SUMMARY.

A letter from Detroit, published in the New York Tribune, states, on the authority of Col. M. Knight, that the *Boston and Pittsburgh Cliff Copper Mine* will yield this year at least 750 tons of ingot copper, which at \$380 per ton will amount to \$285,000
The expenses of working, at \$7,000 per month, 84,000

Net profits for one year, \$201,000

In addition to the shipments from this mine, the Minesota, North West, North American, and North Western, will amount to some two hundred tons more. Next year the exports of copper, it is expected, will not be less than 2,500 tons. Within five years our copper must go to England.

The amount of tolls received from the Public Works of Pennsylvania, at the State Treasury, from December 1, 1848, to November 30, 1849, \$1,628,860 13
Amount received preceding year, 1,550,55 03

Excess the present year, 78,305 10

This (the Harrisburg Intelligencer remarks) is the largest receipt of revenue from the public works ever received in any one year, and is an encouraging indication of their future usefulness and worth to the State.

The New York Canals, says the Albany *Evening Journal*, notwithstanding the depressed state of business during the cholera season, have done well financially. The tolls of the present year exceed those of the past year. The amount collected last year was \$3,245,662. This year the amount collected is \$3,259,210 30, which is an increase of \$13,548 30.

Georgia, as regards manufactures, is the New England of the South. She has built with her own means, more railroads than any other State in the Union, except Massachusetts. She has already invested in them \$55,000,000, and is advancing more rapidly in her cotton factories than any other southern State. Immigration is also setting into this highly flourishing State very rapidly.

Alabama, it is asserted, has more manufactures than any other State of her age. She has invested twelve millions in roads, mines, and manufactories.

Mississippi, it is said, has fifty-three cotton factories; some of them, however, are only

on a very small scale; but the manufacturing spirit is up there among the planters, and a manufacturing town has been commenced, and is progressing. A very few years will see a strong manufacturing interest existing in that State.—*N. O. Pic.*

At the late Fair of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, the Graniteville Manufacturing Company of South Carolina, received the first premium for specimens of shirtings, sheetings, and drillings.

THE MINERAL LANDS IN ARKANSAS—Our readers will recollect that some time since we called attention to the mineral lands in the northwestern portion of the State. These lands were for a long time reserved from sale; but about two years since were placed in market, subject to entry at the minimum price of public lands. Strange as it may appear, even after this, these lands remained unnoticed until very recently. Within the last few days several individuals have visited that locality, and secured a large amount of these lands for themselves, and for the Arkansas Mining Company, and also for Wallace & Ward, two enterprising capitalists of Van Buren. We learn from the gentlemen who have been exploring these lands, that they abound in minerals of various kinds. On a large extent of the country, specimens of a fine galena are to be seen, cropping out of the sides of hills, and sparkling in the beds of the numerous brooks; but as many of the residents of that region considered it of no value except for bullets, it has never attracted much attention. But a very small portion of these mineral lands have, as yet, been taken up, and there are yet fortunes in reserve in that region for any persons disposed to secure them. These mineral localities are within a few miles of flat-boat navigation on White river.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Democrat, Nov. 23.*

MINERAL WEALTH OF ALABAMA—This State abounds in coal, iron, and marble. The coal is mostly bituminous. The Mobile Herald says, that the amount raised this year on Warrior River, will be greater than ever before. Over two hundred flat boats have been projected, or built, to carry it to the market. A correspondent of that paper says, most of the coal beds hitherto found are too thin to work, but several of them are four feet thick and upwards. Those between three and four feet

are still more numerous. They are not merely found in numerous places, but that they are different strata, clearly defined, lying one above another. The far greater number are above the level of high water, appearing in bluffs, which overhang the channel of the stream. The river runs on coal sometimes bare, sometimes shielded by sand or rock, for above one hundred miles. The greater part of the land, in the coal region, is public property, and may be obtained at the government prices.

The dip of the coal is uniformly in the direction of the natural drainage of the country. All the Warrior beds, thick or thin, are so, and therefore require nothing but ditching to keep the mining operations free from the ingress of water. This is true of those on the North river, also, as far as has been examined. Those on the Cahawba river are at an angle of 45 deg. with the horizon. They dip obliquely across the drainage of the country, and will, it is apprehended, require great power to keep them dry.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, who writes at 130 miles from Fort Laramie, states that on the banks of the Platte river, eighty or ninety miles west of Laramie, a coal mine had been found, with the vein cropping out of the bluff, one and a half to two feet in thickness. For forty or fifty miles that the party had travelled, after making the discovery, wherever an abrupt bank appeared, the coal stratum was perceived, embedded in soft sand stone, sometimes as much as three feet thick. It was much harder than bituminous, broke with a shining fracture, and when put on the fire, although it kindled slowly, it burnt with a bright, clear flame. The writer conceives it to be like cannel coal. The quantity is inexhaustible.

An iron steamboat is building in this city to run on Lake Titicaca, situated on one of the peaks of the Andes, in Peru. She is wholly constructed of iron, with two small engines of ten horse-power each. It is intended that the boat shall be transported to the summit in pieces of 350 pounds weight, packed in boxes or otherwise, on the backs of mules. Mechanics will be sent from this country to put the whole together, on reaching the place of its demonstrations.

N. LONGWORTH, Esq., of Cincinnati, is now constructing a wine cellar in that city, of great depth and dimensions, that is designed exclusively for the manufacture of *sparkling wines*. For some years this gentleman has been engaged in such pursuits, and has succeeded in demonstrating that it is possible, in the climate of America, to produce wines of a quality in no respect inferior to the foreign wines of similar descriptions.

THE CHIEF LIBRARIES OF EUROPE.—If the principal libraries of the several capital cities of Europe be arranged in the order of their respective magnitudes, they will stand as follows:

	Vols.
1. Paris, (1.) National Library,	824,000
2. Munich, Royal Library,	600,000
3. Petersburg, Imperial Library,	446,000
4. London, British Museum Library,	435,000
5. Copenhagen, Royal Library,	412,000
6. Berlin, Royal Library,	410,000
7. Vienna, Imperial Library,	313,000
8. Dresden, Royal Library,	300,000
9. Madrid, National Library,	200,000
10. Wolfenbuttel, Ducal Library,	200,000
11. Stuttgart, Royal Library,	187,000
12. Paris, (2.) Arsenal Library,	180,000
13. Milan, Brera Library,	170,000
14. Paris, (3.) St. Genevieve Library,	150,000
15. Darmstadt, Grand Ducal Library,	150,000
16. Florence, Magliabechian Library,	150,000
17. Naples, Royal Library,	150,000
18. Brussels, Royal Library,	133,500
19. Rome, (1.) Cassanate Library,	120,000
20. Hague, Royal Library,	100,000
21. Paris, (4.) Mazarine Library,	100,000
22. Rome, (2.) Vatican Library,	100,000
23. Parma, Ducal Library,	100,000

The chief University libraries may be ranked in the following order:

1. Gottingen, University Library,	360,000
2. Breslau, University Library,	250,000
3. Oxford, Bodleian Library,	220,000
4. Tubingen, University Library,	200,000
5. Munich, University Library,	200,000
6. Heidelberg, University Library,	200,000
7. Cambridge, Public Library,	166,724
8. Bologna, University Library,	150,000
9. Prague, University Library,	130,000
10. Vienna, University Library,	115,000
11. Leipsic, University Library,	112,000
12. Copenhagen, University Library,	110,000
13. Turin, University Library,	110,000
14. Louvain, University Library,	105,000
15. Dublin, Trinity College Library,	104,239
16. Upsal, University Library,	100,000
17. Erlangen, University Library,	100,000
18. Edinburgh, University Library,	90,854

CRIME IN ENGLAND.—The British Government, after several years' experience, has been forced to the conclusion that imprisonment, either solitary or accompanied with labor, has no effect whatever either in deterring from crime, or in reforming criminals. Statistics, compiled with scrupulous care have also demonstrated that education has no perceptible effect in checking the increase of crime. It has been ascertained that the number of educated criminals in England is above twice, and in Scotland above three times and a half that of the uneducated. In 1848 the number of educated criminals in England and Wales was 20,176, while the uneducated was 9,691.

In Scotland, 3,985 educated to 911 uneducated. It has also been ascertained that the average cost of maintaining a prisoner in jail, throughout England, is about eighty dollars a year, and that at this rate the prison expenses of that country amount to over one million pounds sterling per annum. Under this state of facts the British Government has issued an order in council authorizing a return to the system of transportation. The last number of Blackwood's Magazine contains an interesting article on this subject from which the foregoing statements are compiled.

The *Bonham Advertiser*, published in Texas, gives an account of a party numbering in all about eighty persons, who had been out on an exploring expedition to the Wachita mountains in search of precious metals. They found, on a high prairie ridge, silver ore of extraordinary richness, in quantities "apparently inexhaustible." There was also found in the streams of the Wachita country, considerable quantities of gold, mingled with the sands. In consequence of the unfriendly disposition of the Wachita Indians, they were able only to succeed in ascertaining the general fact of the existence of gold and silver, and to obtain as much as would serve as specimens.

According to a late census of South Carolina, the whole of the white inhabitants now number 280,385, showing a gain in ten years of 23,269.

COMMERCE OF NEW YORK.—The number of vessels which arrived at New York from foreign countries during the last year, was 3,227; of which 1,973 were American, and 811 British. The number which arrived the preceding year was 3,060. The number of passengers last year was 221,799; in the preceding year 191,901.

STATISTICS OF FRENCH LITERATURE.—It is calculated that, from January 1st, 1840, to August 1st, 1849, there were issued from the press in France, 87,000 new works, volumes and pamphlets; 3,700 reprints of ancient literature, and French classic authors; and 4,000 translations from modern languages—one-third of the latter from the English, the German and Spanish coming next in numbers, and the Portuguese and Swedish languages having furnished the smallest contributions.

Nine hundred dramatic authors are named of pieces produced on the stage, and afterwards published; 60 only of comedies and dramas not acted. Among the published works are 200 on Occult Sciences, Cabalism, Chiromancy, Necromancy, &c., and 75 volumes on Heraldry and Genealogy. Social Science, Fourierism, Communism, and Socialism of all sects, count 20,000 works of all sizes; 6,000 Romances and Novels; and more than 800 works of Travel. According to a calculation, for which the authority of M. Didot's (the publisher) name is given, the paper employed in the printing of all these works would more than twice cover the surface of the 86 Departments of France.

The debts of the various countries of Europe may be classed in round millions; Great Britain, £860; France, 320; Holland, 160; Russia and Poland, 110; Spain, 83; Austria, 84; Prussia, 30; Portugal, 28; Naples, 26; Belgium, 25; Denmark, 11; Sicily, 14; Papal dominions, 13; Greece, 8; Bavaria, 3; Frankfort, 1; Bremen, £600,000; Hamburgh, £1,400,000. Total, £1,785,000,000. Debts which are not enumerated £215,000,000. Grand total, £2,000,000,000.

IMPORT OF PROVISIONS FROM AMERICA.—Mr. Gardner, the provision broker, gives the following as the import into Liverpool alone, from the United States, for the last twelve months—26,000 tierces Beef, 37,000 barrels Pork, 224,000 cwts. Bacon, 15,000 Hams, 50,000 barrels Lard, 100,000 boxes Cheese, 8,600 firkins Butter. The value of the above is £1,000,000 sterling.

The number of passengers brought from Liverpool to New York by the British mail-steamships during the past year, according to a New York paper, was 1,775; and the number arrived at Boston by the same conveyance, 1,433. The average passage from New York to Liverpool was made in thirteen days and sixteen hours, and the average passage to Boston from Liverpool in twelve days and twenty-two hours.

Thomas H. Fisher & Co. have erected, in Lansingburg, New York, a manufactory for the purpose of manufacturing linen thread. It is the only one in the country. The machinery was imported from Leeds, England, and experienced workmen have been employed.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Shakspeare Calendar; or Wit and Wisdom for every day in the year. Edited by WILLIAM C. RICHARDS. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850.

This graceful little offering to the well-filled shrine of the Great Bard, differs from other "Calendars" only in this, that its notices of events are illustrated solely and invariably by passages from Shakspeare. Some of the passages thus forced into compulsory juxtaposition with events apparently incongruous, display wit as well as research on the part of the editor. For instance, the fact of thirteen whales being driven ashore on the coast of England on the same day is illustrated by the passage from Henry V:—

"Send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore."

On other occasions, the Editor seizes an opportunity of indicating his opinion of noted public characters. He commemorates the death of Robert Walpole (March 18, 1745), by quoting King Lear:—

"Get thee glass eyes;
And like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not see."

Sometimes, too, he even contrives to crowd a volume of sound Political Economy into a single quotation, as, where after mentioning under its proper date (March 1st, 1845) the annexation of Texas, he cites the passage from Cymbeline:—

"You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble."

Exercises on Greek Composition. Adapted to the First Book of Xenophon's Anabasis. By JAMES R. BOISE, Professor of Greek in Brown University. New York: Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton, 164, Chestnut Street. 1850.

Professor Boise has prepared this elegant elementary work upon the plan of allowing the rules of Greek Composition, gradually to suggest themselves to the student's mind, instead of crowding his memory, as is too often the case with abstruse enunciations of principles which he must master before he can possibly understand them. This comparatively easy method he has elucidated in a plain yet skillful manner, selecting Xenophon, that most flowing of Attic writers for his text. The execution of the work is equal to the design, and altogether will do credit to the high Institution which numbers the author of this work among its professors.

The Caravan; a collection of popular tales, translated from the German of Wilhelm Hauff. By G. P. Quackenbos, A.M. Illustrated by J. W. Orr. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1850.

We hail this laudable effort of a popular writer to introduce among us a better taste for the better part of German Literature. Mr. Quackenbos has executed his task in a manner worthy of himself, and the illustrations are creditable to the artist by whom they are signed. The translator could not have made a more judicious selection both as regards the tales he has comprised in this collection and the author from whom he draws them.

Wilhelm Hauff is the most popular of German tale writers. He is a native of Stuttgart, where, in his earlier years, he studied Theology. Strange, that at the source of ever-living truth, he should have contracted so insatiable an appetite for fiction. His first appearance as an author was in 1826, when he published his Fairy Almanac for that year. The tales included in that series are for the most part borrowed from other sources, but the fantastic yet natural manner in which they are told by him atones for their want of originality. Emboldened by his success, he published in the following year, two different works of considerable consequence, "The man in the moon," a playful satire or rather caricature, directed against the sentimental style of novel-writing of the day, and Extracts from the memoirs of Satan which may have furnished something besides a title to the work of Frederick Soulie, called "les Memoires du Diable." Since that time he has continued an indefatigable author, and may be considered as one of the most prolific as well as popular of the modern writers.

We would express a hope that Mr. Quackenbos will soon favor the English and American public with other gems from the same mine.

Success in Life; a series of Books, six in number, each complete in itself. By Mrs. L. C. TUTHILL. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850.

The series of Books of which the first number lies upon our table, will doubtless add to its author's already enviable reputation. She purposes to address her pleasing didactics in turns to the Merchant, the Lawyer, the Mechanic, the Artist, the Physician and the Farmer. She doubtless had her own reasons,

better known to herself, for beginning with the Merchant. The book now before us is the first in order in the series and purports to teach the means of success in a commercial career. The authors characteristic knowledge of American history, and her acquaintance with the leading events in the lives of the successful merchants of America, furnish her with manifold opportunities of enlivening her text with anecdote and incident.

So far the series of Mrs. Tuthill's Lectures on Success bodes well. When we become a merchant we will turn to these agreeable pages for our first lessons in the art of thrift. Yet we are somewhat curious to know how she will manage that part of her subject which refers to lawyers. Success in that profession is scarcely attainable by any of the means which Mrs. Tuthill is likely to advocate. And, even the straight-forward path which we presume she will point out, is beset with thorns and precipices of which the fair authoress can entertain but an inadequate idea. Supposing, however, that her talent will surmount those obstacles, and that her accurate knowledge of the public men of America will furnish us with sketches of such men as Hamilton, Jay and Ogden in the same pleasing manner as she has in the book before us painted Astor, Girard and Morris,—supposing all this, our anxiety on her behalf, is but removed one step. How will she contrive to point out success in the physician's career without mentioning that the surest avenues to the desirable end are of a character which neither her sex, her reputation, nor her good sense will permit her to advocate?

At all events we shall await the future numbers of her series with as much impatience as we have taken pleasure in perusing the first.

The other Side ; or Notes for the History of the War between Mexico and the United States, written in Mexico. Translated from the Spanish, and edited with notes, by ALBERT C. RAMSAY, Colonel of the 11th United States Infantry during the War with Mexico. New York: Jno. Wiley.

To those who know the intense bitterness of party spirit that prevails in Mexico, it must appear almost impossible that an account having any pretensions to impartiality should be given of any contemporary fact by a citizen of that country. The difficulty is obviously increased when the fact to be related involves not only the usual dissensions of faction but also the humiliation of the author's native land during a long contest, where scarcely one in-

stance of prowess or patriotism occurs to redeem the national character from the disgrace of constant defeat. We believe that few Mexicans would have possessed the hardihood, single-handed to produce a work so singularly free in pointing out the true causes of their country's misfortune as the one we are now noticing. For is it not the result of individual enterprise. It seems that it grew out of the debates of a literary society composed of men of different parties who had assembled at Queretaro for the purpose of discussing topics of general interest. Fifteen editors have appended their names to this work. As far as we are able (for causes presently to be mentioned) to judge of the style of the original it does credit to the authors as men of taste and refined acquirements. The several parts are arranged in a lucid manner, the action is rapid, the descriptions are vivid and animated, and the numerous plans, maps, and portraits, if these belong to the Mexican work and not merely to its American version, attest the care and liberal enterprise which presided over the publication. Not to speak of its value in another point of view, it will prove useful as well as curious to the general reader in this, that it will point out with sad clearness the true causes of the ignominious fall of the Mexican Republic in her contest with us. We see leaders promoted through favoritism and wholly incompetent for their position. We see several generals commanding one corps and unable to agree. We behold Arista seated in his tent and insisting that the battle of Resaca de Guerrero was a mere skirmish, until he saw his disbanded soldiers seeking safety in the waves of the Rio Grande. We hear of Paredes negotiating a loan of \$1,000,000 from the church to meet the pressing exigencies of the state, assembling a last army in haste, and then we find the officers of that very army, immediately after receiving an instalment of their pay out of that same fund, rush to the citadel and improvise a revolution. In the ranks, in the cities, in the legislative assemblies, we meet with nothing but want of mutual confidence, and hot individual ambition, that pauses at nothing for its own gratification. In regard to Colonel Ramsay's share of the work, we are compelled to say, that he ought to have prepared himself for his task by the study of the difficult art of Translation. The first part of the work especially is lamentably deficient in point of diction. Castilian idioms are given literally, and either present no sense to one who is not a Spanish scholar, or else give the narrative a ludicrous air of incongruity. We scarcely know how to account for this anomaly, for in the notes which the American Editor signs in *propria persona*, the style is remarkably pure and flowing.

The Battle Summer: being personal observations in Paris, during the year 1848. By I. K. MARVEL, Author of "Fresh Gleanings." New York: Baker and Scribner. 1850.

An almost quaint and curious book, this: yet we must say, notwithstanding, that it is a most vivid portrayal of the events and characters of the last French Revolution. Nor is it alone a remarkable exhibition of skill in the painting of pictures and portraits; but it shows also a hand, presided over by a philosophical and candid intellect. Motives and characters of individuals and classes are presented with a certain clearness and force, deserving of great admiration. So well are these two qualities combined that, after reading the book, we seem to have been a witness of the astonishing drama, with a companion, whose commentary on the performers and performances, was worth listening to, piquant, and, at the same time, thoughtful. In the next place, the book is entirely free from tedious disquisition, or elaborate description; everything is condensed, and to the point. In one short chapter we have the best account of that remarkable phenomenon,—the Paris Press,—that we have anywhere seen. For the rest, the style is somewhat Carlylean, and this must be somewhat a disappointment to those acquainted with the author's previous works, which have been so remarkable for their beauty, in this respect. It is, however, more, perhaps, in the manner than the style of Carlyle; for there is none of his involution of sentences, or uncouthness of philosophy.

The author's object, in employing this manner, was, doubtless, to give boldness of graphic effect, and condensation of views; as well as to represent a subject somewhat hackneyed, and we do not know that he could have accomplished these purposes in any better way. It is a book, in short, of decided raciness and pith; and we like it. A word in conclusion, we must say, for the beautiful style in which it is printed.

Representative Men: seven Lectures. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Boston; Philips, Sampson, & Company.

In the space of a short notice it is impossible to present any sufficient view of a new book, by Mr. Emerson. All his writings involve questions the profoundest. We must record great genius and originality, with power of expression, and beauty of illustration, enchanting as the voice of the syren; but we would have to discuss with him first principles. From his cloud-land, we would have to appeal to our mother earth. The book before us is somewhat vague in its purpose; the usual fault of the author. We have not space to define what we mean by vagueness in this case; but, we think, the generality of readers will be with us in the assertion. After, in the first lecture, discussing, vaguely enough, the uses of great men, the others are devoted to Plato the Philosopher, Swedenborg the Mystic, Montaigne the Skeptic, Shakespeare the Poet, Napoleon the Man of the World, and

Goethe the Writer. These he seems to take as representatives of varieties of the human mind, displaying itself in its greatest activities. There is no writer that is more profound in analyses, or clear in critical deductions, or philosophic in generalization, than Mr. Emerson, out of his peculiar mood, and this book is full of passages of great power and beauty in these respects.

There is in this book too, a remarkable simplicity, directness, and force of language.

"Socrates and Plato are the double stars that the most powerful instruments will not entirely separate. * * Socrates, a man of humble stem, but honest enough; of the commonest history; of a personal homeliness, so remarkable as to be a cause of wit—the rather, as his broad good nature, and exquisite taste for a joke, invited the sally, which was sure to be paid. The players personated him on the stage; the potters carved his ugly face on their stone jugs. He was a cool fellow, adding to his humor a perfect temper, and a knowledge of his man, be he who he might, whom he talked with, which laid the companion open to certain defeat, in any debate; and in debate he immoderately delighted. The young men are prodigiously fond of him, and invite him to their feasts, whither he goes for conversation. He can drink too; has the strongest head in Athens; and, after leaving the whole party under the table, goes away, as if nothing had happened, to begin new dialogues with somebody that is sober. In short, he was, what our country people call *an old one*." This, by way of specimen. The whole description of Socrates is a most perfect synopsis of the character, as given by Plato.

The Miscellaneous works of the Rev. J. T. Headley, with a biographical sketch and portrait of the Author. New-York: JAMES TAYLOR.

There are few men who, having made Literature a pursuit for several years, have not their portfolios full of essays, sketches, notes of travels, and magazine articles. These will naturally accumulate upon an author's hands, and it is but fair that he should be allowed to take advantage of the celebrity he has earned by other and more serious labors, to publish those desultory papers in a connected form. This appears to be the case with the work, whose title heads this notice. The pieces contained in the collection are on various subjects, and embrace the staple topics of works of this kind—impressions derived from voyages, essays upon the productions of other writers, an occasional historical sketch, and a metaphysical disquisition, or two. Their merit is occasional and fitful. They present Mr. Headley's habitual characteristics, a plentiful flow of words, a fondness for rhetoric, and a straining for effect, which sometimes attains eloquence, and, not unfrequently, falls as far from the mark, as Bathos differs from Pathos. But, surely, there is nothing so exalted in the merit of this medley of articles, as to warrant its being introduced by a flourish of trumpets.

And, indeed, we feel disposed upon our own responsibility to exonerate Mr. Headley from the charge of having even sanctioned so entire a breach of good taste. We feel certain that he will feel inclined to bestow but small thanks upon the person whose injudicious, though friendly criticism, compels us to notice somewhat at large a work of this character.

Until a late period, Mr. Headley was generally reputed as a writer who had drawn his inspirations from the German school, either directly or through its British imitators, and whose name had obtained a sort of *chiaro oscuro* celebrity, by some few ephemeral, but creditable papers. One day, however, whether under the inspiration of Minerva or Plutus does not appear, he conceived a marketable idea,—the idea of a literary speculation,—sans parallel in the annals of American authorship, since the famous account of Herschell's discoveries in the Moon. The idea consisted in drawing, from readily accessible materials, a series of portraits of the great warriors who flourished at the beginning of the present century. The subject was well chosen; the interest which attaches to their career, the brilliant events through which they passed, the rapidity of their progress, and the epic scale of their exploits, furnished a fitting theme for the exercise of the most fervid eloquence. And if the author, more anxious for his reputation than for the sale of his book, had taken counsel from a sober love of Fame, and had adhered to the strict truth of history, he might have added one to the many really great American works, which are fast growing, to constitute a literature for the country. But this was no part of Mr. Headley's project. The sale, not the worth of the book, was his aim. Wherefore, he dressed his heroes in theatrical tinsel and adopted, for his style, the standard of that which draws down mighty applause from the well-filled benches of the Bowery. The result was, "a hit." Napoleon and his Marshals sold well. We do not know that Mr. Headley is to blame in all this; a man has as good a right to prefer money to unsubstantial Fame, as the reverse. But we again insist that there is nothing in the fact of his having acquired a little notoriety by such means, to superinduce the necessity of a pompous eulogy being prefixed to a collection of his waste paper.

We are told, by his biographer, that "Mr. Headley is one of the most promising of the youthful (35 years old, last December) writers of this country." Of one of his earlier works we are informed that "it possesses the unfatiguing charms of perfect simplicity and truth,—it exhibits a thousand lively traits, of an ingenuous nature, which, formed in a sincere and unsophisticated society, and then brought into the midst of the old world, retains all its freshness and distinctness." Also, that "the style is natural, familiar, and idiomatic." We freely confess that we have never read the Letters from Italy; but, from what we have read of Mr. Headley, we had deemed it impossible that he should ever have written anything either simply, or naturally, or familiarly. We had always considered bombast (probably the same quality which the "biographer" points out as "the

excess of youthful genius") to be a particular characteristic of his style. We cannot state whether or not "the society" where he formed "his nature" was "sincere and unsophisticated;" but, sure we are, that his printed works show a breadth of bigotry, and obstinacy of prejudice, as blameable as anything he blames so harshly in Italy or France. His Anglo-Saxon predilections even carry him so far as to make him abuse the French language, in a style without parallel out of the columns of Punch. Hear him, he is speaking of Guizot: "With a Saxon soul, he is forced to bend it to the wordy language of his native country. I have always thought it would appear strange to hear such men as Ney, Soult, McDonald, and Bonaparte talk French."

Why is it strange that the military leaders should talk the language of mathematics and treaties, the language of Pascal, Lavoisier and Descartes? Surely, if there be anything more blind than ignorance, it is prejudice. French may be too precise a language to admit of the imaginative flights of empty rhetoric, which Mr. Headley affects. But, sure we are, that French taste would never permit the use of sentences like the following, copied from "Persecutions of the Waldenses," one of the articles of the work under notice.

"With one wild and thrilling shout that little band precipitated itself forward. Through the devouring fire, over the rattling, groaning bridge, up to the entrenchments, and up to the points of the bayonets, they went in one resistless wave. Their deafening shouts drowned the roar of musketry, and, borne up by that lofty enthusiasm, which has made the hero in every age, they forgot the danger before them. On the solid ranks they fell, with such terror and suddenness, that they had not time to flee. The enraged Waldenses seized them by the hair, and trampled them under their feet; and, with their heavy sabres, cleaved them to the earth. The terrified French undertook to defend themselves, with their muskets; and, as they interposed them between their bodies and the foe, the Waldensian sabres struck fire on the barrels, till the sparks flew in every direction."

Oh! most promising of the youthful writers of this country!

E. L.

Dark Scenes of History. By G. P. R. James, Esq. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

Since the times of the "Great Unknown" his imitators have inundated our shelves with their productions. The Historical Novel offers such temptations, it is so easy to ransack an old chronicle, for obscure proper names, and borrow a little local color from contemporary writers, that almost every tyro in literature has chosen this style for his debut. Little, however, did they trouble themselves to imitate their great model, by deeply studying their task beforehand, by learning thoroughly the manners, modes of speech, and various peculiarities of the far-distant time to which

they referred their actors. They did not wait before commencing their work, until they had become, as it were, cotemporaries of their actors; a love intrigue for a plot, a few hints from the most accessible sources, and a little reading in some author of the period to be illustrated, are deemed sufficient preparation for launching into a historical novel. Whence it follows that the works of that school differ from each other in little else than the different proportions of truth and fiction in the mixture.

Of this system it is a melancholy consequence that many of our ingenious youth study from such productions, the little of the world's chronicle that they condescend to acquire, until it is impossible to persuade them that the clerical Avenel and his chivalrous nephew were not personages quite as seriously engaged in the affairs of their time, as Mary Stuart and Elizabeth; or that Quentin Durward was not as mighty a man as Louis XI.

Mr. James, than whom no literary sinner has more trespass, of the kind alluded to, to atone for, now offers to do some light penance for past transgressions,—or transgressions against the past,—by mixing his compound on a principle absolutely novel and un-novel like, viz.: a homœopathic dose of fiction to a large quantity of truth. In other words, he takes real events, of a striking character, and adds, of his own invention, only what is necessary to give them a dramatic effect.

It might occur to some malicious critic that the "Dark Scenes," now before us, are only a bundle of novels, in embryo; every one of which threatened the poor public with an octavo, at least, if Mr. James had had the leisure, or the inclination, to dilute them. Indeed, they do bear somewhat the appearance of sketches intended for future "filling up," cartoons of romances, or discarded materials, of past labors, hastily bound together into a book. But, whatever be the secret history of the "Dark Scenes," we, for our own part, vastly prefer them, in their present shape, and do heartily recommend them as harmless, and rather instructive reading.

The Gallery of Illustrious Americans.

The first number of a very elegant work, with this title, has been shown us by the editor, C. E. Lester. It contains a magnificent engraving of General Taylor; the best we have seen, without any exception or reservation. It is executed (lithographed!) by D'Avignon, perhaps the best living artist, in this line, who has given lithography an effect almost equal to the mezzo-tints etchings of Cozzens. The daguerreotypes for the work are by Brady. Twenty-four numbers, semi-monthly, will complete the work. A portrait of Henry Clay, and another of Daniel Webster, will succeed this one of President Taylor.

The work is of the largest size, and the letter-press the finest, perhaps, that has ever come from a New-York press.

Three centuries ago, the fame of a good printer was as wide as the civilized world; in these days of cheap reading and cheap writing, the art of printing is slighted, as something merely mechanical. And yet what an elegant piece of taste and ingenuity is an elegantly printed—how delight-

ful to the eye—a pure, solid page, with type, architecturally proportioned, cut by a true artist, and printed smoothly, and of a raven black!

The work before us has all these excellencies. Taken altogether, it is perhaps, artistically, the best possible. Its purpose, as it has been explained to us, is to group together, into a gallery, twenty-four heads of the most eminent citizens of America, who have flourished since the death of Washington: each portrait to be accompanied with a suitable brief biography.

The numbers are sold separately for \$1 each, the entire subscription being but \$20, payable quarterly, in advance. The whole is on fine drawing paper, enclosed in tinted covers, and enveloped in a fine, buff-colored portfolio case, instead of a common wrapper.

On the cover of the present, or possibly the succeeding number of this journal, the reader will find a prospectus of the work. It is certainly the best thing of the kind.

Any of our friends or subscribers who wish to procure a specimen number of the work can have it forwarded to them by enclosing *five dollars*, with the order to this office, and directions for its safe transmission.

—*Publishers of the Amer. Review.*

The work is peculiarly worthy of Whig patronage, as it will embrace the portraits of the most illustrious men of that party. [Ed.]

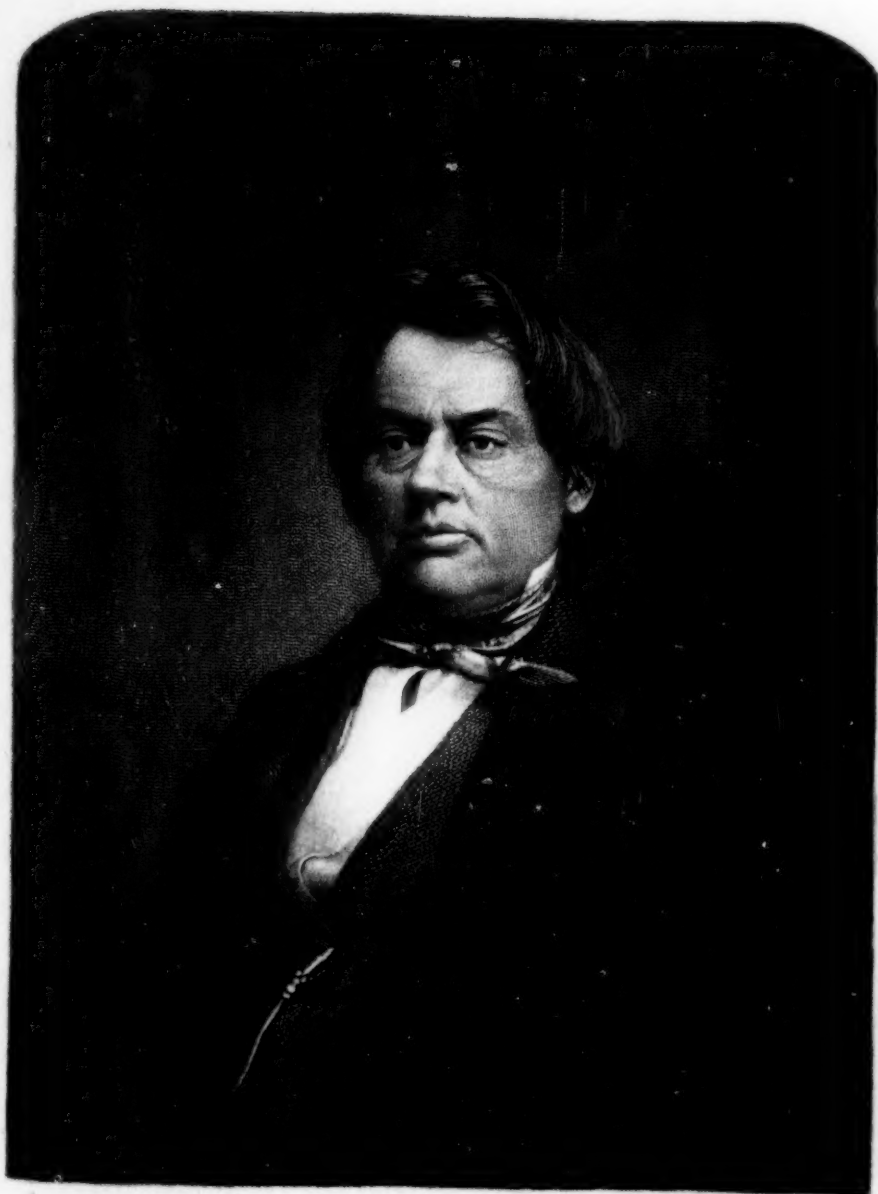
Saroni's Musical Times.

We are given to understand that the editor of this valuable and singularly successful musical journal, has lately united himself in a joint editor and proprietorship with Eugene Lies, Esq., known by his poetical and critical labors, to the readers of the Democratic Review. Mr. Lies' excellent taste and scholarship, will, doubtless, add greatly to the value of the Musical Times. His attention will be given solely to the literary department of that paper.

Family Pictures from the Bible. By Mrs.

ELLET, author of the *Women of the American Revolution*. New-York: G. P. Putnam, 115 Broadway.

The plan of this gifted author, in preparing the work we are now noticing, seems to have been not so much to paraphrase the Bible, as to call her reader's attention to the beauties, artistically speaking, of the Holy Scriptures. Her groups are well chosen, and several of the papers in her collection, have been contributed by eminent divines, such as Dr. Bethune, Dr. Hutton, Rev. S. D. Burehard, and others. These papers are every way worthy of the names by which they are signed. As for the part which Mrs. Ellet has reserved for herself, we would observe that she usually displays uncommon tact, in pointing out the picturesqueness and dramatic effect of the events she illustrates. Artists in want of a subject may consult her pages, with manifest advantage, and the general reader will derive from her book entertainment and instruction at the same time.



MADE BY F. M. WHEPLEY ———— IMAGE BY BRADY

R. J. Formby

U.S. REPRESENTATIVE FROM GEORGIA

Eng'd for the American Review